

HAY, JOHN

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Abraham Lincoln's Secretaries

John Hay

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

* 1. *Pike County Ballads, and other Poems.* By John Hay, Boston (Massachusetts): Osgood.

2. *Jim Bludso and Little Breeches.* By John Hay. Illustrated. London: Trübner. Boston: Osgood.

PIKE COUNTY BALLADS.*

OF the four *Pike County Ballads* which commence this volume, and are certainly much the best things in it, two, namely, *Little Breeches* and *Jim Bludso*, which have now attained to the honours of an illustrated edition, have already appeared in these columns; indeed, we were so struck by their great humour, that we copied

them out of the *New York Tribune*, where they first saw the light. Still, though our readers are probably familiar with Mr. John Hay's two most successful efforts, and neither of the other two *Pike County Ballads* can be said to reach quite the same high level, yet there is sufficient excuse in their formal acknowledgment by their author, as well as in the publication of other illustrations of his power, for a few criticisms on these fresh and vigorous ballads. If we take no notice of the more sentimental poems by which they are followed, it is not because they are in any way unworthy of their author, but because we have too many poems of that sort in England, and they pass too little beyond the line of average ability attained by clever men who write verse at all, to make them specially interesting to us. We learn from them that Mr. Hay shares strongly the liberal sympathies of all republicans in relation to European affairs, that he has no slight tincture of the romantic in his nature, and that what he feels he can say with more than the average amount of freshness and force. But it would not be true to speak of the bulk of the poems which follow the *Pike County Ballads* as in any way remarkable. It is by the class of ballads of which "*Little Breeches*," "*Jim Bludso*," "*Banty Tim*," and "*The Mystery of Gilgal*" are as yet the only specimens, that Mr. Hay seems at present most likely to win his place in American literature.

It is not the specially distinguishing characteristic of these *Pike County Ballads*, but rather of all humorous American verse, from the Bigelow Ballads to Bret Harte's, Hans Breitmann's, and Mr. Hay's, that they treat with a certain grim familiarity and audacity the most serious and even awful scenes and topics, not necessarily irreverently, for some of their authors (notably Mr. Lowell and Mr. Hay) seem generally to find their humour bubbling up most in the very effort to engrave a certain unconventional and intense moral faith on the cut-and-dried conscience of an insincere world,—but if not irreverently, at least with a startling self-possession and absence of that self-abasement and self-humiliation which a like spiritual faith generally implies in the old world. An admirable example of this kind of off-handed, easy-going faith is the ballad of "*Little Breeches*" itself, with its throw-off repudiating the notion of "going much on religion," and its condescending explanation of why, though the supposed writer "don't pan out on the prophets, and free-will, and that sort o' thing," yet he has "b'lieved in God and the angels ever sence one night lastspring." The ballad relates how the narrator's four-year-old little boy was carried off from an inn door by the alarmed team of his waggon, which dashed into the deep snow of the prairie during the driver's momentary absence in the inn,—how the waggon was found upset and the horses buried in snow, and the child was discovered in a neighbouring lambfold sitting quite snug among the lambs, and chirping "as peart as ever you see,"—

"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what's the matter of mo."

Thereupon the ballad concludes:—

"How did he git thar? Angels.
He could never have walked in that storm.
They jest scooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
And bringing him to his own,
Is a dorned sight better business
Than loafing around The Throne."

There is clearly nothing irreverent in angels 'scooping down and toting' a little boy to where it is safe and warm, though the

phraseology is undoubtedly of a free-and-easy kind, and implies no awe of those supernatural beings; indeed,—far from awe,—there is a disposition to dispute with the angels their proper function in life, and to warn them off the contemplative joys usually allotted to them in the spiritual world, which seems to bespeak a mind extremely satisfied with itself, and by no means disposed even to repent of the style of education deliberately bestowed on '*Little Breeches*,' who, we are told, was

"Peart and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight,—
And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white."

"Peart and chipper and sassy" is the exact description, not only of *Little Breeches*, but of the whole *Pike-County* race described, and even of their religion. When '*Jim Bludso*' was called to his account, 'the night of the Prairie Belle,'—note that his individual judgment, the scrutiny of his soul, is characteristically described as a "passing-in of his checks,"—his biographer, though he makes a strong claim for him on the ground of his unflinching discharge

of duty at the cost of his own life at the last, is not only at no pains to make him appear otherwise than "peart and chipper and sassy," but is rather disposed to found his admiration for Jim on these qualities:—

"He weren't no eaint,—them engineere
Is all pretty much alike,—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
And another one here in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never flunked, and he never lied,
I reckon he never knowed how.
"And this was all the religion he had,—
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river,
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,—
A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore."

The sub-feeling clearly is that men who live a life of something like licence, if there be a law within that licence for which they will, when required, sacrifice all, are all the better for the complete absence of that temptation to hypocrisy and ostentation to which men of more regular lives are liable.

But this is by no means the whole account of the charm which the "peart and chipper and sassy" tribe have for these American humourists. Unquestionably, the easy and perfectly self-possessed treatment of subjects which inspire a natural awe, has in it a strong humorous fascination of its own, though we are by no means sure that it is a healthy fascination. Can anything be more strikingly 'peart and chipper and sassy' than the following account of a furious and deadly fray about nothing, called the '*Mystery of Gilgal*' (pronounce it Gilgaul),—in which there is no trace of a moral motive, nothing but the curiously grim humour involved in the treatment of a quite purposeless yet wholesale tragedy, as if it were a matter-of-course affair, of no more importance than a school-boy snow-balling:—

"THE MYSTERY OF GILGAL."

"The darkest strangest mystery
I ever read, or heern, or see,
Is 'long of a drink at Taggart's Hall,—
Tom Taggart's of Gilgal.
"I've heern the tale a thousand ways,
But never could git through the maze
That hangs around that queer day's doin'e;
But I'll tell the yarn to youans.
"Tom Taggart stood behind his bar,
The time was fall, the skies was far,
The neighbore round the counter drewd,
And ca'mly drinked and jawed.
"At last come Colonel Blood of Pike,
And old Jedge Phinn, permiscus-like,
And each, as he meanderod in,
Remarked, 'A whisky-skin.'
"Tom mixed the beverage full and far,
And slammed it, emoking, on the bar.
Some saye three fingers, some saye two,—
I'll leave the choice to yon."

"Phinn to the drink put forth his hand;
Blood drewed his knife, with accent bland,
'I ax yer parding, Mister Phinn—
Jest drap that whisky-skin.'

"No man high-toneder could be found
Than old Judge Phinn the country round.
Says he, 'Young man, the tribe of Phinnas
Knows their own whisky-skins!'

"He went for his 'leven-inch bowie-knife:—
'I tries to foller a Christian life;
But I'll drap a slice of liver or two,
My bloomin' shrub, with you.'

"They carved in a way that all admired,
Tell Blood drewed iron at last, and fired.
It took Seth Bludso 'twixt the eyes,
Which caused him great surprise.

"Then coats went off, and all went in;
Shots and bad language swelled the din;
The short, sharp bark of Derringers,
Like bull-pnps, cheered the furse.

"They piled the stiffs outside the door;
They made, I reckon, a cord or more.
Girls went that winter, as a rule,
Alone to spellin'-school.

"I've sarched in vain, from Dan to Beer-
Sheba, to make this mystery clear;
But I end with *hit* as I did begin,—
WHO GOT THE WHISKY-SKIN?"

Notice the still-life background of the story:—

"The neighbors round the counter drawed,
And cam'ly drinked and jawed."

The two combatants quietly "meandering in" and "remarking"

"a whisky-skin,"—mind, they do not *order* it, but drop their wish casually, so indifferent do they appear to be to the subject of this deadly strife,—and the criticism on Judge Phinn that no man could be found high-toneder than he, as he remarks majestically that "the tribe of Phinnas knows their own whisky-skins," are full of the special cynicism of American humour. And then when the duel commences, what a wealth of contempt for life is contained in that favourite Americanism for sword-duelling,—
"They carved in a way that all admired," and in the verse which describes the pile of dead and the solitude of the young women during the ensuing winter! The whole humour of this ballad,—and it seems to us great,—is in the wonderful grimness of its familiarity with violence and death. The Pike County Ballads are 'peart and chipper and sassy' not only with Angels and Judgment, but with Death itself. They afford an example of the type of humour which was strong in Charles II. (though this naturally is of a freer and coarser kind), of which the favourite illustration has always been his grim apology to his courtiers for being so inconveniently long in dying. The soldier who is supposed to tell the story of 'Banty Tim' is humorous in precisely the same fashion when he tells of his disablement on the glacis of Vicksburg:—

"When the rest retreated, I stayed behind
For reasons sufficient to me,—
With a rib caved in and a lag on a strike
I sprawled on that damned glacee."

But the striking feature of these ballads is not only in the grim familiarity of their treatment of guilt, danger, judgment, death, and the supernatural world; they are full of brief, graphic touches, marvellously vivid and picturesque. What can be more effective than the account of the cause of the fire on the Prairie Belle?—

"All boats has their day on the Mississipp,
And her day come at last,—
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle she *wouldn't* be passed.
And so she come tearin' along that night—
The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine."

There is twice as much vividness in that verse, as in the by no means bad picture of 'the nigger squat on her safety-valve' which appears in the illustrated edition, for in the picture you only see the nigger enjoying his danger, but here you see the race and the darkness, and the blazing furnace beneath the boiler; and then when the fire bursts out, what a strongly painted picture there is in the second of these lines,—

"The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night;"

and again in the lines,—

"Through the hot black breath of the burnin' boat.
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word."

It was a great stroke of modern realism to make it Jim Bludso's "cussedness,"—or, as we should say in our much less expressive phraseology, his 'devil,'—and not his sense of duty, in which they had trust. Again, in "Banty Tim," what can be more graphic in its delineation of a farmer's scorn than the final statement to the democratic meeting:—

"You may rezoloot till the cows come home,
But ef one of you tetches the boy,
He'll wrastle his hash to-night in hell,
Or my name's not Tilmon Joy."

To 'rezoloot till the cows come home' is a most happy and vivid delineation of a perfectly fruitless democratic amusement, indulged in solely for its own sake, and not from any regard to consequences.

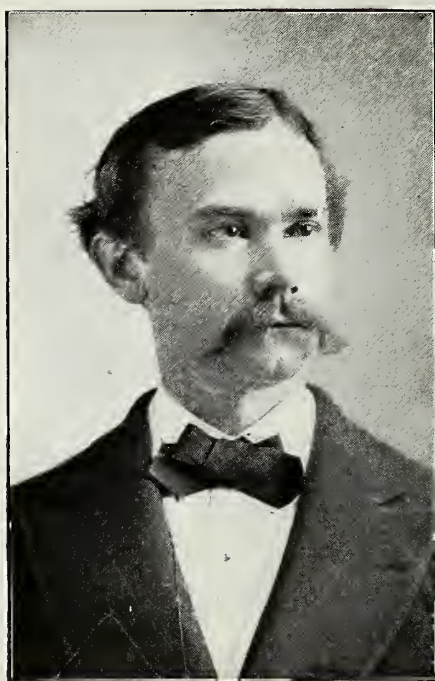
The Pike County Ballads are not only, then, 'peart chipper and sassy,'—i.e., grimly humorous, both in relation to natural and supernatural perils,—but they are full of sharp, graphic touches, which bring the vividdest scenery, physical and moral, before your eyes. All we need for the perfect delineation of the fast devil-may-care life of the borders of civilization, and its snatches of rude faith, is more in quantity, and this is, we trust, a deficiency which Mr. John Hay will neither be unable nor unwilling to supply.

Poems of a Diplomat

A meditative nature which turned to poetry for the expression of its deepest thoughts and feelings is disclosed in "The Complete Poetical Works of John Hay," issued by Houghton Mifflin company (\$1.50), with an introduction by Clarence L. Hay. Here, of course, are the Pike county ballads, but one regrets to learn that the author came to think lightly of them and to regret the importance that the public attached to them. "Jim Bludso" and "Little Breeches" seem destined to occupy permanent places in American anthologies. They are vigorous works, and one cannot help regarding their rough colloquialism and masculine philosophy as characteristic of society in an advancing frontier.

The serious poems are examples of deep reflection wedded to a grave and polished expression, adequate and beautifully clear, without having the spontaneity and subtle imagery characteristic of the finest lyricism. Thought that dares to question the superficial, insight that puts ultimate in place of conventional values, whether in religion or in daily affairs, and a notable elevation of feeling appear again and again in these poems. Some of them, such as "A Woman's Soul" in serious mood and "The White Flag" in the realm of fanciful conceit, are already on the way to lasting fame, and the thoughtful reader will find other favorites for himself.

Judged by exacting standards, Mr Hay's poems are in the main more notable for rich thought and balanced human feeling than for the lyrical quality which creates the emotion of beauty. But their place in American letters is secure. Their importance, too, in American life is established because they reveal the true character of one who in the eyes of men was chiefly the statesman and diplomat.



JOHN HAY, SECRETARY OF STATE, AS HE AP-
PEARED IN 1872

CASTILIAN DAYS.*

THERE could be little doubt that the author of the volume of poems that contains, amongst others, the *Pike County Ballads*, would describe with spirit and originality his impressions of any country or people that fell under his observation. And accordingly we have a most attractive volume, in which Colonel Hay writes easily and picturesquely of the cities, streets, and buildings, and of the history, politics, and domestic life and character of the inhabitants of that unique, old-fashioned country, the Peninsula, *par excellence*, of the European continent. He has been a thoughtful student of its history, and has, we gather, an intimate knowledge of its language, and he brings these special and great general powers to bear on the consideration, in the concluding chapters, of its disturbed political life. He argues that the revolution failed to establish a monarchy, but he wrote two years ago, and was a little premature; and it is even yet too soon to say that the promises of the constitution may not yet be fulfilled, clearly as Colonel Hay points out the failure of many of them at the date of his Spanish papers. He bears strong testimony, personal as well as from history, to the honesty of the Spaniard as distinguished from his truthfulness, but to the utter absence of this latter quality—which he attributes to (so-called) religious training, and of which he gives some startling instances—he traces the failure of constitutional government. Till the people can believe their representatives, and the representatives their ministers, the stability and order of good government are impossible. Enlightenment is the first step to independence and truthfulness, and this, Colonel Hay argues, will spread more quickly, however perfect the constitution, under a republican, than under a monarchical form of government. The historical parts of his book are a *résumé* of the history of united “Crown and Gown” power, and its crushing effects on the intellectual and moral life of the people. On the whole, however, we value the book before us more for its descriptions than for its political views, for though the author’s conclusions are full of sagacity, he writes wholly from the republican point of view, and the somewhat boastful complacency of the American is often apparent, though tempered by the cosmopolitanism the traveller and the refinement of the gentleman. Another characteristic which somewhat mars the beauty of the book is the too frequent ridicule of the Roman Catholic. We do not complain, of course, when our author argues seriously that many of the troubles of harassed Spain are distinctly traceable to the power of the priests and the credulity of the people. What we object to is the holding this credulity up to ridicule, and speaking with a lightness which is unnecessary and unchristian of beliefs and prejudices held sacred by a whole people. The tone of this ridicule is, too, a trifle vulgar; witness Colonel Hay’s description of the visit of the Virgin to the Bishop Ildefonso, with which he interrupts his account of the magnificent cathedral at Toledo, and which ends by telling us that to this day the aged verger of the cathedral never passes the chapel where it took place “without sticking in his thumb and pulling out a blessing.” And here again, a page or two further on—and this time also in speaking of the Catholics,—“I looked out, and saw a group of brown and ragged women, each with an armful of baby, discussing the news from Madrid. The Protestants, they said, had begun to steal Catholic children.” This same tendency to see, and temptation to present, the rather coarsely humorous in the circumstances that come under his notice not unfrequently destroys the beauty and power of his descriptions, disturbing the train of thought he has suggested by the jarring of an incongruous element. Thus he leaves the description of a field-night in the Cortes to remark on the “polished skulls” of the members, and in another place he spoils a grave passage thus:—“Yet the monarchy is no more consolidated than it was when the triumvirs laid their bald heads together at Alcolea.” In speaking of “the cradle of Cervantes,” he says of the church in which he was baptized, “It is a pretty

church, not large or imposing, just the thing to baptize a nice baby in.” And in explaining the absence of Judas from the miracle-play, he breaks in upon our sympathy with the warm-hearted and hot-blooded Spaniard who cannot endure even a representative of the betrayer of our Lord, by the offensive quotation from Artemus Ward of what happened to his wax Judas.

The book is of such various interest that it seems unreasonable to wish for more, and perhaps Colonel Hay thought that travellers had already worn threadbare the subject of Spanish scenery, or holds that such descriptions are idle and unsatisfactory. But we are disappointed, nevertheless, by their absence, for both his poems and his city interiors betray his delicate touch, and his power not merely of conjuring up for us the scene present to his own eye, but of rousing the sentiment that it would naturally excite. Here, for instance, are the few last words about Segovia, and we feel both the brightness and the desolation:—

“But though enriched by all these legacies of an immemorial past, there seems no hope, no future for Segovia. It is as dead as the cities of the Plain. Its spindles have rusted into silence. Its gay company is gone. Its streets are too large for the population, and yet they swarm with beggars. I had often heard it compared in outline to a ship,—the sunrise astern and the prow pointing westward,—and as we drove away that day and I looked back to the receding town, it seemed to me like a grand hulk of some richly laden galleon, aground on the rock that holds it, alone, abandoned to its fate among the barren billows of the tumbling ridges, its crew tired out with struggling and apathetic in despair, mocked by the finest air and the clearest sunshine that ever shone, and gazing always forward to the new world and the new times hidden in the rosy sunset, which they shall never see.”

And here is an extract from the interesting chapter on Cervantes:—

“I went to Alcalá one summer day, when the bare fields were brown and dry in their after-harvest nudity, and the hills that bordered the winding Henares were drab in the light and purple in the shadow. From a distance the town is one of the most imposing in Castile. It lies in the midst of a vast plain by the green water-side, and the land approach is fortified by a most impressive wall emphasized by sturdy square towers and flanking bastions. But as you come nearer you see this wall is a tradition. It is almost in ruins. The crenellated towers are good for nothing but to sketch. A short walk from the station brings you to the gate, which is well defended by a gang of picturesque beggars, who are old enough to have sat for Murillo, and revoltingly pitiable enough to be millionnaires by this time, if Castilians had the cowardly habit of sponging out disagreeable impressions with pennies. At the first charge we rushed in panic into a tobacco-shop and filled our pockets with maravedis, and thereafter faced the ragged battalion with calm. It is a fine, handsome, and terribly lonesome town. Its streets are wide, well built, and silent as avenues in a graveyard. On every hand there are tall and stately churches, a few palaces, and some two dozen great monasteries turning their long walls, pierced with jealous grated windows, to the grass-grown streets. In many quarters there is no sign of life, no human habitations among these morose and now empty barracks of a monkish army. . . . The town has not changed in the least. It has only shrunk a little. You think sometimes it must be a vacation, and that you will come again when people return. The little you see of the people is very attractive. Passing along the desolate streets, you glance in at an open door and see a most delightful cabinet picture of domestic life. All the doors in the house are open. You can see through the entry, the front room, into the cool court beyond, gay with oleanders and vines, where a group of women half dressed are sewing and spinning and cheering their souls with gossip. If you enter under pretence of asking a question, you will be received with grave courtesy, your doubts solved, and they will bid you go with God, with the quaint frankness of patriarchal times. They do not seem to have been spoiled by over-much travel. Such impressive and Oriental courtesy could not have survived the trampling feet of the great army of tourists. On our pilgrim-way to the cradle of Cervantes we came suddenly upon the superb façade of the University.”

Here and there, indeed, is a touch of the guide-book, in passages like these:—“A flight of veined marble steps leads to the beautiful, retable of the high altar. The screen, over ninety feet high, cost the Milanese Trezzo seven years of labour. The pictures illustrative of the life of our Lord are by Tibaldi and Zuccaro. The gilt bronze tabernacle of Trezzo and Herrera, which has been likened with the doors of the Baptistery of Florence as worthy to figure in the architecture of heaven, no longer exists,” and so on. But this is sometimes difficult to avoid and can easily be forgiven, as can also the possibly too minute, though enticing account of the pictures in the museum of Madrid. The history of their collection is curious and interesting, and the details ought to send many a lover of art to Madrid who never thought to go there. Only think of two thousand pictures all worthy of their place!—of forty-six

Murillos, sixty-five Velazquez, forty-three Titians, ten Raphaels, &c. "There is," says Colonel Hay, "in this glorious temple enough to fill the least enthusiastic lover of art with delight and adoration for weeks and months together. If one knew that he was to be blind in a year, like the young musician in Auerbach's exquisite romance, I know of no place in the world where he could garner up so precious a store of memories for the days of darkness, memories that would haunt the soul with so divine a light of consolation, as in that graceful Palace of the Prado."

In the chapter called "A Field-night in the Cortes" we have very vivid pictures not only of the *tout ensemble* and of the customs of the House, and behaviour and bearing of the members, but of the more prominent celebrities; and especially of Marshal Prim, Admiral Topete, and Don Rivero; and still more especially of the idol of our author, Emilio Castelar, the young radical republican, the leading and marvellous orator of the Spanish Left. But for all these and for all else we must refer our readers to the book. The opening chapters, which treat of the sentiment of home—so marked a characteristic of the Spaniard—and of the influence of tradition, at once forcibly claim our attention; and Colonel Hay carries us from Madrid to Segovia, Toledo, and Alcalá de Henares, increasing our interest by admiration for the venerable, silent, almost deserted cities of bright sunshine and deep cool shade, and illustrating all from the stores of his historical research. Finally, he takes us to the cradle and grave of Cervantes, and tells us some things that are new and nothing that is not interesting about that greatest of Spaniards, before he turns to the Cortes and launches into politics. His chapter on the miracle-play, though it begins in a spirit of derision, ends in enthusiasm, like the visits to Ammergau of many a sceptic of its power. And that on Spanish proverbs is curious. The only chapter we could well spare—though that too illustrates the credulity of this child-like people—is the one on spirit-rapping. We must conclude with a wish that we could have read this book a year or so before it was commenced, that we might have realized, far better than we did do, the story of Spain's difficulties and successes.

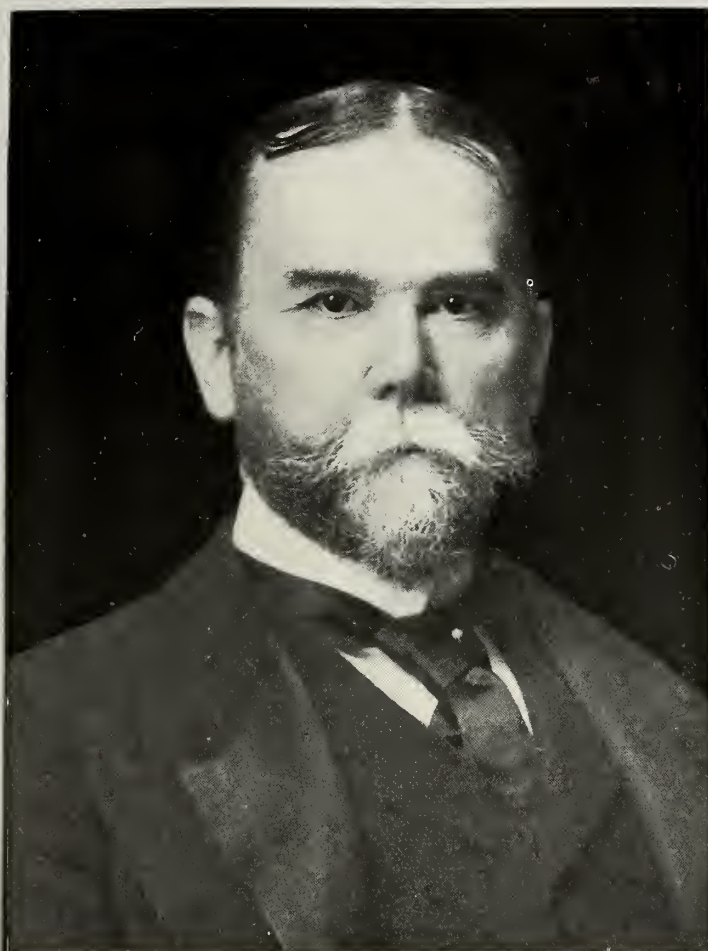
THE ATHENÆUM

AUG. 20, '98

The Story of a Play (Harper & Brothers) is one of the very best of Mr. Howells's tales without a plot. It is extremely subtle and ingenious, and yet perfectly clear throughout. It is, in fact, a series of conversations, in which the playwright and the actor and the playwright and his wife take part. Other characters are introduced, but they are subordinate. The playwright's wife and the actor are given to the life, and could hardly be better done; the playwright is comparatively uninteresting, but he serves admirably to show off the other two principal characters. The actor is the typical actor—impulsive, conceited, jealous, always anxious to have his part strengthened, generous; impossible to deal with, one would say, in matters of business, but admirable in his command of his company at rehearsal, and, as it seems, complete master of his art. All this is conveyed with a light geniality and a sympathetic humour which enable Mr. Howells to mix ridicule and appreciation in an agreeable and even fascinating blend. The playwright's wife is, however, the principal character. She is a type that Mr. Howells delights in elaborating—self-important, conceited, sentimental, adoring, ridiculous, and yet not without a sort of charm. It is astonishing that the playwright should ever have succeeded in getting his play written at all, and indeed his position is truly pitiable, with his wife and the actor offering suggestions intended to be artistic, but merely selfish. What the play was like Mr. Howells wisely leaves in vague suggestion. It was the real American drama. It was Ibsen remodelled to suit American taste, and it was adorned with American humour. The playwright's idea (expressed in a moment of justifiable irritation) of what actors wanted was this:—

"If they can have an operator climbing a real telegraph-pole to tap the wire and telegraph the girl he loves that he is dead, so that she can marry his rich rival and go to Europe and cultivate her gift for sculpture, they feel that they have got real life."

The playwright's wife, when most adoring and most exasperating, suggested that her husband's grand genius would find loftier scope if he turned the play into a novel. However, all was well at last. The play ran for a year in New York, and the actor married the leading lady.



COLONEL JOHN HAY, UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN.
From his latest photograph—Copyright, 1897, by Hollinger & Rockey, New York.



COLONEL JOHN HAY.

FRIEND OF LINCOLN.

THE FIRST OF COLONEL JOHN HAY'S
MANY HONORS.

The Famous Author of "Little Breeches"
May Be Ambassador to England—His
Experience in Diplomatic Life—A Poet
of the People.

It is announced on what seems to be very good authority that Colonel John Hay will succeed Mr. Bayard as ambassador to England. Mr. McKinley has more than the precedent of sending a literary man to the court of St. James to urge him to make the appointment, for, although Colonel Hay's name did not appear as prominently as did those of many other of Mr. McKinley's friends, yet he took a deep and active interest in the late presidential campaign. Besides this, he is an old friend of the president elect and has many qualifications which fit him for the post.

Colonel Hay is a man of varied attainments. He is one of the best known men in the United States, but his acquaintanceship has a wide range. In the literary world he is known as the author of "Castilian Days" and "The History of Abraham Lincoln."

Politicians know him as a man who for the past 20 years has been able to ask of the Republican administration almost any of the pleasant offices within its gift, and who has only taken advantage of his opportunities so far as to accept two or three minor foreign posts and the office of assistant secretary of state.

In journalistic circles he is known as about the only man whom Whitelaw Reid would trust to edit the New York Tribune while he went abroad.

Washington society knows him as a man of great wealth, generous hospitality and marked good taste who lives in a magnificent residence overlooking Lafayette square and almost exactly opposite the White House.

But the great American public knows Colonel John Hay as the man who wrote "Little Breeches," and long after his other achievements have been forgotten his fame will be preserved by his "Pike County Ballads," verses which he is said to have written in a jesting mood and as a sort of parody on Bret Harte's dialect poems. In "Castilian Days" Hay has shown that he

is a master of graceful style, erudite diction and pure English, but where there is one person who has read his tales of old Spain there are a thousand whose hearts have thrilled at the metrical story detailing the "Wreck of the Prairie Bell" and telling how Jim Blindsoc, the engineer, did as he swore he would when he said:

I'll hold her nozzle ag'in the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore.

There may be finer sentiment, too, in some of his other writings than is ex-

pressed in the closing lines of the rhymes which tell how "Little Breeches" was saved after his thrilling ride "hell to split over the prairies" and in which the author declares:

I think that savin a little child
An bringin him to his own
Is a durned sight better business
Than loadin around the throne.

But if there is it will not be remembered half so long as this, couched in the rough and rugged dialect of good old Pike county, Ills.

Colonel Hay was born in Salem, Ind., in 1838. His father was a physician, and his grandfather was one of the heroes of the Revolution. After being graduated at Brown college young Hay went at the age of 21 to Springfield, Ills., where he entered the office of Abraham Lincoln and commenced the study of law. When Lincoln was made president, he selected Hay as one of his private secretaries. The other was Nicolay, who later on collaborated with Hay in writing the history of the martyred president.

After Lincoln's assassination Hay, who had seen some service during the war and had gained the title of colonel, went to Paris as secretary of the United States legation and was later transferred to Madrid, where he did some of his best literary work.

In 1873 Colonel Hay returned to this country and accepted an editorial desk on the New York Tribune. He retained this position until the election of President Hayes, who invited him to become first assistant secretary of state, an appointment which was very agreeable to him. At the conclusion of his term Colonel Hay went to Cleveland, the home of his wife's parents, and devoted several years to writing. In 1881 he returned to The Tribune at the request of Whitelaw Reid and managed that newspaper while the latter went on a wedding tour to Europe. Although it was a time of great political excitement, the Garfield-Blaine-Conkling quarrel occurring during this period, Colonel Hay conducted The Tribune to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Colonel Hay's marriage to the daughter of Amasa Stone, the Ohio millionaire, was undoubtedly the spoiling of a rare literary genius, who might have given the world much more of his graceful work had he been urged on by necessity. But his wealthy and somewhat eccentric father-in-law treated him with such generosity that the incentive to use his pen was removed. For awhile Colonel Hay and his wife lived in a handsome residence on Euclid avenue, and when the old millionaire died the management of his big estate was turned over to Colonel Hay. Since then he has written but little. He built the Washington mansion which he now occupies and spent much time and money in filling it with rare and ornate treasures. There he has entertained capital society in a dazzling manner and has generally lived a life of ease. At the court of St. James he may be expected to repeat these entertainments, for he has not only the means, but the ambition, or at least his wife and daughter have the latter, to achieve social triumphs.

FRANCIS B. TALBERT.

From Lincoln's Law Office to McKinley's Cabinet

John Hay as Student, Soldier, Poet, Journalist, Author, Diplomat, Ambassador, and Secretary of State



"JIM BLUDSO"

"He held her nozzle again the bank"

JOHN HAY was twenty-one years old when he went into Abraham Lincoln's law office at Springfield, Illinois. The opportunity came to him through his uncle, Milton Hay,—a prized opportunity, no doubt; yet the young man little realized how great and far-reaching in its influence upon his life would be his association with Lincoln; or that, because of it, just forty years later, and after displaying fidelity in successive positions to which he would be called, the premiership of the President's cabinet would be offered him. Lincoln was then just fifty years old, a leader of the bar of the state, and long a champion of liberty, conspicuous in state and nation as the antagonist of Stephen A. Douglas. Lincoln was attracted to Hay, and loved and trusted him till the close of his life.

John Hay, the fourth son of Dr. Charles Hay, was born at Salem, Indiana, October 8, 1838. His ancestor, John, was the son of a Scottish soldier, who left his own country to serve the Elector-Palatine, after which he went to Kentucky. His two grandsons served in the Revolutionary War. John's grandfather became a brickmaker at Springfield, Illinois; he is said to have been noted for force of character. "The boy John grew up in the hardy outdoor life of the formative period of the middle West," says his biographer. "A good constitution and a fair education were the results of his home surroundings, neither the body nor the mind suffering from want of development." The son of a physician, and grandson of a soldier, possessing the sturdy qualities of the Scots, but conversant with pioneer conditions, somewhat rough, yet instinct with fresh and noble life, he was preparing for the future successes and duties before him. He was acquiring a thorough American education.

His mother was a Rhode Islander, from Providence; and Hay, at sixteen, matriculated at Brown University, where he was graduated in 1858. He became a member of the Theta Delta Chi fraternity, and he is said to be still an ardent fraternity man. He was decidedly and eminently gifted in composition, his college essays achieving distinction, and that, too, in a class which produced journalists and literary men.

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The Education of a Great Presence and Heroic Times

Intimate acquaintance with Abraham Lincoln was equal to a university education in the formation of character, especially during the four years of a great war seen and studied, with all its stirring events and eminent men, in the nation's capital and at the Executive Mansion.

When Lincoln went to Washington as President, two men went with him as his secretaries. One was John G. Nicolay, a Bavarian, who had been Lincoln's secretary at Springfield. Hay also went with him, although six years younger than Nicolay; and these two men were associates with each other during four years of incessant activity in the service of their great chief. They were associated also in that last fond work of preparing a standard life of Abraham Lincoln, the fruit of many years of reflection and study upon the great man and the great events of the Civil War, concerning which they say they were so fully agreed that every part of it is the statement and sentiment of each. This "Life of Lincoln" ran through two or three years of "The Century" before it was issued in book form.

"We knew Mr. Lincoln intimately before his election to the Presidency," said Mr. Hay. "We came from Illinois to Washington with him, and remained by his side and in his service,—separately or together,—until the day of his death. We are the daily and nightly witnesses of the incidents and anxieties, the fears and the hopes which pervaded the Executive

Mansion and the National Capital.

"If we gained nothing else by our long association with Mr. Lincoln, we hope, at least, that we acquired from him the habit of judging men and events with candor and impartiality."

Lincoln's confidence in this young man of twenty-five made him the President's adjutant and aid-de-camp, and gave him a position of service for several months under General Hunter and General Gilmore, with the rank of major; he became lieutenant-colonel and colonel by brevet,—and, later, he was often known, especially among politicians and journalists, as "Colonel Hay." He was one of the score of persons who witnessed the death of the Martyr-President, whom he had loved and served.

If he had chosen his career,—and perhaps he did,—he could not have traveled a better path than he did to secure personal development and expansion. Like a precious fabric, which is subjected to a succession of processes, each of which adds value to it, so John Hay was passed in rapid succession, from one European capital to another, so that he could fully comprehend their peculiarities and their needs. At Paris, the great capital of France, he was first secretary of the legation from 1865 to 1867; then, at the Austrian capital, he was *chargé d'affaires*, in 1867; and at the Spanish capital, he was General Sickles's secretary of legation, until 1870. It was as if he had a prolonged educational tour of these three great European countries, while all the time he was practicing and studying diplomacy.

The Noble Company of Authors

Like Lowell, whom he resembles in some essential respects, in fiber, in virility, polish and sturdy, yet well-curbed Americanism,—like Bancroft also, Hay was an author, and of both prose and verse, in each of which he wrote what has been read everywhere. His "Life of Lincoln,"—for which he received \$50,000,—would, of course, make him eminent among biographers; yet it is a work which is said to be little known in England. The "Pike County Ballads," with the new literary creations, "Jim Bludso" and "Little Breeches," were written during three weeks of leisure, in 1871. "I accumulated thirty or forty," he said, "and these, with some I had written during



HON. JOHN HAY

my college days, were handed to Mr. Field, who made a volume of them. I had not intended to publish them in book form." "The Breadwinners," a striking story of Cleveland life, whose authorship was long a literary mystery, Colonel Hay recently acknowledged. His "Castilian Days," which has been compared with Howell's "Venetian Life," gives instructive and delightful sketches of Spanish scenes and character, especially timely and interesting reading now. One of his most spirited poems, which shows his keen sympathy with Spain, begins:—

"Land of unconquered Pelayo! Land of the Cid Campeador,
Sea-girdled mother of men! Spain, name of glory and power!"

Some of Hay's "Distiches" display a penetrating study of human nature; these are specimens:—

Who would succeed in the world should be wise in the use
of his pronouns;
Utter the You twenty times where once you utter the I.

Be not too anxious to gain your next-door neighbor's approval;
Live your own life, and let him strive your approval to gain.

Try not to beat back the current, yet be not drowned in its waters;

Speak with the speech of the world; think with the thoughts of the few.

Make all good men your well-wishers, and then, in the years' steady sitting,

Some of them turn to friends. Friends are the sunshine of life.

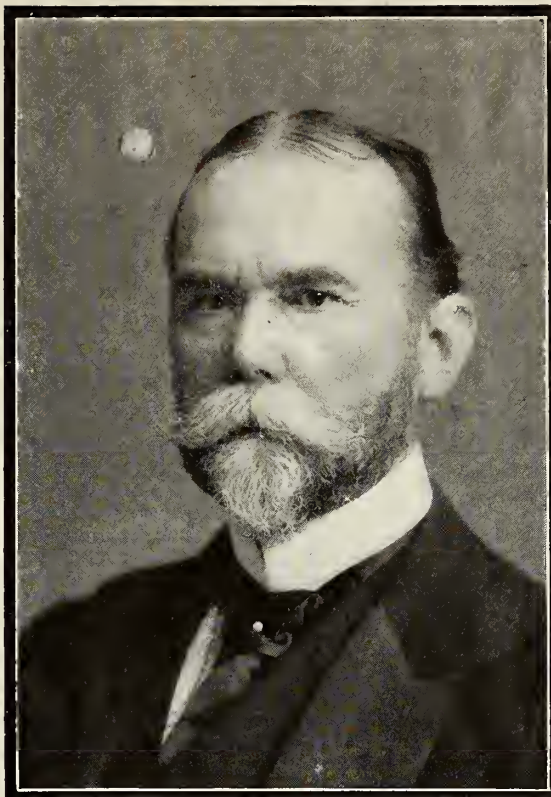
That nothing might be wanting to this man, who did everything admirably, Hay was called to the staff of the New York "Tribune" for five years; and when Whitelaw Reid was absent in Europe for seven months, Colonel Hay was the only one with whom he would leave the responsibility of that great paper.

This man who asked for wisdom, got, also, riches and a good wife together. He married one of the daughters of Amasa Stone, of Cleveland, an extraordinary and exceedingly wealthy man, who founded Adelbert College, with a third of his property, in memory of his son. To John Hay, he gave a beautiful home on Euclid Avenue; and Hay, who was practically penniless when he married Miss Stone, received from her father, it is said, from one to two million dollars. He also received the degree of LL. D., from his alma mater, a year ago. "Thou hast asked wisdom; thou shalt have riches and honor."

Hay always has had great political influence in a quiet way, and was undemonstratively active in 1876, 1880, and 1884. He was a decided friend of McKinley, and, after Hanna, he was the leading spirit in the McKinley campaign councils. He is said to have set in motion the wave of McKinley enthusiasm.

After all, he is only stepping one step higher; for, as few may be aware, he was assistant secretary of state from 1879 to 1881, and took the place to which he seems to gravitate, the presidency of the Sanitary Congress.

*Talks With Great Workers,
1901*



JOHN HAY

The unexpected death of the Secretary of State occurred shortly after midnight, July 1, at his summer home at Newbury, N. H. Only a few weeks ago he returned from Europe, where he had gone for his health. He seemed greatly improved, and the news of his death therefore came as a great shock, not only to Americans, but the world at large. John Hay, whom President Roosevelt has designated as our greatest Secretary of State, was born at Salem, Ind., October 8, 1838. He graduated at Brown University in 1858, taking high honors, and in 1861 was an Assistant Secretary to President Lincoln. After Lincoln's assassination he was Secretary of the Paris legation, and three years later similarly occupied at Vienna, and in 1869 became the Secretary at Madrid, thus gaining a most useful training in diplomatic affairs. On his return to the United States he became an editor of the New York "Tribune." He had already published the "Pike County Ballads," and now "Castilian Days" appeared. Early in the eighties, in collaboration with Lincoln's secretary, John G. Nicolay, he prepared the authoritative biography of the war president. In March, 1897, Colonel Hay re-entered public life, when President McKinley tendered him the ambassadorship to Great Britain. He became Secretary of State in September, 1898, succeeding Judge W. R. Day. The burial, attended by President Roosevelt and all of the representatives of the foreign governments, occurred July 5, at Cleveland

1905



March 1906

A FRIENDSHIP WITH JOHN HAY

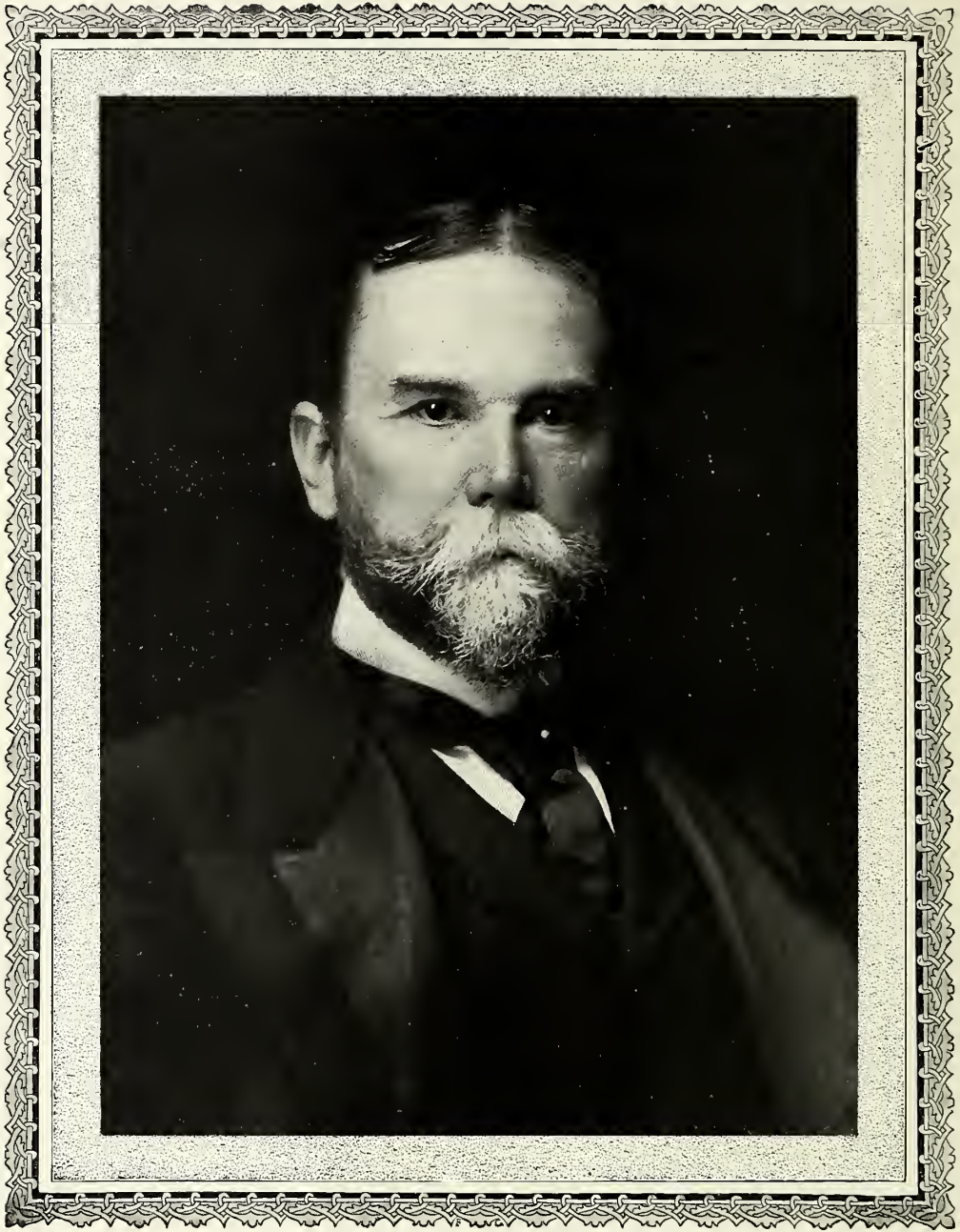
BY JOSEPH BUCKLIN BISHOP



IT was my high privilege to know John Hay for more than thirty years. During all that period he honored me with his friendship and helped me, in time of trial, with genuine sympathy and wise counsel. When, in the winter of 1870-71, I entered the service of the "New-York Tribune" as a reporter, he had recently joined the staff of that journal as an editorial writer. I find myself, in writing about the beginning of this long and cherished friendship, impelled irresistibly to a description of the "Tribune" office of those days. It was a most thoroughly democratic place. There was no outside guard at the door, no reception-room for visitors, no obstacle whatever to the progress of any one who chose to enter. It was situated in the fourth story of an old ramshackle five-story building, on the site now more than covered by the later towering edifice, and consisted of the most ill-furnished and ill-kept suite of rooms imaginable. There was scarcely a desk in any one of them that had not been for many years in a state of well-nigh hopeless decrepitude, and scarcely a chair with a full complement of its original legs, the place of the missing member or two being supplied often with a piece of board nailed to the side. There were only about half enough chairs and desks to go round. Reporters, and even editors, were obliged to take turns in writing their "copy," and secured a share in a desk only after a considerable period of service. One of my earliest recollections of the editorial room is of hearing Isaac H. Bromley say to Clarence Cook, the genial, gentle, and delightful friend, but most merciless of art critics: "Cook, are

you through with that desk? If you are, scrape off the blood and feathers and let me come."

The editorial room fronted on Printing-house Square, and was entered through the reporters' room. A half-partition of wood and glass, the latter very dirty and never washed, separated the two. It was only eight feet or more in height, but, low as it was, to the minds of the reporters it was the most formidable of barriers. They regarded that front room as the very heaven of their aspirations. They looked with admiration and envy upon the men—Dr. George Ripley, Bayard Taylor, John R. G. Has-sard, and John Hay among them—who walked daily through the city room into it. For, ill furnished and ill kept as was the "Tribune" office of those days, it harbored a moral and intellectual spirit that I met nowhere else during my thirty-five years of journalistic experience. Every member of the force, from reporter to editor, felt in his inmost soul that it was a great privilege to be on the "Tribune" and to write for its columns, and that there could be no higher ambition than to write for the same page as that for which Horace Greeley wrote. All the reporters who were in earnest studied that page with care daily, seeking to imbibe its spirit and to fit themselves by reading and practice to write ultimately for it. They became familiar with the styles of the different contributors to it, and discussed their relative merits with the enthusiasm and assurance of youth. However they might differ about the others, about John Hay they were in unbroken accord. They had heard that Mr. Greeley had said of Hay that he was the most brilliant man who



From a photograph by Hollinger & Co. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

John Hay

had ever entered the office, and they agreed unanimously in that judgment. The first question when they came together was usually, "Have you read Hay's article?" That article was the object of boundless admiration and the cause of equally boundless discussion. When, in addition to these editorial contributions, he began the publication of the "Pike County Ballads" in the early part of 1871, the enthusiasm over him among the young men of the office rose to fever heat. We carried "Jim Bludso," which first saw the light in the "Tribune" of January 5, 1871, about in our pockets, and we preserved most of Hay's leading articles in our scrap-books, after committing them nearly or quite to memory. I found many of them in an old scrap-book of mine after his death, and re-read them with the same thrill of intellectual pleasure that I experienced thirty years ago.

Few newspaper writers have brought to their task the equipment which Hay possessed when he came to the "Tribune" in the winter of 1870. After passing through the great period of the Civil War as the private secretary of President Lincoln, he had served successively as secretary of legation at Paris, chargé d'affaires at Vienna, and secretary of legation at Madrid. He spoke several of the languages of Europe as fluently as he spoke his own, and he had that minute knowledge of their art and literature that only a born lover of art and literature can attain. One has only to read his "Castilian Days" to realize the full meaning of what I wish to convey when I say this. His conversation was literally a "joy forever," then as always. I have heard many good talkers in my day, thank God! but never a better one than John Hay. Scarcely less enjoyable than his talk was his writing. He wrote mainly upon foreign affairs, political, social, and literary; and whatever he wrote, intellectual men everywhere, who read it, talked about. Into whatever he did, then and throughout his life, he put his full powers. He was preëminently a good workman; he would do nothing except his best. But while he always did his best, he never made the mistake of taking journalistic work too seriously. He had the saving grace of humor, without which no journalist can hope to attain the largest mea-

sure of power and usefulness. I can best illustrate my meaning by relating an incident which occurred after he had been several years on the "Tribune" and I had gained entrance to the editorial room. It was the habit of the editorial writers to spend the earlier part of the day in talk and to sit down to write in the afternoon. On this particular afternoon, toward evening, Hay came across the room to the desks of Bromley and myself, which stood side by side, and, displaying a handful of manuscript, said: "All done, fellows!"

"What have you written on?" I asked. Leaning over us and lowering his voice to a confidential whisper, he replied: "I've been going for them kings again, and *if they only knew it*, they'd be shaking in their boots at this moment."

He had small liking for journalism, great as were his talents for it, and was inflexibly determined to get out of it as soon as possible. He refused persistently to learn anything of the technical side of the business, saying whenever he was asked to do so: "I will not know anything of the kind. Nothing shall lure me into a permanent alliance with journalism." As some one has said of literature, it is a good mistress, but a wretched wife." He walked up to my desk one night, between one and two o'clock in the morning, and urged me to go out to supper with the rest of them and then home. I said I could not because I had work that must be done. Looking at me for a moment, he said: "Bishop, I am sorry for you. You are a son of the Puritans, and a victim of that curious disease called conscientiousness." You had to know John Hay in order not to misunderstand that remark. A more conscientious man never lived, but his saving sense of humor forbade that his conscientiousness should ever become a disease.

At another time, when we were speaking of a common acquaintance who had suddenly reversed his attitude toward a question of large public importance and was advocating his new view with an astonishing air of conviction, I said that I could not understand him at all, for I was quite sure he had been influenced by interested motives. "Of course you cannot understand him," said Hay. "You have a Puritan conscience, and there is no arguing with

that; but he has a conscience that is far less troublesome, for it permits him to believe whatever he wishes to." He had an unerring insight into character, and a sure and always light touch in pointing out its salient quality. It was not till you had thought for a moment of what he had said that you realized how much there was in his half-humorous and seemingly careless utterance. The quickness of his humor was equal to its lightness. I could give many instances of this in his "Tribune" experience, but one must suffice. One night, when the whole force was on duty late, news came of the death of an illustrious personage whose obituary must be prepared in haste. Noah Brooks, who was usually called upon for such emergencies because of his readiness as a writer, went to the library for books and returned with an armful, moving in a peculiar jog-trot gait that he adopted when in a hurry. As he passed Hay's desk, the latter, without looking up or pausing in his writing, said as if merely thinking aloud, "'Books in the running Brooks.'"

I was under the impression, till I examined the files of the "Tribune," that the three best-known of the "Pike County Ballads"—"Jim Bludso," "Little Breeches," and "The Mystery of Gilgal"—were all published first in the columns of that journal, but I find that the first-named was the only one that originally saw the light there. All were published, together with the fourth, "Banty Tim," and other poems, by James R. Osgood in the spring of 1871, and were collected from various current periodicals. They had become as familiar as Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee" by the time they appeared in book form, and were quoted almost as widely. Whether the dialect poems of Harte were the inspiration of the "Pike County Ballads" has been a more or less disputed question. The "Heathen Chinee" was first published in the "Overland Monthly" in August, 1870, under the title of "Plain Language from Truthful James. (Table Mountain, 1870.)" It was copied immediately in the "Tribune," and, in fact, in every newspaper in the land. Hay's delight in it was unbounded, as had been his enthusiastic admiration for the "Luck of Roaring Camp" and the other stories with which Harte had leaped into fame. All the world, at least that part of it that had

any connection with or interest in letters, went about talking of Harte and quoting him and reading him aloud when it assembled anywhere. The "Heathen Chinee" passed at once into the vocabulary and literary assets of every writer, from the most humble to the highest, and it was extremely rare to find a newspaper leader without a quotation from it, or to take part in a conversation in which reference to it was not made. Hay may have been influenced by his delight in it to compose his four dialect poems. They appeared, as I have shown, a few months later, and from the time of their publication were not infrequently confounded with the poems of Harte. The latter was often a visitor to the "Tribune" office in those days, and I have a vivid recollection of his description to Hay of an incident that had happened to himself at a literary reception on the previous evening, when a sentimental young woman assured him (Harte) that she had never read anything so delightful as his "Little Breeches," and that she really could not read it without laughter ending in tears.

Hay was always generous of praise for the work of others and depreciatory of his own. He was constantly saying of the poetry of the new school that arose after Harte in the West: "That is the real thing. They are doing what I would like to do and can't." He never for a moment ranked himself with Harte in speech, and I am sure he did not in thought. He spoke invariably of his "Ballads" as things of slight account, and by no means objects of pride. Many years after the time of which I am writing, an incident occurred which called forth from him an extremely interesting letter about the origin of one of them. In December, 1888, a Mississippi steamer was burned under conditions strikingly similar to those described in "Jim Bludso." She caught fire, and her pilot headed her for the shore, jumping overboard when she reached it. The steamer was burning furiously and the lives of the passengers were in peril. She drifted away from the shore as soon as the pilot left the wheel. James Givens, a deck-hand, ran to the wheel, brought the steamer's head again to the bank, and, in order to hold her there, locked the wheel in position. While he was doing this the flames com-

pletely surrounded the pilot-house. Givens, when his task was done, made a dash through the flames, jumped into the river, and struggled ashore, but died later of his injuries. He had literally "held her nozzle ag'in' the bank, till the last galoot 's ashore" in true Bludso fashion, and he saved seventy of the hundred lives on board.

When the accounts of this disaster were published here and abroad, the newspapers were quick to see the resemblance to the Bludso incident, and the ballad was reproduced far and wide. The London journals were especially interested in the coincidence, and made it the subject of a veritable renaissance of Hay literature. I made a collection of these utterances and sent them to Hay, with the result of receiving from him the following valuable and characteristic letter:

Washington, D. C., Jan. 11, '89.

MY DEAR BISHOP: I thank you very much for your kind letter and the inclosures, which I would not otherwise have seen. I thoroughly appreciate a good word for "Jim," who is a friend of mine. I shudder and hide in the cellar only when the Boy with the small knickerbockers is mentioned.

A curious thing happened during that summer when we were holding up the Republican party by the tail.

On the first appearance of "J. B.," Mark Twain wrote to me saying that I was all wrong making him an engineer—that only a pilot could have done what I represented him as doing. This troubled me somewhat—though I thought I was right. During the summer of '91, a cotton-broker of New Orleans, a son of "J. B." (whose name was Oliver Fairchild, by the way), came to see me at the "Tribune" office and absolutely confirmed my story, saying that his father *was* engineer of the *Fashion* and died in just that way. But the case was, of course, uncommon—the pilot usually does the work—and Jim Givens comes again to discredit me.

I am afraid this is ominous of my fate—to be right as a historian and wrong as an artist.

Wishing you and yours a happy New Year,

I am faithfully yours,

John Hay.

There have been few better letter-writers than John Hay. He wrote more nearly as he talked than any man I have ever known, and, as he could not talk in a dull or uninteresting way, so he could not write a dull letter. Some day, when time shall have made it not indiscreet to

publish a compilation of his letters, they should be given to the world. They will prove to be not only an intellectual delight, but an inestimable contribution to the history of the time in which he lived and in which he bore so honorable and useful a part. It would be quite out of the question to publish them now, for they relate intimately to men now living and to public affairs that are still in process of evolution. Unlike many brilliant letter-writers, he did not write with the obvious expectation that his letters would be published. He let himself go freely, as was his wont in familiar conversation, and the consequence was that he never wrote without saying something that the recipient of the letter would most unwillingly let die. I have had many such letters from him which, to my vast regret, I have destroyed.

I was talking with him one day in Washington, while he was Secretary of State, when he spoke of the extraordinary number of letters that Gladstone had preserved, and said that they should be of incalculable value to the historian, adding: "Real history is told in private letters. No man should ever destroy one that contains light on public men or public affairs." "Why," I exclaimed, "you have written me dozens which you have enjoined me to destroy as soon as read, letting no eye but mine see them, and I have obeyed you, though it took all my moral strength to do so." He waved my protest aside with a laugh, but I shall never cease to regret that I was not in possession five years earlier of his views about the value of such letters. That other correspondents of his were less resolute in destruction than I was, is a fact within my knowledge, and from them an abundant supply must and will be drawn in due season. I find, among the many that I have preserved, several that I can only quote partly from with propriety now. In the early part of 1901 I wrote to him at the State Department, asking him to tell me in strict confidence what he thought was likely to be the outcome of a threatened disturbance in a South American country. "It is difficult to say," he replied, "what will happen on the Spanish Main. It is the land of the fantastic and the unexpected." In the midst of the Presidential campaign of 1904, the curious discovery was made and published

that the chairman of the Democratic National Committee had the same name as one of the principal characters in "The Mystery of Gilgal." The scene of that ballad is laid in "Taggart's Hall—Tom Taggart's of Gilgal," and one of the stanzas is:

Tom Taggart stood behind his bar,
The time was fall, the skies was far.
The neighbors round the counter drewed,
And ca'mly dranked and jawed.

I sent a paper containing the reproduced ballad to Hay, and in replying he wrote: "Thanks for your letter and the paper. I thought of that coincidence the other day, and wondered whether I should escape. It was a curious case of innocent prophecy."

The sudden death of his eldest son in the summer of 1901 was a blow from which he never recovered. It deepened and made permanent that shadow of melancholy that had always, at least since I had known him, been lurking about him. I waited for some time before writing to him, in order to separate myself from the great flood of condolence that I knew would pour in upon him from all parts of the world, and received a reply really tragic in its pathos:

Newbury, N. H., Aug. 30, 1901.

MY DEAR BISHOP: I thank you for your kind letter. I have received many like it—and have answered very few. I think of little else when I am not at work, and even when I am busy his genial, powerful face, with its winning smile, is continually coming before me, his rich mellow voice and jolly laugh are sounding in my ears. To think of all that splendid vitality, that abounding force—to which almost any achievement would have been easy—extinguished at dawn, and I, like Browning's waning moon, "going dispiritedly, glad to finish."

I could not get away from my post—everybody agreed—and for a little while longer I suppose I am as well there as anywhere. I have been working all summer—to good purpose—and shall have several important bits of work to submit to the Senate, if nothing adverse happens. But after that—no one can tell. . . . I am not sanguine, though leading Senators assure me it will be all right this time. At least my course was clear; I had to try again, to save us from a threatened dishonor. If I fail again, I shall know what my duty to myself requires.

Yours faithfully,

John Hay.

I have spoken of Hay's conversation as a "joy forever." It was that and more. There was in it an intellectual exhilaration that was contagious and irresistible. He loved to talk, and his keen joy in it was so genuine and so obvious that it infected his listeners. He was as good a listener as he was a talker, never monopolizing the conversation at table or elsewhere, never "taking the floor," and never treating the company, as Queen Victoria said Mr. Gladstone treated her, like "a public meeting." He talked without the slightest sign of effort or premeditation, said his good things as if he owed their inspiration to the listener, and never exhibited a shadow of consciousness of his own brilliancy. His manner toward the conversation of others was the most winning form of compliment conceivable. Every person who spent a half-hour or more with him was sure to go away, not only charmed with Hay, but uncommonly well pleased with himself. Surely, he reflected, as he passed out of that enchanted circle—surely there must be something above the ordinary in my own thought and conversation, since Hay can find such obvious pleasure in them. Hay once said to me of Mr. Evarts, of whose gifts as a conversationalist we were speaking, that he had the rare faculty of saying at a dinner-table the best thing that was said there,—invariably something that was quoted everywhere for days and even years afterward,—and giving the impression while saying it that he had better things in reserve if he really cared to produce them. Hay possessed much the same faculty. Surely he never left upon any one the impression that he had exhausted his intellectual resources.

It was simply impossible for him to talk for any length of time without saying something that delighted you inexpressibly, and that you could carry away and tell to others for their delight. I have in mind many of his sayings of this sort, but, alas! most of them, like his letters, are too thoroughly saturated with "contemporaneous human interest" to be published now. Those that I shall venture to give must be disguised in order to strip them of this quality, and I fear such treatment may deprive them of much of their flavor.

I was talking with him on one occasion,

while he was Secretary of State, about some negotiations that he was conducting with two of the most "fantastic and unexpected" of the countries of the Spanish Main. After telling me of his efforts to reach an agreement with the special envoys who had been sent to Washington for the purpose, there came into his eye that inimitable twinkle of enjoyment which was always the herald of a coming good thing, and leaning forward in order to get into a more thoroughly confidential position with me, he said: "Talking with those fellows down there, Bishop, is like holding a squirrel in your lap and trying to keep up the conversation."

On another occasion, when several persons were present, including a member of the cabinet, the latter said: "I see that the anti-imperialists are changing their ground about the Philippines. They have been saying heretofore that we should not have stayed in the islands after the battle of Manila; that we should get out of them and leave them to their fate; and that they are doing infinite harm to us and our institutions, because in ruling them against their will we are violating the Declaration of Independence and destroying our own love of liberty. Now they say that we ought to give them away, or sell them to Germany or Japan or any nation that will take them off our hands." "That," said Hay, "reminds me of the young woman who had got religion and was telling her experience in conference meeting. Wishing to adduce proof of the thoroughness of her conversion, she said: 'When I found that my jewelry was dragging me down to hell, I gave it all to my sister.'"

Not long after Roosevelt acceded to the Presidency, an amiable but somewhat self-laudatory gentleman who found much pleasure in appointing himself to important diplomatic missions, returned to Washington from a brief trip abroad and went about saying he had been to England on a secret mission of great moment for the President and the Secretary of State. In an unlucky hour he said this in the hearing of a newspaper correspondent who published it. Our friend, whom we will call Jones for the moment, was then in an extremely embarrassing position, from which he endeavored to extricate himself without delay. I happened

to be in Washington about a week later, and in the course of a talk with Hay I said: "That was a very amusing incident about Jones and his 'secret mission.'"

To this Hay replied: "I am grateful to Jones, for he gave me the opportunity of saying the one good thing I have said in my life. I usually think of them too late, but this I thought of in time. I knew, when I read about Jones's 'mission' in the morning paper, that he would call at the State Department before the day was far advanced. His card came in very soon after I reached the office, and I had him shown in at once. Stepping up to my desk in visible trepidation, he began to deliver a little speech which he had obviously prepared with care. 'Mr. Secretary,' he said, 'I sincerely trust that nothing that I have done in this matter has in any manner embarrassed you in your negotiations with Great Britain, and I think I can say with entire truth that I have done nothing for which I should blush.'

"When he paused," said Hay, "I realized that the Lord had delivered him into my hands, and with all the suavity I could command, I said: 'Mr. Jones, I can assure you, without the slightest reservation, that nothing that you have done has in any manner embarrassed me in my negotiations with Great Britain, and I can assure you, also without reservation, that I am quite sure you have done nothing for which you could blush.'"

"Did he see it?" I asked. "Certainly not," replied Hay. "He went about Washington, saying he had just come from a most satisfactory interview with the Secretary of State." "Had he any authority?" I asked. "Jones—authority? Why, Bishop, I am amazed at your ignorance. Jones is viceroy of the Almighty in all international affairs!"

We were speaking one day about the pertinacity of office-seekers. "I will tell you," said Hay, "an incident that has never been published about Lincoln. I was sitting with him on one occasion when a man who had been calling on him almost daily for weeks in pursuit of an office was shown in. He made his usual request, when Lincoln said: 'It is of no use, my friend. You had better go home. I am not going to give you that place.' At this the man became enraged, and in a

very insolent tone exclaimed, 'Then, as I understand it, Mr. President, you refuse to do me justice.' At this, Lincoln's patience, which was as near the infinite as anything that I have ever known, gave way. He looked at the man steadily for a half-minute or more, then slowly began to lift his long figure from its slouching position in the chair. He rose without haste, went over to where the man was sitting, took him by the coat-collar, carried him bodily to the door, threw him in a heap outside, closed the door, and returned to his chair. The man picked himself up, opened the door, and cried, 'I want my papers!' Lincoln took a package of papers from the table, went to the door and threw them out, again closed it, and returned to his chair. He said not a word, then or afterward, about the incident." There have been many pictures of Lincoln, but few more graphic than that, as Hay drew it for me.

It is hard for those who knew and loved Hay—and all who knew him did love him—to reconcile themselves to the thought that he can draw no more pictures for us;

that this admirable and perfect and rarely matched artist in words can delight us no more forever. As he said of the voice of his son, his own is still sounding in our ears. It was in every fiber and tone the voice of the intellectual man, of the scholar and the gentleman, a voice that itself was music, and the music of a pure and gentle and noble soul. And the words to which the music was set! Who that has had the exquisite pleasure of listening to that incomparable speech, with its unerring and instinctive use of the only right word in every case, its clear-cut and incisive enunciation, the constant play of a humor that was next-door neighbor to melancholy, and the finer because of that close association, can ever forget it, or think of its loss without a pang? I cannot pass beneath the windows of his library in that beautiful Washington home where I experienced the highest pleasure I have ever known, without saying to myself, as a sense of supreme and irreparable loss sinks deep into my heart:

But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!



THE JEWS IN ROUMANIA

BY CARMEN SYLVA

Queen of Roumania



IFE is a hard struggle everywhere. Suffering and grief seem to be the common lot of man. In whatever direction we turn, we find the road beset with stones and brambles. On all sides we are confronted by the same universal toil and wretchedness. But preëminently do these conditions exist in Roumania. There we find more rocks and brambles, more misery and hardships, than anywhere else, because it is the poorest country in the world.

But little money is spent in Roumania. Since there are no industries or manufactures, there is hardly any commerce, and

only a limited number of mechanics. The country cannot depend upon its own resources, its revenues being derived solely from agriculture. It sometimes happens that in one year the soil yields enormously, and in the succeeding year, owing to a failure of the crops, we have famine. When this occurs, the country is threatened with ruin, as was seen after the recent two years' dearth. The absence of industrial resources makes it far more difficult for this country to recover after such periods of disaster than is the case elsewhere. This, I think, is hardly understood abroad, else other countries would surely not expect from this young nation

LINCOLN AT THE HELM

AS DESCRIBED AT THE TIME
BY JOHN HAY

THROUGH the courtesy of Mrs. Hay we are enabled to give the following delightful glimpse of President Lincoln in the mid course of his Presidency. This description of the President at the helm is from the pen of his younger private secretary, John Hay, afterward the great Secretary of State of the United States, and it occurs in a familiar letter to the devoted Nicolay, the senior private secretary. This letter not only indicates the maturity of mind and the personal charm which induced Lincoln to take so young a man into his executive family, but hints, also, at the humor and other literary traits which afterward gave Hay his fame as a writer.

A more sympathetic summary and historically correct description and estimate of the great, good President than this off-hand letter of the young Hay was never penned. It is Lincoln in action, and close at hand, but it is also Lincoln as he is seen by all the world in the perspective of nearly half a century.—THE EDITOR.

JOHN HAY'S LETTER

EXECUTIVE MANSION

WASHINGTON, August 7, 1863.

My dear Nico

This town is as dismal now as a defaced tombstone. Everybody has gone. The Tycoon is in fine whack. I have rarely seen him more serene and busy. He is managing this war, the draft, foreign relations, and planning a reconstruction of the Union, all at once. I never knew with what tyrannous authority he rules the Cabinet, till now. The most important things he decides and there is no cavil. I am growing more and more firmly convinced that the good of the country absolutely demands that he should be kept where he is till this thing is over. There is no man in the country so wise, so gentle and so firm. I believe the hand of God placed him where he is.

They are working against him like beavers, though, H— and that crowd, but don't seem to make anything by it. I believe the people know what they want and unless politics have gained in power and lost in principle they will have it.

J. H.

*A POET IN EXILE. Early Letters of John Hay. Edited by Caroline Ticknor. Houghton Mifflin Co. 440 copies. \$5.

A YOUNG POET'S DAYS OF EXILE

Some of John Hay's Early
Poems and Letters Pub-
lished in a Limited
Edition

THESE is quite as much psychological as personal interest in the half dozen letters and poems, now collected into a slender volume,* that were written in his youth by John Hay to Miss Nora Perry. During his senior year at Brown University the future statesman and man of letters, had been received into that literary coterie in Providence of which Mrs. Whitman, who came so near to being the wife of Edgar Allan Poe, was the center and Miss Perry one of the most brilliant and charming members. After his return to his home at Warsaw, Illinois, he kept up for a year or more an occasional correspondence with Miss Perry and it is this little packet of letters that is now published, half a century after they were written, with an introduction and comment by Caroline Ticknor.

The letters, which are wholly personal in character, are of interest mainly because of the light they throw upon one stage of the development of a man of many gifts, whose endowments were to bring him high distinction. His longing for cultivated surroundings and responsive companionship breathes through all the missives. It is evident that he had keenly enjoyed the society of Mrs. Whitman's brilliant circle, and in his letters he is constantly referring to the pleasures which it is no longer possible for him to enjoy.

If you loved Providence as I do you would congratulate yourself hourly upon your lot. I turn my eyes eastward, like an Islamite, when I feel prayerful. * * * I am not suited for a reformer. I do not like to meddle with moral ills. I love comfortable people. I prefer, for my friends, men who can read. * * * When you reflect how unsuitable such sentiments are to the busy life of the Mississippi Valley, you may imagine then what an overhauling my character must receive—at my own hands, too. * * * The influences of civilization galvanized me for a time into a feverish life, but they will vanish before this death-in-life of solitude. I chose it, however, and my blood is on my own head. * * * In spite of the praise which you continually lavish upon the West, I must respectfully assert that I find only a dreary waste of heartless materialism, where great and heroic qualities may indeed bully their way up into the glare, but the flowers of existence inevitably droop and wither. So in time I shall change. I shall turn from "the rose and the rainbow" to corner-lots and tax-titles, and a few years will find my eye not rolling in

a fine frenzy, but steadily fixed on the pole-star of humanity, \$!

The two correspondents ask each other, after the fashion of their time, for "something that you have written," and Mr. Hay acknowledges with enthusiastic admiration the receipt of some poems from Miss Perry, and responds to her request with two sets of verses, in one of which he embodies his gratitude for her friendship and his unhappiness in his western environment. The lines rhyme, at least, whatever their shortcomings in other respects.

Black the clouds threaten. My heart
is as dark.
(How glad was the sunlight when thou
wert near.)
But I'll trim the sails of my lonely
bark,
And mock the wind with a merry
cheer.
For a storm comes out of the lurid
lee,
And night comes down o'er the
rainy sea.

The other poem that he sends is quite long, and in it he gives some hint of the spiritual struggles he was undergoing and of the inner blackness and depression which possessed him. In the last of the letters, written in 1859 and 1860, he speaks openly of these troubles, though briefly and with evident hesitation: "I have wandered this winter in the valley of the shadow of death. All the universe, God, earth and heaven have been to me but vague and gloomy phantasms. I have conversed with wild imaginings in the gloom of the forests. I have sat hours by the sandy marge of my magnificent river, and felt the awful mystery of its unending flow, and heard an infinite lament breathed in the unquiet murmur of its whispering ripples. * * * I am going to join a spiritual circle soon. I am, of course, an unbeliever, but Mrs. Whitman has taught me to respect the new revelation, if not to trust it." And in the poem he utters his feeling of despair:

God has given us the world, He has
left us the grave,
He is too good to love us, too lofty to
save.
The world with her burden of woe and
of crime
Rolls on through the twilight of gath-
ering years,
While she twines round her brow the
dim trophies of time,
And joins in the thunderous chime of
the spheres.
No wall from the earth breaks the
calm of the sky,
Unheeded we live and unheeded we die.

To the mature mind all this seems somewhat morbid and sophomorical. But to the youth of twenty-one it was evidently a very real and a very painful experience. It is akin to those writhings of the soul which tortured the early manhood of Lincoln and set upon him a lasting seal of sadness. The phase is one through which a youth of sensitive and thoughtful nature is very likely to pass, but in the case of both Lincoln and Hay one wonders how much it was intensified by a social environment so

lacking in the responsiveness and inspiration which their mental capacities needed.

An etching from a photograph of John Hay taken about 1860 makes a frontispiece for the volume.

NYT
July 23, 1910

HAY, JOHN (1838-1905). An American statesman, author, and journalist. Born in Salem, Ind., of Scottish ancestry, Oct. 8, 1838, he graduated from Brown University in 1858 and studied law at Springfield, Ill., where he became acquainted with Abraham Lincoln, then the leader of his profession and of the Republican party in Illinois. In 1861 he was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of Illinois. He accompanied President-elect Lincoln to Washington and was his assistant private secretary until his (Lincoln's) death, with the exception of a brief interval during which he served as adjutant and aid-de-camp to the President and of a few months when he served in the army under

Generals Hunter and Gillmore. He rose to the rank of major and was later brevetted lieutenant colonel and colonel. After Mr. Lincoln's death he went to Paris as Secretary of Legation (1864-67). He then served (1867-68) as Secretary of Legation and chargé d'affaires at Vienna, and after a short interval went in the same capacity to Madrid, where he remained until 1869. From 1870 to 1875 he was an editorial writer on the New York *Tribune* and for a short time acted as editor in chief of that journal as substitute for Horace Greeley. In 1874 he married the daughter of Amasa Stone, of Cleveland, Ohio. From 1879 to 1881 he served under President Hayes as First Assistant Secretary of State; then until 1883 he acted in Whitelaw Reid's place as editor of the *Tribune*; and afterward for 16 years he was engaged in literary work, chiefly in preparing a biography of Lincoln. On March 19, 1897, he was appointed by President McKinley Ambassador to Great Britain, to succeed Thomas F. Bayard. His 18 months' service in this capacity was marked by thoroughness, skill, and tact, and did much to cement relations with Great Britain and to increase the diplomatic prestige of the United States. On Sept. 20, 1898, he was appointed Secretary of State, to succeed William R. Day, who had just resigned. His conduct of the foreign affairs of the nation was characterized by unusual vigor and foresight. He at once made a *modus vivendi* con-

John Hay

cerning the Canadian-Alaskan boundary. Perhaps his greatest diplomatic achievement was when in September, 1899, he secured the "open-door" policy in China by the written guarantees of the European nations, and prevented the Empire from being dismembered. In this the United States for the first time acted in concert as a world power. During the British war in South Africa he used his good offices to secure the neutrality of the continental European powers. When the United States began negotiations to build the Panama Canal, he negotiated a treaty with England (see HAY-PAUNCEFOTE TREATY) that made this possible. Again, when Colombia refused to ratify the canal concessions to the United States in 1900, he was influential in having the new Republic of Panama recognized and in completing negotiations for the canal. In 1902 he called on the European Powers to prevent atrocities on the Jews in Rumania; in the same year he settled a dispute between Europe and Venezuela by upholding and extending the scope of the Monroe Doctrine; he was instrumental in establishing a Philippine policy; and largely through his efforts an arbitration court was re-established at The Hague. In all, he brought about more than 50 treaties, including the settlement of the Samoan dispute, as a result of which the United States secured Tuvalu, with an excellent harbor in the Pacific; a definitive Alaskan boundary treaty in 1903; the negotiation of reciprocity treaties with Argentina, France, Germany, Cuba, and the British West Indies; the negotiation of new treaties with Spain; and the negotiation of a treaty with Denmark for the cession of the Danish West India Islands. Mr. Hay died July 1, 1905.

Mr. Hay was the author of *Pike County Bal-lads* (1871); *Castilian Days* (1875); a translation of Emilio Castelar's treatise on the Republican Movement in Europe (1875); and (with John G. Nicolay) he wrote an authoritative life of Lincoln, entitled *Abraham Lincoln: A History* (9 vols., 1890). He was one of the seven origi-

nal members of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Consult Lorenzo Sears, *John Hay, Author and Statesman* (New York, 1914).

JOHN HAY AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES

Vivid Sketches of Great Americans and Sidelights on Recent History in the Letters of the Statesman Who Started as Lincoln's Secretary and Biographer

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN HAY. By William Roscoe Thayer. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Two volumes. \$5.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER once said that amid all his trials Lincoln had one compensation in the White House—John Hay. The truth of that remark impresses one anew in reading these delightful volumes, made up as they are so largely of Hay's own letters and journals, and sparkling at every turn with his wit and high spirits. Like Mr. Thayer's admirable life of Cavour, this life of John Hay will take its place without challenge among the foremost books of its class. It is not a formal biography, but a well edited collection of Hay's intimate letters and diary jottings, held together by a slender thread of "life." It is based on a memorial of similar nature published privately by Mrs. Hay shortly after her husband's death in 1905, but Mr. Thayer has drawn upon a much larger store of materials, both private and official, and has handled them throughout with taste and judgment of a high order. The desire for truth has led him to admit the public to some scenes of surprising intimacy.

John Hay playfully called himself a man without a State, for he had been born in Indiana, brought up in Illinois, educated in Rhode Island; had learned his law in Springfield, Ill., his politics in Washington, and his diplomacy in Europe; in short, he was "nothing but an American." Near the close of his life he wrote to his brother-in-law, Mr. Mather, that he had been blessed with more success and happiness on a smaller endowment of ability than any man in history; but no one who comes in contact with his flashing intellect in these letters will accept this modest estimate.

Fortune did favor him, however, and one of her earliest favors was the chance that sent him to study law in his Uncle Milton's office, next door to Lincoln's, and made him the assistant of Lincoln's private secretary. Thus at the age of 22 he had the rare experience of going to live in the White House for four years on intimate terms with a great President during the nation's greatest crisis.

Though he lived to be Ambassador to Great Britain and Secretary of State under both McKinley and Roosevelt, the brightest pages of his story are still those of the brimming days of youth spent with President Lincoln. Nicolay had charge of the heavy official correspondence, and Hay was general utility man, doing everything from writing informal letters and receiving callers to escorting Mrs. Lincoln or amusing the Lincoln boys on rainy days. He was too busy to keep such a diary as Gideon Welles did, but his journal, though fragmentary, is treasure trove, every bit of it.

So familiar was the companionship of Nicolay and Hay with the President that even they, the future authors of the greatest of the Lincoln biographies, were slow in

realizing his greatness. They loved him, and in private dubbed him affectionately The Tycoon, but not till after the battle of Gettysburg did Hay write to Nicolay in this vein:

The Tycoon is in fine whack. I have rarely seen him more serene and busy. He is managing this war, the draft, foreign relations, and planning a reconstruction of the Union, all at once. I never knew with what a tyrannous authority he rules the Cabinet till now. The most important things he decides, and there is no cavil. I am growing more convinced that the good of the country absolutely demands that he should be kept where he is till this thing is over. There is no man in the country so wise, so gentle, and so firm.

The intimate talks with Lincoln recorded in Hay's diary are sometimes rather startling in their frankness, and one gets many glimpses of Lincoln in homely undress. As Mr. Thayer remarks, this pithy journal furnishes some of the most vivid flash-light pictures of the man in intimate moments or on historical occasions. Hay seems to have missed the deep significance of the Gettysburg address, but he had not missed the agony in Lincoln's voice when he came upon him unawares gazing down the Potomac for the ships that were to bring the first troops, and heard him exclaim to himself: "Why don't they come! Why don't they come!" Of Lincoln's unconventional ways these two extracts tell:

The President came in last night in his shirt and told me of the retirement of the enemy from his works at Spottsylvania, and our pursuit. I complimented him on the amount of underpinning he still has left, and he said he weighed 180 pounds. Important if true. (May 14, 1864.)

A little after midnight the President came into the office laughing, with a volume of Hood's works in his hand, to show Nicolay and me the little caricature, "An Unfortunate Bee-ing," seemingly utterly unconscious that he, with his short shirt hanging about his long legs, and setting out behind like the tall feathers of an enormous ostrich, was infinitely funnier than anything in the book he was laughing at. What a man it is! Occupied all day with matters of vast moment, deeply anxious about the fate of the greatest army of the world, with his own plans and future hanging on the events of the passing hour, he yet has such a wealth of simple bonhomie and good fellowship that he gets out of bed and perambulates the house in his shirt to find us, that we may share with him the fun of poor Hood's queer little conceits. (April 30, 1864.)

We get another and more typical glimpse of Lincoln in the following diary entry:

I said to the President today that I thought Butler was the only man in the army in whom power would be dangerous. McClellan was too timid and vacillating to usurp; Grant was too sound and cool headed and unselfish; Banks also; Frémont would be dangerous if he had more ability and energy. "Yes," says the President; "he is like Jim Jett's brother. Jim used to say that his brother was the d—dest scoundrel that ever lived, but in the infinite mercy of Providence he was also the d—dest fool."

It is in John Hay's familiar letters that his fun bubbles

forth most spontaneously. It often hits the foibles of his best friends, from Lincoln in the war days to Whitelaw Reid or Theodore Roosevelt in later times; but its bright darts are always without malice, and are as freely turned upon himself as upon others. His playful notes to Nicolay are frequently gems of light badinage. For instance:

I am getting along pretty well. I only work about twenty hours a day. I do all your work and half of my own, now you are away. Don't hurry yourself. * * * This town is as dismal now as a defaced tombstone. Everybody is gone. I am getting apathetic and write blackguardly articles for The Chronicle, from which W. extracts the dirt and fun and publishes the dreary remains.

A year later, under similar circumstances, he writes:

I went last night to a sacred concert of profane music at Ford's. Young Kretchmar and old Kretchmar were running it. Hs. and H. both sang; and they kin if anybody kin. The Tycoon and I occupied a private box, and both of us carried on a hefty flirtation with the M. girls in the files. * * * I am alone in the White pest-house. The ghosts of twenty thousand drowned cats come in nights through the south windows. I shall shake my buttons off with ague before you get back.

And here is a note not wholly jocular:

My dear Nico: Don't, in a sudden spasm of good nature, send any more people with letters to me requesting favors from Stanton. I would rather make the tour of a smallpox hospital.

The larger part of the first volume is devoted to letters and journals of the White House epoch in Hay's life, and it is still the richest in interest, in spite of all that has been written about it. Once the young secretary was sent to Niagara to help Horace Greeley in his wild goose chase after peace commissioners, and again he was sent to Florida to get Unionist signatures to the oath of allegiance. A few weeks before Lincoln's assassination he accepted an appointment to the American legation at Paris, and thus began the diplomatic and political career that filled his later life.

From Paris he was transferred to Vienna, and thence to Madrid, where a memorable year bore fruit in his "Castilian Days." Wherever he went his early literary ambition haunted him, and to it we owe the many biographical sketches that enrich the present volumes. Whether it be Carl Schurz playing the piano in the White House, or Emilio Castelar making a marvelous oration at Madrid, Mr. Hay seems to capture the very soul of the man in a few vivid sentences. His remarkable portrait of Napoleon III. includes strokes such as this:

Eyes sleepily watchful—furtive—stealthy, rather ignoble; like servants looking out of dirty windows and saying, "Nobody home," and lying as they say it.

On his return to New York in 1870 Colonel Hay dropped unexpectedly into journalism, joined The Tribune staff, and began writing the breezy letters to Whitelaw Reid that are scattered generously through the remainder of the present volumes. Once, when suffering after the manner of Job, he sent a note to the editor explaining that he could not walk, stand, or sit, but by special grace was still able to lie on his stomach, adding, "If you can think of a subject you would like to have treated from that point of view, send it over and I will worry it."

In 1873, at the age of 35, Hay fell in love with Miss Clara Stone of Cleveland and wrote jubilantly to Reid, advising him to get into the same predicament, and remarking that he would not have died before this happened to him for a great deal of coin. His marriage was happy, bringing him children, wealth, and troops of friends. He soon retired from newspaper work to devote himself to purely literary pursuits. Mr. Thayer gives us a pleasing

chapter on this phase, not omitting "Little Breeches," whose fame bored the author to humorous tears, and "The Bread-Winners," whose authorship Hay never confessed.

Patiently he and Nicolay labored for fifteen years on their monumental life of Lincoln, receiving \$50,000 at last from The Century for the serial rights alone. This chapter includes many letters addressed to Mr. Gilder. But the correspondence of Hay and Nicolay themselves is most interesting in the light it throws upon their methods. One of Hay's letters, indeed, is so frank that the wisdom of its publication, even now, may be questioned. It reads in part as follows:

As to my tone toward Porter and McClellan—that is an important matter. I have toiled and labored through ten chapters over him (McC.). I think I have left the impression of his mutinous imbecility, and I have done it in a perfectly courteous manner. Only in "Harrison's Landing" have I used a single injurious adjective. It is of the utmost moment that we should seem fair to him, while we are destroying him. The Porter business is a part of this. Porter was the most magnificent soldier in the Army of the Potomac, ruined by his devotion to McClellan. We have this to consider. We are all alone in condemning him. * * * We believe him guilty; but I don't think we need go further than say so dispassionately. A single word of invective, I think, would be injurious to us, rather than to him.

Gilder was evidently horrified at your saying that Lee ought to be shot: a simple truth of law and equity. I find, after a careful reading of a dozen biographies and all his reports, that Stonewall Jackson was a howling crank; but it would be the greatest folly for me to say so. I am afraid I have come too near saying so in what I have written about him. * * *

We will not fall in with the present tone of blubbery sentiment, of course. But we ought to write the history of those times like two everlasting angels who know everything, judge everything, tell the truth about everything, and don't care a twang of their harps about one side or the other. There will be one exception. We are Lincoln men all through.

In later life Henry Adams was Hay's closest friend and the many intimate letters to him are a valuable part of this collection. There are several charming letters to Mr. Howells. A lively correspondence with Colonel Roosevelt shows the most cordial relations between him and his Secretary of State. Though Secretary Hay took no part in the "dynamic solution" of the Panama impasse, Mr. Thayer scouts the rumor that he felt any regrets for the action of the Administration. No hint of the kind has been found among his papers. The biographer notes, however, that the German menace during the Spanish war gave Hay many anxious hours.

It is impossible to do justice to the State-Secretarial period in the space here available, but those chapters are by no means lacking in interest. Seldom does one find two large volumes so uniformly readable. Both as literature and as history the book contains the promise of long life.

"THE BREADWINNERS"

FOR the first time that remarkable novel, "The Breadwinners," (Harper & Brothers,) is published with its author's name on the title page. Of course, for many years back, there has been little doubt, in the minds of those studious in literary matters, that JOHN HAY, to whom we owe the standard life of LINCOLN, and who was Secretary of State from 1893 to 1905, was the author of this "social study." Mr. HAY's admirable proficiency in English, his picturesque style as a writer, his knowledge of social conditions in this country, if one looked for no other argument, pointed to his authorship of this unique work of fiction. Now his son, MR. CLARENCE LEONARD HAY, brings out this new edition of his father's novel, and with it the following foreword that has not only a biographical interest but which also shows the peculiar timeliness of the reappearance of "The Breadwinners":

In the year 1877 there occurred in several of the larger cities of the United States strikes among railway employes of a magnitude hitherto unknown in this country. These led to riots and assaults on property of a serious nature.

Cleveland was one of the cities which felt the force of these disorders. There was no army that could be called upon, and the State militia was inefficient. A panic prevailed in the city for days, many residents sending their families out of town to places of safety.

My father, who was living in Cleveland at that time, felt that "a profound misfortune and disgrace" had fallen upon the country. In a letter dated July 27, 1877, he writes: "There is a move in every city ready to join with strikers, and get their pay in robbery, and there is no means of enforcing the law in case of a sudden attack on private property. We are not Mexicans yet—but that is about the only advantage we have over Mexico."

In another letter he speaks of the politician whose "sympathies were all with the laboring man, and none with the man whose enterprise and capital give him a living."

These events and comments serve to explain the origin of the social and political ideas which were later embodied in a story.

"The Breadwinners," the only novel my father ever attempted, was written in 1882. It was first published anonymously in the Century Magazine in 1883-1884, and aroused a good deal of curious comment as to its authorship. It was issued in book form by Harper & Brothers in 1883, and went through several editions.

Although the work was generally attributed to my father, he never acknowledged it. This edition is the first which bears on its title page the author's name.

Though the author was writing for another generation of readers, civilization has not changed so much in thirty-odd years that the conditions described have lost their contemporary interest.

The broad lawns and gardens have disappeared from lower Algonquin Avenue, the sites of the Belding and Farnham homes are occupied by automobile salesrooms or furniture houses, and the Beldings and Farnhams of today are living in new and finer houses at the edge of the city.

The situations and characters, however, are not out of place in this twentieth century world, and for an example of a well-executed riot we need go no further back than the month of January, 1916. "We are not Mexicans yet"

—but the mobs at Youngstown, Ohio, inflamed with drink as they were, could hardly have achieved a more Mexican thoroughness if they had been led by Francisco Villa in person.

"The Breadwinners" is not directed against organized labor. It is rather a protest against the disorganization and demoralization of labor by unscrupulous leaders and politicians who, in the guise of helping the workingman, use his earnings to enrich themselves.

It is a defense of the right of an individual to hold property and a plea for the better protection of that property by law and order. Civilization rests

upon law, order, and obedience. The agitator who preaches that obedience to lawful authority is a sin, and patriotism an illusion, is more dangerous to society than the thief who breaks in at night and robs the householder.

In the face of this fact there are many Americans today who, acting in good faith, are fostering the activities of "Ananias Offitt" and discouraging the spirit of "Leopold Grosshammer."

THE ATHENÆUM

MAY 22, '97

THE rather depressing effect of Mr. Howells's penultimate volume is effaced by *The Landlord at Lion's Head* (Edinburgh, Douglas). This is a capital piece of workmanship; story, scenery, portraiture, analysis of character, all are good, and the writer's accomplished skill weaves the whole together, keeps the due proportions, and succeeds in holding the reader's interest. It is not possible to say that 'The Landlord at Lion's Head' takes its place among Mr. Howells's best novels. He has had happier inspiration, but he has seldom done a better piece of work. The central character is not attractive, and the author is too strong a partisan against him. The reader feels that he is not so interesting as he is meant to be, and not so black as he is painted. Nor is enough made of the brilliant, smart girl whose portrait is so cleverly sketched. The author treats her from the mixed points of view of the creative artist and the severe censor, and unfortunately allows his views as censor to prevail. But the fairest judgment that can be passed upon the book is indicated by saying that one can read it almost to the end with pleasure. The details of college life at Harvard are an attraction to English readers. It is particularly noticeable that the distinctions of class or caste as represented in this book are more rigid than in English society.

John Hay on Omar.

New York Times Saturday Review of Books:

In all the praise of the spoken and written word of the late John Hay I have never happened to see any reference to his address to the Omar Khayyam Club in London soon after he went there as Ambassador. Could anything be more exquisite than these passages in his tribute to Omar:

"I heard him quoted once in one of the most lonely and desolate spots of the high Rockies. We had been camping on the Great Divide, our 'roof of the world,' where in the space of a few feet you may see two springs, one sending its waters to the polar solitudes, the other to the eternal Carib Summer. One morning at sunrise, as we were breaking camp, I was startled to hear one of our party, a frontiersman born, intoning these words of sombre majesty:

" 'Tis but a tent where takes his one day's rest

A Sultan to the realm of death addressed.
The Sultan rises and the dark Ferrash
Strikes and prepares it for another guest."

"I thought that sublime setting of primeval forest and pouring cañon was worthy of the lines; I am sure the dewless, crystalline air never vibrated to strains of more solemn music. Certainly our poet can never be numbered among the great popular writers of all time. He has told no story; he has never unpacked his heart in public; he has never thrown the reins on the neck of the winged horse and let his imagination carry him where it listed. 'Ah! the crowd that must have emphatic warrant,' as Browning sang. Its suffrages are not for the cool, collected observer, whose eye no glitter can dazzle, no mist suffuse. The many cannot but resent that air of lofty intelligence, that pale and subtle smile. But he will hold a place forever among that limited number who, like Lucretius and Epicurus—without rage or defiance, even without unbecoming mirth—look deep into the tangled mysteries of things; refuse credence to the absurd and allegiance to arrogant authority; sufficiently conscious of fallibility to be tolerant of all opinions; with a faith too wide for doctrine and a benevolence untrammelled by creed; too wise to be wholly poets, and yet too surely poets to be implacably wise."

SARAH GUERNSEY BRADLEY.

Hudson, N. Y., Oct. 16, 1905.

BOSTON TRANSCRIPT

NOVEMBER 7 1917

John Hay's Poems

The Complete Poetical Works of John Hay.
With an Introduction by Clarence L. Hay.
Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

FROM the sentimental John Hay, writing melancholy letters as a student at Brown University to Nora Perry, to the John Hay first writing and then making history, there is revealed a world of growth and development. In a certain way one can discover a remarkable parallel between the career of James Russell Lowell and that of John Hay. Both began by writing rather mawkish love-poems, giving little promise of high achievement; both wrote humorous dialect verse, both took up literature seriously, both were enlisted in the diplomatic service, both served as Ambassadors at the Court of St. James. Lowell had more time to devote to the writing of poetry in his later years, but Hay's heart was always yearning for the opportunity to express itself in that medium: his services as a statesman absorbed his energies, he died in the harness. His son well says that his Pike County Ballads, consisting of Jim Bludso, Little Breeches, Banty Tim and a few others, which he calls "rough-hewn models of Western types" will outlive all his other poems. At the time they were published good orthodox people considered quite shocking the endings of the first two:

He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

and

I think that saving a little child
And fetching him to his own,
Is a derved sight better business
Than loafing around the Throne

But we have got over such discriminations and these Poems bid fair to be as immortal as anything in American literature.

The complete "Poetical Works" of John Hay, containing these and embodying the few sonnets and other lyrics which he wrote in later life, are now issued in the "Household Edition of the Poets." The volume is attractively printed and bound, is finished with an excellent portrait of the author, and is inexpensive.

Republican Heroes

49—John Hay

By ROLAND RINGWALT

JOHN MILTON HAY.—Born in Salem, Indiana, October 8, 1838. Attended a country school, and was aided by his father in Latin. After some academic training went in 1852 to a college at Springfield, Illinois. Occasionally saw Lincoln and Douglas. In 1855 entered Brown University, and was graduated three years later. In 1859 began to read law with his uncle, Milton Hay, and was admitted to the bar in 1861. John Nicolay, Lincoln's private secretary, obtained for him the post of assistant secretary. Was by Lincoln's deathbed. In 1865 was Secretary of legation at Paris. Returned to this country in 1867, and was appointed secretary of legation to act as charge d'affaires at Vienna. Returned, then became secretary of legation at Madrid. In 1870 joined the New York Tribune staff, writing powerfully on foreign affairs, and translated Castelar. Also wrote prose and verse. In 1874 married Clara L. Stone. Moved to Cleveland, Assistant Secretary of State under Evarts, and declined to be private secretary to President Garfield. Took charge of the Tribune during Whitelaw Reid's absence. With Nicolay produced "Abraham Lincoln—A History," covering fifteen years of work—subject to many interruptions. Ambassador to England in 1897. Next year became Secretary of State. Continued under Roosevelt. Died in Newbury, New Hampshire, July 1, 1905.



SOMEWHERE before the Revolution Adam Hay settled in Virginia. John, the son of Adam, went to Lexington, Kentucky, and was the parent of fourteen children. One of his neighbors was Henry Clay. Later he moved to Springfield, Illinois, and became a friend of the great man whose biography his grandson was to write. Charles, the son of John, a physician, chose a home in Salem, Indiana, and married Helen Leonard, who came from Assonet, near New Bedford. On October 8, 1838, John Milton Hay was born in the one-storied brick dwelling at Salem. Four years earlier his father had been a partner in a Whig newspaper, and two years later he was writing Whig editorials. In 1841 the family moved to an Illinois town which had been Spunky Point (a name dear to the coming bard), but which became Warsaw.

A PREFERENCE FOR THE EAST

Francis Parkman and Theodore Roosevelt felt the charm of the West. Hay from his earliest years longed for the East, he wanted to see the colleges and libraries of the Atlantic slope. He was quick to learn what the local schools could teach, he made an excellent figure in a German class, in the Pittsfield Academy he met John G. Nicolay, he drank in the politics of Springfield, the site of a young college, and before he was seventeen he was entered as a sophomore at Brown University. Brown had an excellent classical course, it laid stress on mathematics, it opened the way to French and German, it was aware that modern sciences were gaining ground. Hay's translations from French and German were admired. He joined the Theta Delta Chi, and during the war saved two of its members "from undeserved execution." In Providence lived, Mrs.

Sarah Helen Whitman, who had been engaged for a brief period to Edgar Allen Poe, and from her conversation and criticism the young class poet learned a great deal. No wonder that the biographer, William Roscoe Thayer, gives us the concluding stanza of Hay's poem "Power of Song." Not many bards of twenty can equal this:

"Where'er afar the beck of fate shall call us,
'Mid winter's boreal chill or summer's blaze,
Fond memory's chain of flowers shall still enthrall us,
'Wreathed by the spirits of these vanished days;
Our hearts shall bear them safe through life's commotion;
Their fading gleam shall light us to our graves;
As in the shell the memories of ocean murmur forever of the sounding waves."

THEN CAME A FIT OF THE BLUES

After the university came a fit of the blues. The young man did not like his Western home, he wanted to soar to the clouds of literature, he compromised on postponing poetry, and studying law in his uncle, Milton Hay's, office. His sentimental letters need not prove that he was so unhappy as he thought himself to be. A longing for fine writing was on him.

Once well begun, John Hay, who dropped the "Milton," grew interested in law, in politics, and in the lanky Lincoln whose office was next to his uncle's. On February 4, a month before Lincoln's inauguration, he was called to the bar. His old schoolmate, Nicolay, who became Lincoln's private secretary, needed help, and succeeded in obtaining a berth as assistant for John Hay. Out of this work grew much that was of moment to Hay, and the two young men were tolerably mature when they published "Abraham Lincoln—A History." Four years of daily intercourse with Lincoln taught a brilliant young man more than a score of universities could have done. Hay was in the White House talking to Robert Lincoln when the news came of the assassination, and he watched through the great man's dying moments.

As secretary of legation at Paris he passed a few pleasant months, returning to see Washington with Andrew Johnson and Congress on bad terms. Diplomatic appointments at Vienna and Madrid failed to make him wealthy, yet they gave him insights into European life, and when in 1870 he joined the staff of the New York Tribune, Horace Greeley and Whitelaw Reid were delighted to have his aid. It is a fortunate paper that has a man who was reared in a small town, who was graduated from a New England university, who read law in a state capital, who had four years of experience under the White House roof, and who had been in three of the capitals of the Old World.

JOHN HAY'S AUTHORSHIP

On August 27, 1873, Hay wrote to Nicolay: "I ought not to leave you to learn from strangers that I am engaged to be married to Miss Clara Stone, of Cleveland, Ohio. I do not know when it will be. There will be an internecine war before Mrs. Stone consents to give up her daughter—wherein I sympathize with her. Be-

fore many centuries I shall win." The wedding took place on February 4, 1874, and in 1875 Hay left the Tribune to live near his wife's parents.

Mr. Thayer has a delightful chapter on Hay's authorship. A carrier's address, a number of poems, in some of which he mistook irreverence for wit, "Castilian Days," and the great

life of Lincoln show varied talent. Through his father-in-law's business connections the son-in-law grew to know many of the capitalists of Ohio and neighboring states. His pride in his little daughter, Helen, is thus expressed: "Mrs. Stone gave me today a portrait of herself with my wife (aetat five months) sitting in her lap. It is the image of my infant today, which I hope disposes forever of the foul and widely circulated calumny that the baby looks like me."

William M. Evarts, Secretary of State under Hayes, wanted John Hay as Assistant Secretary and by dint of urging prevailed him to accept. This post Hay occupied from the fall of 1879 to the inauguration of Garfield, who in vain besought him to be private secretary. It was more to his taste to act as editor-in-chief of the New York Tribune, while Whitelaw Reid took a wedding trip in Europe. A daily paper is never a restful place, and the year of the strife between Garfield and Conkling was particularly strenuous. All through that anxious summer, while Garfield lay in the shadow of death, there were controversies hotter than the weather, and Hay could be as combative as any man of his time. Yet he was glad to leave the editorial desk and return to his Lincoln papers. The stock of material he and Nicolay had gathered was so immense, there had to be condensation and rejection, years had gone by, and there was a longing to end this laborious undertaking. Hay for a time thought of going to Congress. It is well for him that he did not. Never a man of robust health and severely tried by his newspaper work, the strain of a session on the banks of the Potomac might have prostrated him. There was hard and long work ahead.

AUTHORSHIP OF "BREAD WINNERS"

Mr. Thayer takes it for certainty that Hay wrote the once famous book "The Bread Winners." If he did he never acknowledged the authorship. If he did write it something might be said of the men who have made one venture into fiction.

By this time John Hay had learned that the deepest poetry was not to be found in a college library. He had been discontented with his boyish home, then he had left it for Washington and grown homesick there, he had run over a large part of Europe and grown more American in the process, he had come back to his own land for business, politics and journalism. He was prepared for various emergencies, and could discuss almost the entire range of human interests with Henry Adams or could throw himself into the hardest kind of work on a five minutes' notice.

Though he was in England for a part of 1896 he used a portion of his time in stating the case of McKinley and the Republican party. A letter of his to the London Times was widely discussed. By October he was on the stump for McKinley who, the next year sent him as ambassador to Great Britain. Had he been blessed with leisure he could have written a readable volume on George Bancroft, Washington Irving, John Lothrop Motley and James Russell Lowell, men of letters who had represented our country abroad. The record of Robert T. Lincoln was better known to him than perhaps to any other man then in our diplomatic service. When he spoke on the unveiling of the bust of Sir Walter Scott in Westminster Abbey he did not fall below Lowell at his best. At this time ill feeling rankled over Cleveland's Venezuela

message, the Bering sea fisheries were, if not on the carpet at least on the tides, there was much talk of an international agreement on bimetalism, and the Dingley tariff bill was resented by Englishmen who had given a dinner to Mr. William L. Wilson because he put British interests ahead of our own. We cannot help regretting Mr. Thayer's attitude. On all that pertains to John Hay's newspaper work and his literary tastes the biography is admirable, but in the depth of his heart Mr. Thayer blames the Republican party for two actions. It made generous provision for the soldiers of the Union, and it guarded the home market from Old World competition. As he views it, the party should for these offences put on sack cloth and ashes, which it has not done and has no intention of doing.

HAY BECOMES SECRETARY OF STATE

Towards the middle of August, 1898, came the cable asking Hay to become Secretary of State. He accepted and promptly started home to be regretted by the Queen, who said to Lord Pauncefort, "He is the most interesting of all the ambassadors I have known." Our first minister in Queen Victoria's recollection had been Andrew Stevenson, whom she had met in 1837, which was a little more than sixty years since. We have an interesting account of the rivalries for places in the foreign service. Then came the responsibility growing out of the war with Spain. A Secretary of State in Hay's boyhood might have known men who had been impressed right off our Atlantic coast. Secretary Hay was called on to deal with the Philippines, with Hawaii, and with all that bore on the coming trans-isthmian canal. From the young man who wrote to Nora Perry about her new poem to the hard-working diplomat there was a change so marked that one cannot state it in terms. Resenting amendments to the first canal treaty Hay sent in his resignation, which McKinley declined to receive. He stayed on to meet the new trials of the Boxer outbreak in China and the Boer war in South Africa, the Filipino insurrection, the Cuban and Central American entanglements, all rendered more complicated by the nearing presidential election. Ill health made all his burdens heavier, & gladdened him to hear the returns of 1900, but ere long the act of Czolgosz was to darken the land. No wonder that Hay wrote to an English friend: "What a strange and tragic fate it has been of mine—to stand by the bier of three of my dearest friends—Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley—three of the gentlest men, all risen to the head of the state, and all done to death by assassins."

Some allowance must be made for the sensitiveness of an invalid. There were cares which would have preyed less heavily on Hay if he had been a man of robust physique. Certain grievances he exaggerated because he was at times weak and nervous. A gift of expression is a valuable gift to a man in superb physical condition, but it is danger to an invalid or semi-invalid. He can voice his complaints and general objections to men and things so well that he is tempted to do so more frequently. Therefore a certain discount must be made for these pathetic utterances. Macaulay has a fine passage in a letter to a friend. He states that literary fame is greater than any of the prizes of public life, he wonders that any man who knew the quiet pleasure of study, and the deep joy of authorship could bear the noisy nights of parliament or the fretting routine of office—he says all this so well that he almost made himself believe it all—then he adds: "But

how I might feel if I once saw Downing Street again is another matter." For aught he knew all the old longing might come back again. None of us know how much temperament has to do with laments, and how prone a man is to overstate his own worries. James Watt lamented that he had ever been an inventor, yet he stuck to inventing, and did fairly well. There are few who do not sometimes fret over life's burdens, and the main difference is that some of us clothe our groanings with well moulded phrases and some of us merely growl or pout.

CUTTING LOOSE FROM OFFICIAL TIES

After the opening of the door came the Panama question, and Hay was dear to Roosevelt. Roosevelt knew as all men that he was a man of wide information, that he had more or less acquaintance with all the leading issues that had come up since the days of Lincoln. But this was not all. Roosevelt admired a man who could drop treaties and appointments for a talk on Dryden or a quotation from Christina Rossetti. At times Roosevelt would speak of Lincoln's great

trials and then of what he called his little ones,—and it pleased him to talk in this strain to a man who had known Lincoln in the darkest days of the great struggle for the Union.

Hay's physical condition steadily changed from bad to worse, and, no beneficial results following a trip abroad, he started home, resolved to cut loose from official cares. On the voyage westward he dreamed that he was in Washington and that he went to the White House to report to the President, who turned out to be Lincoln, and who asked sympathetically about his illness, besides calling on him to answer two letters. "I was not in the least surprised at Lincoln's presence in the White House. But the whole impression of the dream was one of overpowering melancholy."

A few days of labor at the desk partly settled the arrears. There were talks with President Roosevelt and members of the cabinet. It was good to hear that peace would soon be concluded between Russia and Japan. On June 25, 1905, Hay was in Newbury, New Hampshire. Illness of an alarming nature developed, a blood clot formed, and on July 1 the life had passed away.

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1838-1905.

This paper is evidently the result of careful and well digested reading.

It emphasizes the most significant phases of Stagg's life but neglects some that are important.

It is somewhat heavy, jolly, abrupt.

A more concrete life story and further reference to his contemporary world would enhance the interest.

It gives an account of John Stagg's doings, passing lightly over the traits of the man.

J.B.M.

JOHN HAY

Term paper for
United States
History, 1829-
1931, Dr. J.B.
MacHarg; sub-
mitted May 25,
1931, by John
G. Strange.

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- 5.) Ibid., vol. 34:22, May 17.

OUTLINE

- I. John Hay and China in 1915
 - A. China's great debt to Hay
 - B. The lustre in John Hay's career
 - a. "The Golden Rule Statesman."
 - II. John Hay and his versatility
 - A. List of activities and accomplishments.
 - B. The smoothness of his career explained.
 - C. A quotation concerning his 'casual career.'
 - III. John Hay, the Literary Man.
 - A. Castilian Days
 - B. Poems
 - C. Novelist.
 - IV. The journalist
 - A. Editorial staff.
 - B. Editorship.
 - V. The Ambassador
 - A. Queen Victoria
 - B. Quotation from the Century Magazine.
 - C. An explanation of world conditions and their relation to J.H.
 - VI. D. John Hay's career as an Ambassador.
 - VI. Secretary of State
 - A. Intense activity as Secretary.
 - B. China diplomacy
 - C. "Open Door" expounded and quotations concerning this policy.
 - D. List of Other important Secretarial activities.
 - E. Relations with the Senate and explanation of these relations.
 - VII. John Hay the Man again.
 - A. Friends and friendships, Quotation.
 - B. Henry Adams and the death of John Hay, quoted.
-

John Hay

Sixteen years ago, when the world was in the midst of one of its most horrible atrocities, a reborn nation was unveiling a monument to one of its heros. He was not one of their color, nor was he of their creed; he had lived on the opposite side of the earth; and yet --- they knew that his life meant more to their integrity, security, and happiness than they could ever express in monumental tributes or in glowing eulogies. China must ever hold in reverence the name of John Hay.

There is romance, sparkle, color, suggested in this anomaly of racial hero worship, and this suggestion is reflected everywhere in John Hay's life-story. The title of "the Golden Rule Statesman" has a lustre about it that draws one to study John Hay, and once embarked on that study one disregards time and tasks until with a sincere feeling of regret he comes to the end of the glowing tributes that so rightfully terminate the versatile career of a great man.

Versatile is the key word; it is the key word to his talents and to his career; it is the key word to any biography of him. A diplomat in the fullest measure, a novelist of the "best seller" class, a historian in the truest sense,

a poet surpassed by few fellow artists, a journalist recognized by our greatest editors, writer of one of the most fascinating travel books extant, and finally, one of his country's greatest statesmen, John Hay presents an extremely cosmopolitan character. One is not conscious, however, of a distinctly classified and divided life; one does not sense jerky phases in a career, rather one is aware of a certain commonness, of a certain consistency, throughout this multitude of accomplishments. There is a thread, which if followed, will continue unbroken 'til the story is ended. It is the poet, it is the poet's method of expression, it is the poet's soul that establishes this mutual characteristic of all of his undertakings. One is always conscious of this ability to paint so beautifully in words the most prosaic of thoughts. This balance and fineness of expression lends color to his life and makes appreciation inevitable.

One cannot fail to observe "the quality of casualness in John Hay's life. Fitted to do many things extremely well, he pursued no one thing long, except the Lincoln history. Even while he was toiling on that, he appeared to be engaged on a side-issue rather than what would have been, for almost any one else, the culmination of his life-work. Hay was not an amateur, but he managed to retain the freshness and ease, and the freedom from pedant insistence, which make the charm of the amateur spirit." (1) " Having among his many talents the gift of keen and enlightened curiosity, he watched men with the interest with which one follows the fortunes

(1) Thayer, William R., The Life of John Hay, vol ii: p52, New York, 1930

of characters in a novel or play. He was a sharp observer; sophisticated, chiefly through his readings, but not cynical; and he found increasing amusement in human eccentricities." (2)

To the student of government or foreign relations Hay's literary career is insignificant, but to the student of Hay the man, the literary career is vital. "John Hay may be said to have grown up with a pen in his hand. Endowed with an unusually delicate suggestibility, he imitated, like other youths --- without being aware of it, --- the writers, principally the poets, who delighted him. But besides this endowment, he possessed an authentic talent of self-expression, and the desire to use it." (3)

Hay's travel book "Castilian Days" holds its place in American literature. No book in its field is more exactly what it purports to be, and few display an ampler range of qualities --- wit, irony, enthusiasm, shrewdness, honesty, indignation, romance, charm. Free alike from the reserves and the cynicism of maturity, it speaks the perennially aluring language of youth." (4)

"The Poems faithfully represent John Hay's nature, not less than his gifts, in that they display versatility, manifold interests, a quick perception, responsive emotions, irony without malice; and an aptitude for the unexpected turn of phrase." (5) Composer of the immortal "Jim Bludso", Hay takes a place beside Brete Harte and James Russel Lowell

(2) Thayer, op. cit. , vol 1, 117

(3) Ibid., vol. 1, 353

(4) Ibid., vol 1, 365

(5) Ibid., vol. 1, 378

as a dialect poet. In studying Hay one must not lose sight of this poetic tendency; it helps to gain an insight of certain of his views and actions.

Space requires that I devote but one more paragraph to the literary man. I am forced to condense my account of his novel "Bread Winner" which was a best seller, and I can hardly mention that great historical and biographical work that Hay and Nicholay were co-authors of, "Abraham Lincoln, a History". It is a standard reference for scholars of the Civil War period, and it remains a source for students of Lincoln. I must content myself with a fleeting remark of his letters, so enticing in their style and substance, and so engaging in their treatment of the prosaic. Perhaps in slighting these accomplishments I am slighting a vital part of John Hay, but my purpose is historical rather than literary, and I must forgo literary enjoyment^t for the purpose of discussing governmental activities.

In speaking of John Hay one cannot resist the temptation to create still further the impression of versatility by mentioning his journalistic adventures. Star member of the editorial staff of the New York Tribune, he was termed by Horace Greeley the most accomplished and valuable man in his employment. Years later when the great editor of that same paper, Whitelaw Reid, decided to take a long vacation and European trip, he called upon John Hay to act as Editor-in-chief.

"Queen Victoria said of John Hay to Lord Pauncefoot: 'He is the most interesting of all the Ambassadors I have known.' The Queen's acquaintance with the American envoys went back to Andrew Stevenson, 1837." (6) True, an 'interesting' diplomat (6) Thayer, op. cit., vol ii, p. 181

is not necessarily a good one, but it must "not be forgotten that in four European capitals, in minor and major capacities, he had represented his country; that owing to the added power and prestige of the American people, and his own prestige and trained ability, he had obtained the position of the most influential diplomat in the world." (7)

"The most influential diplomat in the world " is a more concrete, a more satisfying title than "the most interesting diplomat." Recall for a moment the era in which John Hay served his country as one of its foreign representatives; recall for a moment the great diplomats living and in action then; recall for a moment the mad race of powerful nations for supremacy; recall their proud and unbending attitude; recall their extreme nationalistic pride, and then repeat again the title of "the most influential diplomat in the world," and you have a measure of the man !

He no longer appears as a literary dilettante, as an emotional poet, as an editor safe behind the rule of the freedom of the press ; he appears as a mover of men, as a mover of nations, as a world power. John Hay was Secretary of the Legation at Paris, at Vienna, at Madrid, and finally was Ambassador to England. It was in the last capacity that he achieved his great name; he understood the English; he liked them, and he hated to leave them to become Secretary of State.

When John Hay assumed the chair of Secretary of State
(7) Century Magazine, vol. xlviii, p. 792, 1905

things began to happen, not because of John Hay, but rather because of events beyond his control. That pungent phrase "manifest destiny" is perhaps as good as any in describing the conditions. The world, and especially the United States, was growing, expanding, becoming restless and more quarrelsome. The boundaries of the North American Continent no longer entirely held the interest of the American people. They became interested in certain islands, near and far away; they became more interested in their sister continent; they became imperialistic.

"How far the imperialistic policy might have been modified if Secretary Hay had opposed it, no one can say; but we can confidently assert that his approval of it greatly strengthened the Imperialists in the Administration, in Congress, and throughout the country." (8)

Assuming, then, this imperialistic policy Hay was inevitably a very busy Secretary of State. Entering office when the peace treaty of the Spanish-American War was culminating, he became involved in a whirl of diplomacy that lasted until his death in office on July 1, 1905.

"Into the intricacies of the efforts to prevent China from being vivisected after the Boxer troubles I will not enter. Hay's part in saving that Empire alive was greater than that of any other statesman. He made a magnificent bluff --- which the United States could not have backed up if it had been called --- and he won." (9)

(8) Thayer, William R., op. cit., ii:199-200

(9) Ibid., ii:246

"By what was one of the most adroit strokes of modern diplomacy, Hay thus accustomed the world to accept the Open Door as the only decent policy for it to adopt toward China. Not one of the Governments concerned wished to agree to it, each saw more profit to itself in exploiting what it had already secured and in joining in the scramble for more, but not one of them, after Hay had declared for the Open Door, dared openly to oppose the doctrine. It was as if, in a meeting, he had asked all those who believed in the truth to stand up: the liars would not have kept their seats."(10)

It is "Hay's Open Door Policy" that fixates John Hay in most people's minds; they are not aware of his activities in many other diplomatic fields. He was directly and intimately concerned in the Alaskan boundary question of 1898-1903. He was furiously involved in the Panama controversy that has been the occasion for much diplomatic study, and he achieved the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty in 1901 which succeeded in abrogating the Clayton-Bulwar Treaty, dignified by the dust of a half a century. He was concerned in the Venezuela dispute of 1902, and was one of the Hague tribunals staunchest American supporters. Finally the Russo-Japanese War occurred in the last few months of his service.

In his varied career there was one important omission; Hay had never served in Congress. Missing this experience he likewise missed their point of view, and as Secretary of

State " almost from the first, he held the Senate as his antagonist. That a few men, not diplomats by training, should have the right to shatter a delicate piece of diplomacy seemed to him as if a clodhopper should be privileged to trample on a violin. The artist in him revolted; his conscience revolted, his reason revolted." (11)

Having hastily sketched the career of John Hay, I am forced again to refer to the infinite personal appeal of the man; his magnetic character is irresistible. "His genius for friendships showed itself early in childhood and never failed him to his dying day, His associates delighted in him because of his playful wit, the richness and variety of his conversation, his deep-rooted kindness, his frankness, ... and his sympathy. They did not think of him as the successful author or the brilliant editor, and later, when he walked on the highest levels of public life, he still remained for them --- not Hay the Ambassador, not Hay the Secretary of State, but Hay the friend." (12)

And as it was with his friends, so it is with the readers of him. It is not essentially Hay the Statesman that one remembers; it is rather Hay the man. It is the man that one remembers whose dearest friend could say " as Adams was strolling down to dine under the trees at Armenonville, he learned that Hay was dead. He expected it, on Hay's account, he was even satisfied to have his friend die, as we all would, ^{die} if we could,

(11) Thayer, op. cit. , 11:272

(12) Ibid., 1:383

in full fame, at home and abroad, universally regreted,
and wielding his power to the last." (13)



A FAMOUS SECRETARY OF STATE:
N.Y. Times JOHN HAY
as a Boy. A Daguerreotype Owned by
12 Nov '53 Mrs. Payne Whitney.

99. HAY, JOHN. President Lincoln's Secretary. A. L. S. 8vo, Executive Mansion, Washington, on Christmas Eve 1924, addressed to the Attorney General. Characteristic of the President's: ever present desire to be of help and assistance he likely wished to release on bond some unfortunate man, permitting him to return home for the Christmas day. 16.00.

Sir:

The President directs me to ask from you a suggestion as to the amount of Bond requisite in this case!

I am sir Your Obt. Svnt.,

JOHN HAY, Major A. D. C.

JOHN HAY, Major A. D. C.

'ROUND AND AROUND GOES STORY OF HOUSE

HAY MAY NOT HAVE LIVED
IN EAST SIDE OF HOUSE
BUT IT'S GOOD STORY

The story carried recently in the Bulletin and other papers relative to the tax sale of the property on Second street to A. P. Buckert has gone the rounds of scores of newspapers. The Chicago Tribune Sunday contained a story of the tax sale of the old Hay home in which John Hay as a boy lived. Perhaps the story would be better if it were known definitely that Dr. Hay and his family did actually live in the part of the house which was sold for taxes. It was the east half which was sold for taxes, and local history says that the Hay family lived in the west half of the double house, owned by Frank E. Sharp.

The late Charles Albers, whose personal knowledge of Warsaw ran back about as far as that of any other resident, informed the editor a few weeks ago that the story always told him was to the effect that Dr. Hay resided in the west part of the house. This information has been given to the Bulletin by others whose parents were well versed in the history of Warsaw and who lived as contemporaries of the Hay family. Mr. Albers was emphatic in his belief, saying that the impression as to its truth grew with him from his boyhood, three quarters of a century ago.

However, it is a good story, and has brought a great amount of publicity to Warsaw no matter if technically true or not.

As a typical example of the story as carried by the Associated Press, Rev. Benjamin J. Koehler of Belleville sends us the front page of the Belleville Daily Advocate. On it is printed in two columns a story under the heading, "Home of Secretary to Lincoln Is Sold."

As an example of the story as it appears over the nation, the one from Belleville is presented here:

WARSAW, Ill., March 5. (AP)—The boyhood home of John Hay—wartime secretary to Abraham Lincoln, editorial writer for the New York Tribune, diplomat, cabinet

member and author of the famed "Pike County Ballads"—has been sold for taxes.

The house, in which the creator of "Jim Bludso" and other legendary Mississippi river characters lived for 13 years, brought a bid of only \$30 when put up for sale recently, and was knocked down to Adam P. Buckert.

Hay came to Warsaw as a child of three, and made his home in the house Buckert purchased until he was 16, when he went to Pittsfield, Pike County, Ill., to study law.

The house, a large, two-story structure, has fallen into considerable disrepair, and Buckert already has arranged to have a new roof put on and the interior restored.

While in Pike county, Hay accumulated the material which later formed the background of his poetry. Bludso, the most noted of his characters, was described as having "one wife in Natches-Under-the-Hill, and another one here in Pike." As an engineer, the poem relates, he swore that in case his boat ever caught fire—the almost certain and fearfully dreaded end of every river steamer, "he'd hold her nozzle ag'in the bank, till the last galoot's ashore."

Sure enough, the poem continued, he did this. When the "Prairie Belle," crack steamer, appeared to be bested in a race, Bludso "crammed her furnace with pitch and pine" in an effort to get a little more speed. One boiler burst, the boat took fire, but all the passengers were saved when the engineer stood to his post, landed his passengers in safety:

"Sure enough, they all got off
"Afore the smokestacks fell,—
"And Bludso's ghost went up alone
"In the smoke of the Prairie Belle."

Almost until the day of his death Hay planned to return to Warsaw and spend his declining years, but died while secretary of state under President Theodore Roosevelt July 1, 1905, at Newbury, N. H., aged 67 years.

In anticipation of his homecom-

ing, he purchased a house here, allowing his sister and brother, Mrs. Mary May Wolfolk and Major Leonard Hay, to occupy it against the time of his return.

This latter house, in which he did not live, is known to the world as the "Hay House" with a suitable bronze tablet spreading its fame. It is now owned by Dr. A. F. Cox.

Chicago Tribune

MARCH 7, 1937

**CHILDHOOD HOME OF
JOHN HAY SOLD FOR
\$30 AT WARSAW, ILL.**

Warsaw, Ill., March 6.—The boyhood home of John Hay, wartime secretary to Abraham Lincoln and creator of rustic ballads, has been sold for taxes.

The dwelling, dilapidated from neglect, went to Adam P. Buckert for \$30. Buckert has arranged to restore it to habitable condition.

It was from recollections of his early youth in Pike county that Hay drew the material for fabulous "Jim Bledso" and other legendary Mississippi river characters.

Hay bought another house in Warsaw just prior to his death at Newbury, N. H., July 1, 1905, while secretary of state under President Theodore Roosevelt.

The First Reader

By

HARRY HANSEN

Accident started John Hay on the road to fame; aptitude helped him climb the ladder, and a shrewd, native ability made him a distinguished Secretary of State. For forty years he carved his initials on the doors of the government archives.

The accident was the arrival of this Hoosier lad (born in 1838 in Salem, Ind.), in Springfield, Ill., to "read law" in the office of his uncle, Milton Hay, adjoining the office of Abraham Lincoln. In 1861 he passed his Bar examination and when Lincoln entrained for Washington he took the 23-year-old lawyer and made him assistant to the President's secretary, John G. Nicolay. And though Hay called Lincoln the "Tycoon," he admired him as a great man, served him loyally and helped his reputation.



Tyler Dennett.

Hay had the historical sense, and his books on Lincoln are important to historians. Tyler Dennett, who received a Pulitzer Prize for his biography, "John Hay," has prepared a book of extracts from the letters and diaries of Hay, calling it "Lincoln and the Civil War." He explains that Hay's papers, like those of other men, suffered from wifely caution. Mrs. Hay, editing them for friends in 1908, three years after Hay's death, substituted initials for full names and otherwise engaged in "quite feminine editing."

But even if these papers do not reach us in their pristine state they tell a great deal informally about Lincoln and the Washington scene during the civil war. The bickering of the great generals and heads of departments, the demands of the radical factions, the politics played by bosses everywhere, are here revealed; certain big episodes are recalled, such as the circumstances of the Gettysburg Address, in which the address was of the smallest moment to Hay. Hay was in Washington when Lincoln was shot and hurried to his bedside, but there are no entries covering the event.

* * *

Hay Hears the Gettysburg Address.

The Gettysburg trip has been described from various angles, usually with emphasis on the lack of attention given the President's address. Wayne MacVeagh, who was on the President's train, left an account of it, and I note here that Hay says MacVeagh also said that "he pitched into the Tycoon coming up and told him some truths." The President went to the Wills house—still standing, with a popular soda fountain on the first floor today. It is usually said that the President did not address the crowd that night, but Hay remarks that after the band serenaded him "the President appeared at the door and said half a dozen words meaning nothing and went in."

"The next day," says Hay, "the procession formed itself in an orphanly sort of way and moved out with very little help from anybody, and after a little delay Mr. Everett (Edward Everett) took his place on the stand, and Mr. Stockton made a prayer which thought it was an oration. And Mr. Everett spoke, as he always does, perfectly, and the President, in a fine, free way, with more grace than is his wont, said his half-dozen words of consecration, and the music wailed and we went home through crowded and cheering streets."

A few days later Hay mentioned the President's activities:—"He has also written a short letter to Mr. Everett in reply to one from Mr. E., containing (both letters), mutual congratulations and civilities about the Gettysburg business."

And that was Hay's report of a great moment in American history and letters.

This is also quoted by William Roscoe Thayer in his "Life and Letters of John Hay."

* * *

Lincoln Finds Generals Disappointing.

Informal conduct and historic action stand side by side in Hay's diaries. He tells how Lincoln tried out Spencer's new rifle. He records repeatedly Lincoln's great disappointment because Lee got away after Gettysburg. Here events led up to the appointment of Grant, the man of action. "Why did Lee escape?" someone asked Lincoln. "Because nobody stopped him," he answered gruffly. Evidence of bitter feeling in Washington is evident. When Carl Schurz says that his division is now iron and steel Hay suggests as a motto, "I run and steal."

Political and unrelated causes take the President's time. Hay tells of the coming of a temperance group—"cold-water men and cold-water women," arguing that intemperance was causing Union defeats. Lincoln "could not see it, as the rebels drink more and worse whisky than we do."

That Lincoln saw John Wilkes Booth act in plays before the fatal night of April 14, 1865, when Booth shot him, is indicated in the Hay diaries. Thus on November 9, 1863, Hay wrote that he "spent the evening at the theater with President, Mrs. L., Mrs. Hunter, Cameron and Nicolay. J. Wilkes Booth was doing 'The Marble Heart.' Rather

Diaries of John Hay, Prepared by
Tyler Dennett, Tell Much of Lincoln

tame than otherwise." A few days later saw Booth play Romeo, but on that occasion the President was not with him.

Mary Todd Lincoln's Huge Bills.

There is also an echo of the extravagance of Mrs. Lincoln (Mary Todd Lincoln). In Hay's comment of February 13, 1867, he reports the words of a Father Newton, who told how an attempt to blackmail the President for \$20,000 by holding over his head three letters written by Mrs. Lincoln had been stopped by payment of \$1,500 for the letters. Hay quotes "the old fellow" thus:—

"Oh, that lady has set here on this sofy and shed tears by the pint a-begging me to pay her debts which was unbeknown to the President. There was one big bill for furs which give her a sight of trouble—she got it paid at last by some of her friends—I don't know who for certain—not Sim Draper, for he promised to pay it afore Cuthbert, but after Lincoln's death he wouldn't do it."

It is evident that others who wanted to help Mrs. Lincoln because of their respect for the President ignored her after his death. Hay was also told that "the Jay Cooke fund was never given to Mrs. Lincoln, but on the scandals of her last days at the White House becoming known was quietly restored to the donors, most of whom were Quakers." (Dodd, Mead, \$4.)

NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1939.

Poet of Spunky Point

by BURROW DISKIN GOOD

JOHN HAY was a boy of three when his father, Dr. Charles Hay, in 1841, moved to Warsaw, Illinois, from Salem, Indiana. Destined to spread the fame of Warsaw throughout the world, John spent his formative years on the bank of the Mississippi amid scenes of the frontier. Shortly after he had reached his teens, he was sent to his uncle in Pittsfield, Pike County, Illinois, to attend a private school. Later he was graduated from Brown University. He spent many hours dreaming beside the great river at Warsaw following his college days. John left Warsaw to read law in the

name of the town of Warsaw. Writing to a friend, he said: "Towns are sometimes absurdly named! I lived at Spunky Point on the Mississippi! This is a graphic, classic, characteristic designation of a geographical and ethnological significance. But some idiots, just before I was born, who had read Miss Porter (Thaddeus of Warsaw), thought Warsaw would be more genteel, and so we are Nicodemussed into nothing for the rest of time. I hope every man who has engaged in the outrage is called Smith in heaven."

The little school house in Warsaw where John Hay received his early

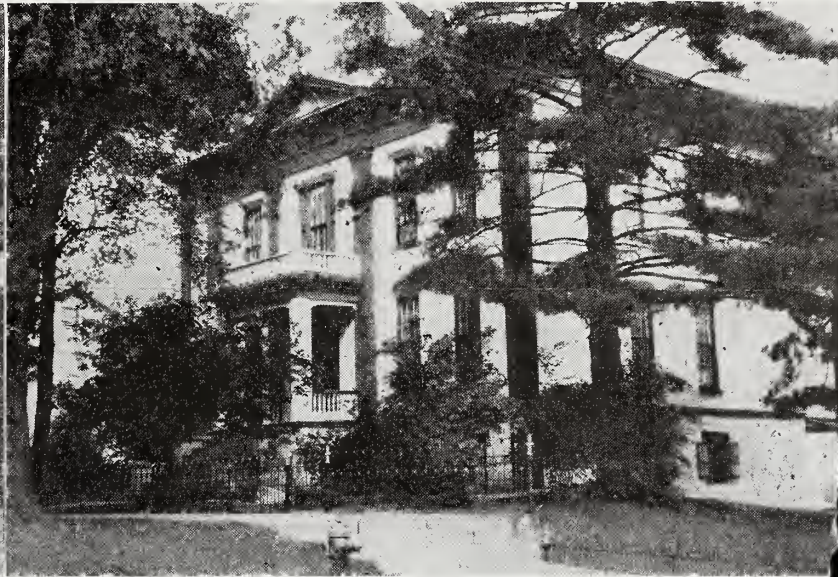
Breeches." The citizens of Warsaw claim to this day that the hero of Hay's poem, "Jim Bludso," lived on the Mississippi bottoms nearby.

In the public library at Warsaw can be seen the Leonard scrapbook showing the life and works of John Hay, as well as many other interesting items relating to this honored son. In the scrap book are two poems that have never been given publication, one, "Quatrain in Class Memorial" inscribed opposite his name in a memory book of Brown University, 1858, and a poem written in support of the Grant campaign, 1868, entitled,



—QUEST PHOTO

Boyhood home of John Hay, Warsaw



—PHOTO COURTESY DR. A. F. COX

Hay Mansion, Warsaw

office of his uncle, Milton Hay, in Springfield. At the age of twenty-two he left Springfield to become secretary to Abraham Lincoln, just elected to the Presidency.

John Hay was one of the martyred president's secretaries through most of the fateful years of the Civil War. In the closing years of the strife, he entered the army, feeling it his duty to engage in the actual warfare. After the assassination of Lincoln, Hay in turn was editor, business man, ambassador, and finally Secretary of State under Presidents McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt. He ranks as one of our foremost Secretaries of State. As a poet Hay takes high place, his Pike County Ballads gaining him his greatest fame.

Hay had a sense of the eternal fitness of things. He did not like the

schooling is now the G.A.R. and American Legion Hall. The beautiful home John bought in later years stands at the north edge of town, a short distance from the Mississippi. This home he provided for his parents, always expecting at some later time to return to Warsaw and occupy it himself. This he never did. The county records at the court house at Carthage show that although John studied law and read it in his uncle's office, he was very lax in his personal affairs. He had never recorded the deed to his home.

In the Presbyterian Church at Warsaw as a youth, John Hay listened to a sermon by the Reverend Winans in which the minister related an episode in the life of the Proudfoot boy in Iowa. This served as an inspiration for the poem written in later years, that became world famous, "Little

"The Last Fight of the War."

Quality in writing is denoted in a large degree by the life span of the work. Hay's poems have lived these many years and undoubtedly will continue to enjoy a hearty life for many centuries. A poem written by him in the closing days of the Civil War was called, "When the Boys Come Home." In 1917 this was given a proper musical setting by the composer, Oley Speaks, and became one of the favorite concert war songs of the Great War. This shows the quality of Hay's work that loses no appeal through the passage of time.

Warsaw justly proclaims to all the world that here was the home of "The Poet of Spunky Point."

[Ed. Note: A biography of John Hay appeared in the third issue of the ILLINOIS QUEST.]



—QUEST PHOTO

The Wishing Spring, Warsaw

Monolith marking site of Fort Edwards, Warsaw. The fort was erected in 1814 by Major Zachary Taylor and named in honor of the governor of the Illinois Territory, Ninian Edwards

Keokuk-Hamilton Dam, dedicated August 26, 1913, by President Theodore Roosevelt. Engineer, Hugh L. Cooper. Dam is 4689 feet long with 119 arches. With powerhouse, dry docks, sea wall, ice fender and locks, the concrete structure is about 9000 feet in length. Flow varies from thirty-six million to ninety million gallons per minute. In the average year fifteen trillion gallons of water flow past the dam

—ANSCHUTZ STUDIO, KEOKUK



—QUEST PHOTO



254 Hay, John. Lincoln's Sec'y. A. L. S. 1
page, 4to. Executive Mansion, Washing-
ton, June 2, 1862. \$10.00

"The President directs me to knowledge the
receipt of your favor of the 23rd of May and
to convey to you his thanks for your kind ex-
pressions of confidence," etc.

Carnegie Book Shop
1931

LINCOLN LORE

Bulletin of the Lincoln National Life Foundation - - - - - Dr. Louis A. Warren, Editor
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Number 1061

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

August 8, 1949

THE EXECUTIVE MANSION SECRETARIAT

The casual student of Abraham Lincoln usually associates John G. Nicolay and John Hay as occupying positions of equal importance in the Executive Mansion Secretariat. The daughter of Nicolay however in a recent book in commenting on Lincoln's private secretary states, "Legally and officially my father was the only one. John Hay was his assistant." Elaborating still further on the professional service of Nicolay and Hay, Miss Nicolay notes, "My father appears to have been entirely responsible for John Hay's presence in Washington." It was Nicolay who requested the President Elect at Springfield to allow Hay to go with them to the nation's capitol as an assistant. Hay was given a clerkship in the Department of the Interior and assigned to duty at the White House.

Although Miss Nicolay does present her father as the one private secretary officially so called, she does admit there were others who were recognized in this capacity. She uses the plural form in the caption of one of her chapters entitled "The Private Secretaries" and states that a number of families have made the claim "quite innocently" that one of their relatives was "Private Secretary to Mr. Lincoln."

The other person most often associated with Nicolay and Hay as a member of the Executive Mansion Secretariat was William O. Stoddard. Mr. Lincoln's attention had been called to Stoddard by an editorial he had written for the *Central Illinois Gazette* in 1859, suggesting Lincoln for the Presidency. He was invited to take a clerkship at Washington where he was also assigned to the Department of the Interior and authorized to sign Land Warrants. Eventually his desk was moved to the White House where he was given other duties. One of his tasks was to take care of Mrs. Lincoln's correspondence which suggests he might be referred to as her private secretary as well as Mr. Lincoln's. Stoddard in his book entitled *Inside the White House in War Times* is cited on the title page as "One of the President's Private Secretaries."

Aside from these three better known secretarial assistants who were with Lincoln for the first four years of his incumbency as President it is known that upon Stoddard's retirement, because of an extended illness, Mr. Nicolay invited Edward Duffield Neill to fill the vacancy. Undoubtedly his status was the same as Stoddard's.

Secretary Neill was a Presbyterian clergyman who graduated from Amherst and Andover. Moving to St. Paul he served as chancellor of the University of Minnesota, became an authority on Minnesota history, and the author of several historical books. A biographical sketch of him states; "He was associated with Nicolay and Hay as one of the Private Secretaries of President Abraham Lincoln and assisted in handling the President's mail."

Neill prepared a manuscript entitled "President Lincoln's Mail Bag" which was supposed to have been deposited with the Minnesota Historical Society, but correspondence in 1941 failed to locate this valuable essay. Such papers as he left however, are deposited with the Society. Mr. Neill stated that the last bag of mail for President Lincoln arriving after his death was "opened amid awful stillness and two of the last letters read

were from General Burnside and Chief Justice Chase." The Burnside letter contained his resignation and Chase's memorandum referred to "voting privileges of the negro."

It may be of some significance to note that Hay and Stoddard, both legally under the supervision of the Interior Department, had desks in the same room while Nicolay had a private office. Upon Stoddard's retirement we assume that Neill took over Stoddard's desk.

According to Miss Nicolay, Charles H. Philbrick, an Illinois friend of Nicolay, was made a second class clerk in the Department of the Interior whose duties were associated with the White House. The indexes of the *Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society* for a period of forty years, however, do not reveal any mention of his name, so it is likely he did not claim to be a private secretary of the President.

A news item appearing in the *New York Times* for January 9, 1949, indicates that a man by the name of Gustave H. Matile wrote from the Executive Mansion in 1864 as a secretary of Lincoln. The letters were directed to S. N. Holmes, one in reply to a request for the President's autograph. No further information is available about the actual status of this secretary.

A recent acquisition by the Foundation in the form of an envelope addressed to John F. Marvel, Fall River, Mass. carries two lines printed in script as follows:

From the President of the United States
(blank space for name)

Private Secretary

The post mark on this envelope is dated "Washington, D. C. August 22" but the year is blurred so that it is difficult to determine whether it is "62" or "64." In the blank space left for a name to be inserted is a beautifully inscribed signature, W. A. Browning. Apparently he felt qualified to sign as a Private Secretary of Mr. Lincoln.

Another envelope in possession of the Foundation carries in old English type the line:

From the President of the United States
(space for signature)

Priv. Sec.

In this instance the name inserted in the blank space is John Hay.

These envelope forms with the blank space left for signatures indicate that it was anticipated that they would be used by various people, or more than one at least. Otherwise the name of John G. Nicolay would have been printed in. Possibly the signature served the purpose of a franking notice and was so construed. In two instances where John Hay uses this type of envelope it appears as if he had crossed out the title "Priv. Sec."

In Stoddard's reminiscence of White House Days there is this tribute to the President:

"I do not know or believe that he ever found fault with one of his private secretaries in all the onerous and delicate duties with which they were charged."

The roster of the Executive Mansion Secretariat as revealed by the evidence presented would contain the names of John G. Nicolay, John Hay, William O. Stoddard, Edward Duffield Neill, Charles H. Philbrick, Gustave H. Matile, and W. A. Browning.

BROWN UNIVERSITY
THE LIBRARY
PROVIDENCE 12, RHODE ISLAND

John Hay Library

July 25, 1957

Mr. R. Gerald McMurtry, Director
The Lincoln National Life Foundation
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Dear Mr. McMurtry:

Enclosed you will find a photograph of the portrait of John Hay. This portrait was painted by John Nelson Arnold. I am not sure what the exact date is but believe it must be sometime after 1900. The portrait was a gift to our library by the members of John Hay's family.

The portrait itself is very dark. I hope this photograph will reproduce well enough for your purpose. If it does not there is a portrait in one of the fraternity lounges which I might be able to have photographed.

There will be no charge for this print. We are glad to send it to you with out compliments. I look forward to seeing your article in Lincoln Lore.

Sincerely yours,


Librarian



Sept. 1966

JOHN HAY BIRTHPLACE

Salem, Indiana has the distinction of being the birthplace of John Milton Hay, who became a famous statesman, author and diplomat. He was private secretary to President Abraham Lincoln; secretary of state under Presidents McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt. He was ambassador to England and did diplomatic service in Paris, Vienna and Madrid.

Dr. Charles Hay was born in Kentucky in 1801. After completing a medical course at Transylvania University, he came to Salem to practice, arriving on June 5, 1829. Here he met and married Helen Leonard, a cultured and educated young woman from Massachusetts.

Dr. and Mrs. Hay established their home in a house formerly used as the Grammar School where the famous educator, John I. Morrison, began his work. Children born to them here were Edward Leonard, Augustus Leonard, Mary Pierce, John Milton, and Charles Edward Hay.

The ground on which the famous house stands was entered by Andrew Pitts on July 12, 1811. In 1815, Pitts sold three acres of it to John DePauw who sold it to the trustees of the Salem Grammar School in 1824. The house was built that year, and used in 1825 as a school. The trustees soon sold it to William Rodman who, in turn, sold it to Dr. Hay. The Hay family occupied it until 1841 when they moved to Illinois.

The house, a small brick structure, was probably considered one of the better buildings at the time of its construction. Great historical significance is attached to it because of the birth on October 8, 1838, of John Hay within its walls. Standing in the yard is an appropriate marker with bronze plaque.

History lovers will be pleased to know that the Washington County Historical Society, a small group of about forty members, is undertaking the purchase of this historic home and grounds. They plan to preserve and furnish the home. If sufficient funds can be raised, they plan also to build a fire-proof structure for housing their records and relics. They need the support of all who are interested in the preservation of historical homes. Contributions will be greatly appreciated, and may be sent to the Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Lulie Davis, 306 South High Street, Salem, Indiana 47167.

Lulie Davis

fought his last and most important battle.

General Early was threatening Washington with twenty-eight thousand men. Wallace scraped together a force of less than seven thousand, put up a masterly defense in the battle of Monacacy, and delayed Early until Grant could reinforce Washington.

General Wallace held other important assignments, which cannot be detailed here. He resigned his commission on November 20, 1865.

Lew Wallace had finished his military career, but in the next forty years he was to achieve even greater fame. He was military governor of the territory of New Mexico, and Minister to Turkey. His book, *Ben Hur*, has been called one of the three most popular novels. It brought its author much profit.

I forgave biographer McKee completely for treating our hero somewhat lightly, and I thought patronizingly, when he wrote at the end of his book,

He had a heritage and . . . an "imaginative force." The heritage was American heroism opening Indiana and the West, fighting it out with formidable savage hordes at Tippecanoe, felling the trees for the capital in the woods. The heritage was David Wallace's faith in God and country and learning, his army commission, his honorable political career, his standing as a cultivated gentleman.

The force was always Wallace's own. . . .

Having the heritage and the force, he was never content with the ordinary business of existence. . . . He dreamed grandly of adventure and sought it, adventure fit for the American hero as well as the foreign knight. He marched to Mexico with his head held high, willing to cast his life in the scales because he believed in the American destiny. He lightly mounted the political platform to speak boldly for bright honor, not for mere power and money. Finding not enough of what he sought there, with pen and paper he won—in time—the shining goal.

.....



Lincoln Lore

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Number 1547

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

January, 1967

Some Correspondence Between John Hay and Helen Nicolay about her father, the Sixteenth President, royalty payments, investments and the problems of authorship

Part 1

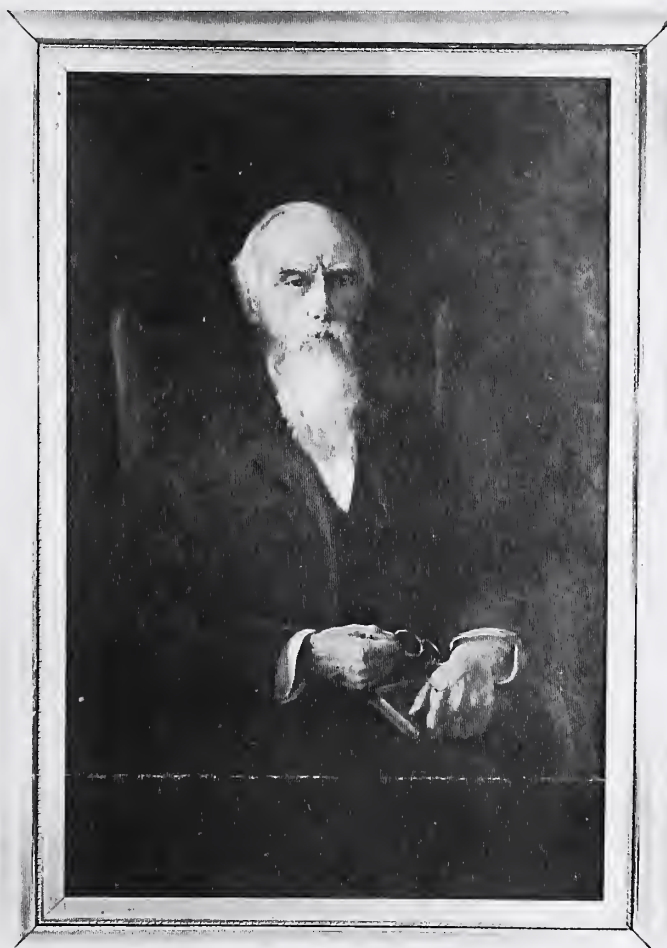
Editor's Note: All the original letters and documents used in this compilation are to be found in the Foundation collection. It is, perhaps, unusual to have so complete a file. This can be explained by the fact that Miss Helen Nicolay made a longhand copy of nearly every letter she wrote to John Hay, even to the affixing of her signature. Then, too, years later (Sept. 11th) she received the following letter from Alice Wadsworth, the daughter of John Hay: "Dear Helen Nicolay; years ago I came across these letters of yours and gathered them together intending to send them to you, but somehow or other they were pushed to the back of the desk drawer, and I forgot them. Sorry! Perhaps you have not yet come down from Holderness but I am sure these will reach you eventually, now they are really on their way." These letters were undoubtedly the originals that Miss Nicolay had sent to John Hay.

Most of John Hay's letters (up to the year 1904) were written on mourning stationery which served a double purpose as a memorial to President McKinley and to Hay's son, Adelbert. About half of the Hay letters are typewritten. None of Miss Nicolay's letters are typewritten. About half of them are written on mourning stationery as her father died in 1901.

While the information contained in these letters is not particularly earth-shaking, they do reveal little insights into the characters of the principals involved, and the literary abilities of the authors, particularly John Hay. Anyway, there is some unexplainable fascination in the reading of private correspondence, whether the writers are literate or not.

R. G. M.

John George Nicolay, private secretary to President Abraham Lincoln, and co-author with John Hay of several works on the life of the great War President, died on September 27, 1901 at the age of seventy years. He had for a long period suffered ill health, and since his resignation as Marshal of the United States Supreme Court in 1887 had been living quietly at 212 B Street, S.E., in Washington, D.C. with Helen, his only daughter. His wife, Therenia Bates, whom he had married on June 15, 1865, died in November, 1885, when Helen was nineteen years of age.



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation

John George Nicolay
1832-1901

Biographer, born in Essingen, Bavaria; came to the United States in 1838; private secretary to Abraham Lincoln (1860-65); U. S. Consul at Paris (1865-69); Marshal of U. S. Supreme Court (1872-87); collaborator with John Hay in a biography of Abraham Lincoln (1890), and in an edition of the complete works of Abraham Lincoln. This original portrait of Nicolay was painted by his daughter, Helen Nicolay.

State, John Hay wrote to Helen Nicolay. At this time he must have realized that his old friend and collaborator could not live very much longer.

My Dear Helen

During these last years of Nicolay's retirement, he and his daughter had been engaged in writing a one volume biography of Abraham Lincoln, which would be a condensation of Nicolay and Hay's monumental ten volume work, *Abraham Lincoln: A History*. In compiling the information for this volume Colonel John Hay, then Secretary of State (1898-1905), was most helpful, whenever he could find the time, in the promotion of the project.

From time to time Hay visited with the Nicolays, and he would occasionally send little notes by mail to amuse his old friend. One such item was a newspaper clipping taken from the *New York Herald*, dated June 20, 1901, concerning H. W. Gourley entitled "Abe Lincoln's Protege Ends Forty Years In Custom House." According to the newspaper article President Lincoln appointed Gourley, who had once resided in Springfield, Illinois, to a minor clerkship at the New York Customs House. "I knew Abraham Lincoln," said Gourley, "as well as I knew my own father." This prompted Hay to write Helen Nicolay as follows:

Dear Helen:

If your father is amusable perhaps he may smile to see how Harry Gourley has fallen in with the tide which masters them all and has begun to fib about his intimacy with Old Abe.

J. H.

On September 22, 1901 from the Department of

Form No. 106

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

21,000 OFFICES IN AMERICA INCORPORATED
CABLE SERVICE TO ALL THE WORLD

RECEIVED at Wyatt Building, Cor. 14th & F. Streets, Washington, D. C.

ALB N. H. Am 49 D.H.
Newbury, New Hamp, Sept 27, 1901

Miss Helen Nicolay
212 B St., S.E., Washington, D.C.

My wife joins me in loving sympathy. It is impossible for me to come on at this moment. Mr. Babcock will do everything I could have done. May God comfort you with the thought of your dear father's release from suffering and of his blameless life and fame.

John Hay.

not be altogether sad in that glory of crimson and gold
With Much Love
Helen Nicolay

On September 27, 1901 Miss Nicolay sent Colonel John Hay at Newbury, New Hampshire; the following telegram:

My father died today do not think of coming to the funeral.

Upon receiving the distressing telegram, Colonel Hay wired Miss Nicolay, the same day, as follows:

My wife joins me in loving sympathy. It is impossible for me to come on at this moment. Mr. Babcock will do everything I could have done. May God comfort you with the thought of your dear father's release from suffering and of his blameless life and fame.

Two days after the death of her father, Miss Nicolay wrote Colonel Hay acknowledging receipt of his telegram: Dear Colonel Hay

Thank you and Mrs. Hay for your telegram of sympathy. The thought that it contains is the one great comfort I have at this time.

I am afraid my telegram to you must have been changed in the sending — for I tried to so word it that you would see I did not expect and did not want you to think of coming to the funeral.

Mr. Gilder* happened to be in town, and was so tactful and comforting. I have always liked him, but never dreamed of the depth and sweetness of his nature. My relatives were all too far away to come, and you were out of town — there seemed no one nearer or better loved by Papa — so he rode to the cemetery with me. It was a hard thing I asked of him, and he really made my sorrow easier to bear. Before we came back he handed me a little poem he had written about my father, which I am sure you will like as much as I do.

My own pastor was out of town, and Dr. Hamlin** conducted the short and simple service. His little address was full of appreciation, and he has been extremely kind to me.***

I want to thank you for the beautiful flowers that came to us by your thoughtfulness. Some of them I placed beside my father — His friends of the Century Co., sent others that were very lovely — as did the President.****

I know that you will be as thankful as I that the end was peaceful — Papa simply ceased breathing. It was a surprise to us as all — neither the doctor nor the nurse expected it to come that day. At four o'clock I sent a note to the doctor and called the nurse who was resting — not because I was alarmed but because I felt that I wanted them both near. He died at half-past five. Half an hour before that he talked with us, and his eyes seemed brighter and his enunciation clearer than it had been for many days. I had feared there might be a long night of agony, and feel so thankful it happened as it did.



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation

This card and black ribbon were taken from the floral wreath which was sent by President Theodore Roosevelt to John G. Nicolay's funeral.

*Richard Watson Gilder (1844-1909) editor of *The Century* (1881-1909).

**Dr. Teunis S. Hamlin was the pastor of the Church of the Covenant.

***"It is an odd coincidence that on Thursday last, the day Lincoln's remains were bestowed in their final resting place (reconstructed tomb,) occurred the death of John G. Nicolay, the great war President's private secretary." *Baltimore American*, September 30, 1901

****Theodore Roosevelt succeeded to the Presidency on the death of McKinley on September 14, 1901.

From the Lincoln National Life Foundation

Telegram from John Hay to Helen Nicolay expressing sympathy in regard to the death of her father.

I was so occupied every instant of the time yesterday that I could not come to see you. We are going to Newbury to-day to be gone a week or two. I have asked Mr. Babcock, my Private Secretary, to call at your home from time to time and put himself at your disposition for anything I could do if I were here. You must have no hesitation in calling upon me, or upon Mr. Babcock in my place, precisely as if I were your father's brother. You must not regard it as a matter of favor or obligation, except that you are doing me a favor in allowing me to do whatever is in my power.

My wife sends her love, and I am always,

Sincerely Yours

John Hay

On September 24, 1901 just three days before her father died, Miss Nicolay answered Colonel Hay's cordial letter.

Dear Colonel Hay:

I am afraid I did not more than half thank you for your kind thoughtful note last Sunday. When Mr. Babcock brought it I was still dazed from a horrible experience of the night before, and I am sure I do not know what I wrote you.

Today the Doctor spoke very encouragingly to Papa, and told me afterwards, that though he did not know how much or how little it might mean there was no doubt of the fact that our patient was better. I want you and Mrs. Hay to share the ray of hope with me.

The very experience that at the time seemed so terrible encourages me. He had been, as you saw, very weak. Suddenly, without warning Saturday night, came a period of violent delirium, when it took the combined strength of three of us to keep him in bed and to administer the necessary medicines to quiet him. His grip was like steel and once when his fingers closed on my wrist it seemed as though they might break it before I could unclasp them. The collapse that followed was also very distressing but soon passed, and by morning he had rallied in a manner to astonish us all. The improvement has continued and I feel that if he has strength for a performance of that kind, he must have greater reserve than we gave him credit for.

Mr. Babcock was here again this morning, renewing the kind offers you made, and proffering his services in any form. Thank you so much. I think and trust I shall have no occasion to come to you for the material assistance you suggest. In case I do it will be easier to accept it from you than from anyone else in the wide world and I will accept it, in the spirit in which it is offered. At present however there is no need for even the thought of such a thing.

Please give my love to Mrs. Hay. It wrung my heart to see her looking so sad.

I fear too that I had been inconsiderate in asking you to come upstairs. I really thought Papa would be able to say a little more to you. I know he would want you to come. He realizes perfectly who you were, for he spoke of your visit, next day.

I hope when you come back that you will see him again, and find him much more like himself and in the meantime that air and glorious foliage of New England will rest and cheer both you and Mrs. Hay. One can-

People have been wonderfully kind. Miss Gallaudet has come on to be with me for a little time, and I hope soon to be somewhat rested.

With love to you and yours
Sunday, September 29th

Helen Nicolay

After sending the telegram, Colonel Hay then wrote the daughter of his old friend and associate:

Dear Helen:

I received your telegram at eleven o'clock today — too late to get to Boston before night, and therefore too late to arrive in Washington before Monday. We are so out of the way that it takes 48 hours notice to get to Washington, and on Sundays there are no trains running.

I at once wired Mr. Babcock to put himself and all I could do absolutely at your service.

I shall not try to comfort you by any conventional words. Your heart is too sore and sad to listen to any thing of that kind. But after a while you will take consolation in reflecting what an inheritance of pleasant memories is yours. You have never seen a man purer in heart and in life, of higher principles and nobler thoughts, than was your father.

What a year this has been for me. I think what I was last June and what I am now. My dear boy,* my President,** your father, and Clarence King*** who is dying in California — the four men nearest me on Earth — all gone.

I do not know where your father is to be buried or where you are going.**** Mrs. Hay would be glad if you would come here. We shall be here, we hope, for two weeks. And you would be as quiet as anywhere in the world.

In love and sorrow

Yours faithfully
John Hay

Again on October 2, 1901, Col. Hay wrote to Helen from Newburg, N.H.:

Here is a letter from General Doster, one of your father's old friends. I have answered it.

Your telegram arrived correctly, but I wanted to explain that in spite of your prohibition I should have come on to the funeral, if it had been possible to get there in time. If I had started the moment I received your telegram I could not, if I had made all connections, have reached you before Sunday.

I am glad to learn that the end was so peaceful. The pain he was suffering had been a heavy weight on my heart for these months past.

I need not repeat that I hope you will make some use of us. If you can think of anything now write to me. When we meet we can talk everything over. I feel honestly in your debt, and will be glad of a chance to acknowledge it.

My wife sends her love and I am as ever

Sincerely Yours
John Hay

The letter by W. E. Doster from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, dated September 29, 1901 and enclosed by John Hay follows:

My Dear Sir:

I regret to read this morning the death notice of your old friend, fellow Secretary and co-historian in the life of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. John Nicolay. No doubt, you feel his loss as much as any one. I knew him also very well, during the war, and regret that I never saw much of him afterwards.

*In June, 1901, Hay's elder son Adelbert, whom President McKinley had just appointed his Private Secretary, died instantly by a fall from a window.

**President William McKinley died on September 14, 1901. Hay wrote "... What a strange and tragic fate it has been of mine — to stand by the bier of three of my dearest friends, Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley, three of the gentlest of men, all risen to the head of the State, and all done to death by assassins."

***Before the year 1901 ran out, death took Clarence King. Hay wrote "I have acquired the funeral habit." In 1882 a novel entitled *Democracy*, a strikingly clever satire on Washington society was published. Clarence King is still commonly regarded as its author.

****Funeral services were held at the Nicolay home 212 B Street N. E., on Thursday, September 28, 1901. Burial was at the Oak Hill Cemetery. The pall-bearers selected from among the old friends of Mr. Nicolay were Judge Martin F. Morris, Col. I. Edward Clark, Dr. William T. Harris, Francis P. Leupp, Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet, and Judge William M. Springer.

If he left a family, I would be obliged if you conveyed to them my sincere sympathy

Very Sincerely Yours
W. E. Doster

To Hon. John Hay
Washington, D.C.

On October 4, 1901 Miss Nicolay acknowledged the receipt of Colonel Hay's sympathetic letters:

Dear Colonel Hay:

Thank you for your two letters, the latter enclosing one from General Doster. Thank you too for answering that. I am struggling to acknowledge the many notes I have received, but the pile seems to grow larger instead of smaller. Most of them express such a sincere admiration for my father that I cannot bear to leave unanswered, even for a week.

I wrote to Mrs. Hay a day or two ago to thank her for the kind invitation you both sent me, and to explain that it seems best for me to stay here for the present. I am really very well, and a home-coming would be hard to bear. Besides, there are many things to do.

When you come back to town I shall have to ask you many questions. In the meantime your love and sympathy are a great help and comfort.

Mr. Babcock lies awake nights imagining things to do for me, and Dr. Gallaudet has been kindness itself. With love to Mrs. Hay and the girls

Very sincerely yours
Helen Nicolay

Quite a number of financial transactions were negotiated between Col. Hay and Miss Nicolay due to the receipt of royalty checks from the Century Company. Of course, Helen Nicolay was entitled to her father's share of these payments. On November 1, 1901 John Hay wrote as follows:

My Dear Helen:

I have your letter. You must not bother about that check. You are too conscientious. "I shall have to be firm with you," as the old fashioned schoolmistresses used to say.

Yours sincerely
John Hay

John Nicolay:
This man loved Lincoln, him did Lincoln love;
Through the long storm, right there, by him and his side,
He stood his shield and sword; when died
The great, sweet sorrowful soul, — still high above
All other passions, that for his spirit fared!
To his one task his pure life was assigned, —
He strove to make the world know Lincoln;
He served him living, and he served him dead;
So shall the light from that immortal flame
Keep bright forever his most faithful name.

Richard Watson Gilder

*Washington, D.C.
Oct. 28, 1901.*

From the Lincoln National Life Foundation

On September 29, 1901 Miss Nicolay wrote Colonel Hay, "Before we came back [from the cemetery] he [Richard Watson Gilder] handed me a little poem about my father, which I am sure you will like as much as I do." This original poem is now in the files of the Lincoln National Life Foundation. It was published on the editorial page of the *Evening Post* and several other newspapers, one of which was the *Springfield (Mass.) Republican*, October 1, 1901.

The very next day, (November 2, 1901), Colonel Hay again wrote to Miss Nicolay about royalty payments:

Dear Helen:

Here you have your little \$500. a year. May you live long to enjoy it.

Yours faithfully
John Hay

On November 2, 1901 Miss Nicolay wrote Colonel Hay about some Abraham Lincoln papers that had been in her father's custody. She also sent him two checks:

Dear Colonel Hay:

Here are two checks. Many thanks. Yesterday I received a letter from Mr. Lincoln saying he meant to come to Washington and see you before taking away the papers, but offering to have them cared for elsewhere immediately if they were in my way. Of course I wrote him that they were merely harmlessly decorative in my present position.

Very truly yours
Helen Nicolay

John Hay replied to Miss Nicolay with a letter dated November 4, 1901:

My Dear Helen:

I have the check you so kindly sent me.

I also have a letter from Mr. Lincoln accepting my proposition to place the papers now in the Safe Deposit Company in the State Department temporarily. Will you kindly send me an order on the Bank, so that I can have them transferred, and relieve you of that much responsibility.

Yours sincerely
John Hay

On the same date (November 4, 1901) that John Hay replied to Miss Nicolay, she wrote him a letter of acknowledgement and mentioned Robert Lincoln:

Dear Col. Hay

The green and valuable paper representing "\$500 a year" reached me last night. Thank you again for your kindness in the matter.

This morning I received the enclosed [perhaps an order on the bank] from Robert Lincoln.

Sincerely yours
Helen Nicolay

Helen Nicolay wrote Robert Lincoln again on May 22, 1902 relative to the Lincoln papers:

Dear Mr. Lincoln:

You remember that when I wrote to you last fall about President Lincoln's papers that had been in my father's custody, I mentioned besides the box sent at that time

THY WILL BE DONE

by John Hay.

Not in dumb resignation,
We lift our hands on high.
Not like the nerveless fatalist
Content to do or die.
Our faith springs like the eagle
Who soars to meet the sun,-
And cries exulting unto Thee
O Lord, Thy Will Be Done.

Thy will it bidst the weak be strong,
It bidst the strong be just.
No lips to fawn, no hands to beg
No brow to seek the dust.
Whenever man oppresses man
Beneath the liberal sun, -
O Lord be there, - Thine arm make bare
Thy righteous Will Be Done.

From the Lincoln National Life Foundation

This poem appears in the Helen Nicolay papers along with her correspondence with Secretary of State John Hay. If her good friend sent this poem at the time of her father's death, no mention is made of it in any of their letters.

to the State Dept. several other boxes of his important papers (were) stored at my house.

As I am just leaving town for my summer at Holderness, New Hampshire, to be gone several months, I have asked Col. Hay to help me dispose of them more safely, and he has had them sent to the State Dept. to be kept with the others, subject to your order. So at present they are all there.

Very sincerely yours
(Helen Nicolay)

Hon. Robt. T. Lincoln*

After her father's death Helen Nicolay became quite busy in an effort to complete his unfinished manuscript. Her first step, after having added a considerable amount of copy, was to submit it to her father's best friend and former collaborator. The manuscript was sent to Colonel Hay with this letter:

Dear Colonel Hay

After seeing how rapidly you read Chinese MSS I have less compunction in bothering you with this.

Will you be good enough to look at it and tell me what I must do before sending it on to New York? I have stared at it so long that I see nothing but spots.

I have stolen from you shamelessly, Have made long things short and good things bad and done those things that I ought not to have done from the first page to the last. The trouble is that I have done so many of them I don't know where I am at.

Pencil marks and criticisms will be much appreciated, and I am quite prepared to have you tell me that it is "no go" — that I must give it up — or try again

Sincerely, though dejected
Helen N.

*For additional correspondence between Robert T. Lincoln and Miss Nicolay in regard to the President's papers, see *Lincoln Lore* 1437, 1438, November, 1957, December, 1957 entitled "Some Correspondence Regarding A Missing Copy Of The Gettysburg Address."

(Continued to the February issue)



From the Lloyd Ostendorf Collection

An 1884 photograph of John G. Nicolay in Mr. Champuey's studio in Deerfield, Massachusetts. The identity of the four people (left to right) are: girl at extreme left, unknown, John G. Nicolay, Mrs. (Therena Bates) Nicolay and their daughter, Helen Nicolay. This photograph was made by James U. Stead, 383 6th Avenue, New York, N.Y.



Lincoln Lore

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FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

February, 1967

Some Correspondence Between John Hay and Helen Nicolay

about her father, the Sixteenth President, royalty payments,
investments and the problems of authorship

Part 2

(Continued from
the January issue)

From the correspondence which is available, it appears that it was the concluding chapters that gave Miss Nicolay the most trouble. On December 4, 1901 Colonel Hay, who was no mean literary critic, made the following comments:

Dear Miss Nicolay:

I herewith return the copy you gave me, to which I have given the last three nights.

I congratulate you on the success with which you have done this last part of the work. I think you have made a remarkably clear, connected and vivid narrative of Chapter 37. In regard to the last chapter, "Lincoln's Fame," I read your father's address first, and thought that that would make an admirable ending by itself, but on reading your chapter, I see you have taken the greater part of mine and added to it your father's address. I think that is all right if you prefer it that way; but do you not think that taking so much verbatim from the History will necessitate calling your work on the title page, an abridgment of the original work? Still, this is only for your own consideration.

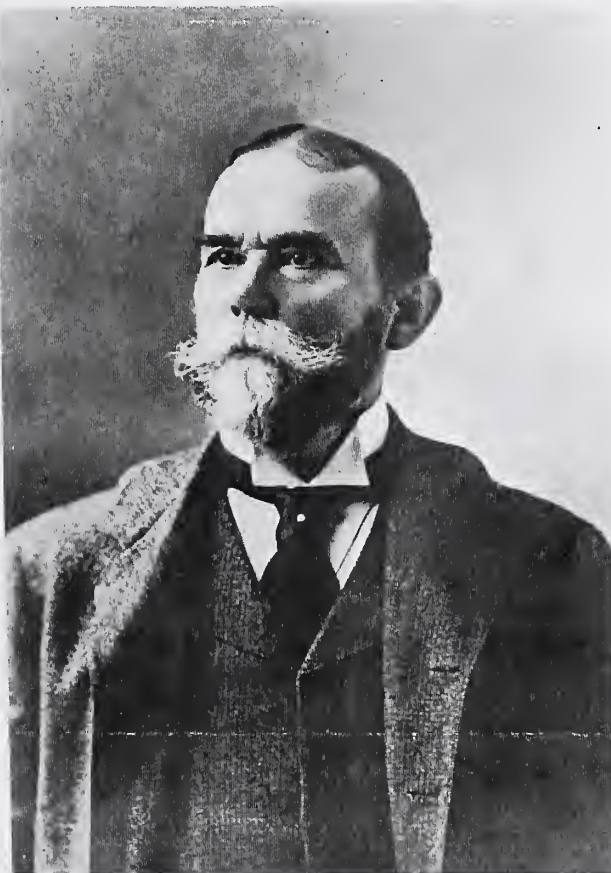
Sincerely Yours

John Hay

In a letter dated "Thursday" Helen Nicolay thanked Colonel Hay for his comments concerning the manuscript:

Dear Colonel Hay:

I am afraid you "broke your neck" over those chapters, in order to send them back quickly.



JOHN HAY AS SECRETARY OF STATE

From the John Hay Library of Brown University

John Milton Hay — 1838-1905

American statesman, born in Salem, Indiana. Private secretary to Abraham Lincoln (1860-65). U. S. Assistant Secretary of State (1878). Emerged (in 1870-90) as an important literary figure, with publication of his *Pike County Ballads And Other Pieces* (1871), *Castilian Days* (1871), *The Bread-Winners* (pub. anon. 1884), *Poems* (1890), and with John Nicolay, *Abraham Lincoln, A History* (10 vols., 1890), *Abraham Lincoln — Complete Works* (2 vols., 1894 and expanded to 12 vols. in 1905). U. S. Ambassador to Great Britain (1897-98). U. S. Secretary of State (1898-1905); negotiated Hay-Pauncefote treaty (1901) providing for construction of Panama Canal and superseding Clayton-Bulwer treaty.

Thank you for the trouble you have taken, and the suggestions you made. I fear there must be some mistake however, there are so few of the latter.

I am glad you think the address will do for an ending. I would rather use it. Perhaps I can tuck in the two little paragraphs I most wanted from your chapter — the one about his literary rank and that about his command of military problems — at some other place. Anyway I will try, and if you do not approve, a blue pencil will remedy the trouble

Very sincerely yours
Helen Nicolay

The P. O. D. sent me a polite note and the desired information—with additions. It is a great thing to know the Secretary of State.

Still concerned with the details of her father's manuscript, Helen Nicolay wrote Colonel Hay about a quotation from Secretary of State William H. Seward. Hay answered the query on January 16, 1902 and inserted a paragraph about financial matters:

Dear Helen:

I am extremely sorry I cannot remember anything about the quotation from Seward. If I were you I would take it for granted that your father, who was one of the most accurate of men knew what he was saying.

I have arranged that matter of the draft, and given Mr. Brice a bond which will save the Riggs Bank from ruin in any contingency.

Yours Sincerely
John Hay



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation

John G. Nicolay

A photograph taken on September 16, 1891 in the studio of Charles Parker, 477 Penn. Ave., Washington, D.C.

While in New York City, on February 27, 1902, Helen Nicolay wrote Colonel Hay about her visit with her publisher:

Dear Colonel Hay

I saw the Century people yesterday, and had a little talk with Mr. Scott, who impresses me as not knowing exactly what he wants to do with the MS now that he has got it.

I gave my vote for one volume instead of two, on general principles, and incidentally was not enthusiastically over illustration. Remarked that I was very anxious to have a good index — and was invited to make it myself.

Mr. Scott suggested a title something like this:

A Short Life
of
Abraham Lincoln
Condensed from Nicolay and Hay's
Abraham Lincoln: A History
by
John G. Nicolay

He made quite a point of possible misconception on the part of the public if the longer work were not mentioned — said they might think you and my father had disagreed; and that as the History had become an Authority with a big A. it was well to utilize its standing in bringing out this shorter life.

I told him that I would be satisfied with any decision you and he reaches on the subject.

The weather has been abominable and New York streets are in a condition bordering in spots on impassibility

With love to Mrs. Hay and Alice

Sincerely yours
Helen Nicolay

Mr. Scott offered, in an apologetic way, the usual ten percent royalty, saying it was all that they ever paid on histories. I wonder why he took the trouble to explain since it is customary.

H N

Colonel Hay answered Miss Nicolay's February 27th letter (1902) with one dated February 28th:

My Dear Helen:

I have a letter from Mr. Scott mentioning the same

things you refer to, and I have written to him saying you have my full and unreserved authority to make any use of our title page that may seem good to you.

Sincerely Yours
John Hay

The Century Company, following Mr. Scott's suggestions as to format including title page, illustrations and index, began to take the preliminary steps which would lead to the printing of the Nicolay manuscript. Meanwhile, Helen Nicolay, back home from New York City, wrote John Hay on March 13, 1902:

Dear Colonel Hay:

The Century people took it for granted that you meant the returns from the "Works" to come to me as well as from the "Life" — so they sent me their check for \$69.00 the years harvest. I received it as I was about to take the train for New York, and feeling sure that you were not at the moment pining for the \$23.00 which I herewith enclose, I left the whole matter until my return.

I reached home last night, and this morning received two copies of an "Agreement" concerning the shorter Life to look over and sign.

Will you run your eye over it before I send it back. I'll try to appear at your house tomorrow (Friday) about two o'clock, on the chance of finding you "at home" If a Dip (diplomat) or a Potentate gets ahead of me, I'll try again.

Greetings to Mrs. Hay.

Sincerely yours
Helen Nicolay

In answer to Miss Nicolay's March 13th letter Colonel Hay replied:

Dear Helen:

It was settled ages ago. Both belong to you. The Century people know their affairs.

Yours Sincerely John Hay

The book *The Short Life of Abraham Lincoln* was the reason for additional correspondence between Helen Nicolay and John Hay. In a letter bearing only the date "Friday" Miss Nicolay wrote as follows:

Dear Colonel Hay:

Thank you for "Harpers." My attention had been called to the article by the little book-seller who has a shop across the street.

I answered the letter from Mr. Scott by stating the exact facts in the case — that you and my father had not gone over the condensation together — that he did much of the work at Holderness summer before last, since which time neither of you had leisure to go into details when you were together. I told him that after I had seen you, I would write him again.

When you have time and strength will you mind coming up and looking hastily at the MS? It is on pencil paper in my handwriting, of course, and makes a pile about four inches high.

There are some other things I shall want to ask you about too, if I may. If you could let me know what hour of the day you would be most likely to come I would make a point of being in the house at that time — not binding you to a day — but just being on hand at that hour until you found a day on which you could come. I shall go to see Mrs. Hay very soon. I passed the house the day you returned, but thought, a visit then would be a little too prompt.

Yours sincerely
Helen Nicolay

The correspondence between Colonel Hay and Miss Nicolay does not give a clue to the date the Secretary of State visited the Nicolay home. However, on May 30, 1902, Miss Nicolay wrote Colonel Hay from 52 Trumbull Street, New Haven, Connecticut about the identification of a name for the index. Her letter follows:

Dear Colonel Hay:

Was the Browning who returned the thanks of Illinois and etc., at the time of Lincoln's first nomination for President, O. H. Browning?

I am getting along pretty well with the index, but occasionally wish myself next door to the Library of Congress.

Best greetings to Mrs. Hay.

Sincerely yours
Helen Nicolay

The very next day John Hay replied to his correspondent:

Dear Miss Nicolay:

The Browning who returned thanks was our old friend O. H. Browning

Yours faithfully

John Hay

In October, when the Nicolay book came from the press, Miss Nicolay wrote to her good friend who was visiting in New Hampshire:

Dear Colonel Hay:

I mail you a copy of the Short Biography which has just reached me. Being smothered in the details of "moving" I had not wit enough to ask the Century people to send it to you direct.

I could get along without the astronomy and botany on the cover — but that is a small matter. Barring that don't you think the volume is just about what my father would have liked?

With love to Mrs. Hay, and endless thanks for your kindness and patience in helping me with the MS.

Sincerely yours

Helen Nicolay

Upon learning from a press release that the Secretary of State was back in Washington, Miss Nicolay wrote a second letter:

Dear Colonel Hay

I see by this morning's paper that you are back in town. Not knowing you were coming so soon I mailed a copy of the Short Biography to your New Hampshire address on Thursday. Will it be forwarded to you?

I am in the midst of getting the house empty to turn over on the 15th to the tenant. It is a terrible undertaking. I tear up papers all day long and never seem to make no impression on the mass to be examined.

I expect to go away for three weeks about Friday next. Mail sent here will be forwarded to me until my return.

Hoping that you have come home in good health and spirits

Sincerely yours

Helen Nicolay

Colonel Hay, it appears, would eventually get his copy of the "Short Life" because he wrote Miss Nicolay at her old address on October 6, 1902 as follows:

My dear Helen:

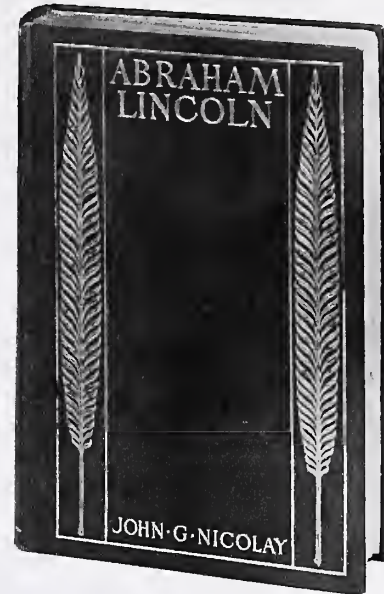
I have your note and Mrs. Hay tells me she has sent



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation

Helen Nicolay
1866-1954

This photograph of Helen Nicolay made in the later years of her life, depicts her in her study, seated at her father's desk and in the studious and historic atmosphere of the Lincoln-Nicolay-Hay era.



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation

The first edition of John G. Nicolay's book, *A Short Life of Abraham Lincoln* (M. 1376), published posthumously by The Century Co., New York, N.Y., in October, 1902. This book has appeared in nine different editions, the latest of which came from the press in 1942. The total sales of the book in 1915 amounted to 35,000 copies. Miss Nicolay wrote John Hay that "I could get along without the astronomy [13 stars appear on the spine] and botany on the cover. . . ."

back the book from Newbury. I have not received it, but shall in a day or so

Mrs. Hay is all alone, packing up things in the deserted house. The wedding [Alice Hay married James Wolcott Wadsworth, Jr., September 30, 1902] was a very pretty one in spite of the rain. We all regretted you could not come

Yours faithfully

John Hay

Upon receiving the "Short Life" and after giving some hours to the reading of the work, Colonel Hay wrote Miss Nicolay on October 21, 1901:

Dear Helen:

I gave most of the day yesterday to looking over your book. I find it remarkably well done. No work in existence has so much of the history of the time in so little space.

I send you as much of my work as I have been able to find. Several of the chapters are boiled down to a page but many are not even touched. I have not time to go over them. You are welcome to anything you can find in them.

I am writing the Century to send any balance coming to your father and me, to you, as usual. I make you a present of all my right and title in the History.

When you are done with these chapters of mine, I would like to have them back. Of course, I shall never look at them again — but I like to fool myself with the idea that I shall.

Yours faithfully

John Hay

Due to the receipt of royalty checks, a number of money transactions took place between the two authors. On October 28, 1903 Col. Hay wrote Miss Nicolay as follows:

Here my dear Helen, is your 500 Samoleons. Before another year rolls around I hope I may happen upon some security that will set still long enough to be bought.

Yours faithfully

John Hay

On different occasions Colonel Hay assisted Miss Nicolay in the purchase of stocks and bonds, and in October, 1901, he secured for her 100 shares of Western Union stock for \$9,150. Again, in 1904 he served as her financial advisor, and on January 22nd she received the

following letter from a second vice president of the Trust Department of the Metropolitan Trust Company, 37 Wall Street, New York City:

Dear Miss Nicolay:

At the request of Hon. John Hay, we herewith hand you by registered mail certificate No. 16750 for 100 shares of Preferred Capital Stock of the Continental Tobacco Company standing in your name (also bank dividend order for your convenience.) Kindly advise Mr. Hay of the receipt of the Stock and also send acknowledgment of its receipt to this company, obliging,

Yours very truly
(Unidentifiable signature)

On January 23, 1904 Colonel Hay wrote Miss Nicolay from Greenwood, Thomasville, Georgia:

Dear Helen:

I have, after much inquiry, concluded that "Continental Tobacco Preferred" is about as good an investment as there is at present in sight, and have therefore bought with your money One Hundred Shares of it at a cost of \$10,450. The little balance I beg you to accept as a "slight but sincere etc. Christmas and birthday present." I owe you, in various wages too numerous to mention, more than that — even so much more.

The stock pays 7% that is to say \$175 quarterly, beginning April next. It was bought at a bargain owing to the "slump." My friends think it is worth a much higher price.

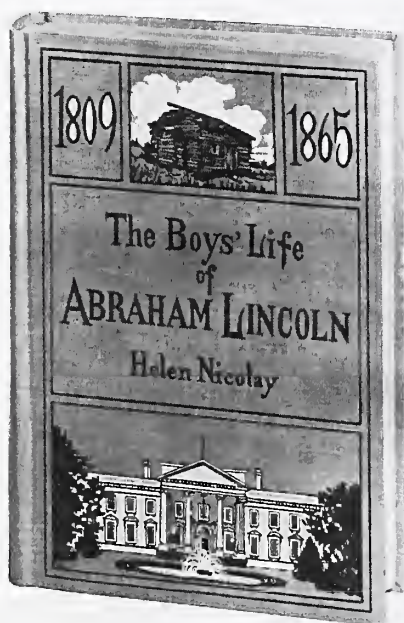
You can cancel my note when you receive the shares and return it to me at your convenience, preferably not for two weeks — as I shall be here for that time.

Yours sincerely
John Hay

On the same day that Colonel Hay wrote Miss Nicolay she sent a letter of acknowledgment to the Metropolitan Trust Company, and on the following day she wrote her financial advisor:

Dear Colonel Hay:

Yesterday came a communication from the Metropolitan Trust Co. of New York enclosing a certificate for 100 shares of Preferred Stock of the Continental Tobacco Co. with the request that I inform you of its safe arrival.



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation

Helen Nicolay's book, *The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln* (M. 1509), was published by The Century Co., New York, N.Y., in October, 1906. With numerous illustrations by Jay Hambidge and others, this book has appeared in nine different editions, the latest issue coming from the press in 1943. This work does not contain a preface, due to the fact that John Hay declined an invitation to write one.

I have never before used tobacco in any form, but foresee that I may become quite dependent on this. Thank you for hunting out a suitable investment for me.

I return two notes which belong to you rather than to me at this stage of the game, and also a check for the excess interest you paid me last autumn.

I hope you are growing strong rapidly. The papers said you "stepped briskly from the train" when you reached your journey's end. Did they expect you to ride out on a dromedary — or that your wings had sprouted?

Sincerely yours
Helen Nicolay

Again on January 25, 1904 Miss Nicolay wrote Colonel Hay a business letter:

Dear Colonel Hay:

How very awkward it is to go off half cocked! Here I mailed your note this morning — and not only mailed it to you at Thomasville where you do not want it, but sent it uncanceled. If you'll bring it back I'll write things all over it.

As for the "Christmas and birthday present" you are just as good to me as you can be — but don't you see that if I should let you do that, I'd feel that I could never trouble you again about money matters? And that would cut me off from a vast deal of comfort.

So please don't ask me to accept it. Let me cling to my blessed privilege of bothering you about my small affairs whenever I see fit.

For sometime I've had \$500. that I mean to consult you about. I've put it off from day to day because you were sick and miserable. This providentially answers my question before it is asked, and greatly relieves my mind.

Thank you again — a thousand times
Yours most sincerely

Helen Nicolay

On January 27th Colonel Hay wrote Miss Nicolay from Thomasville:

Dear Helen:

Here is your check, which, as I explained in my last letter, does not belong to me. If such wealth impedes your travel through the needle eye, you have my condolences.

I am so well and hungry down here that I shall have to have two special cars to carry me home

Yours sincerely
John Hay

The very next day Colonel Hay, upon receiving his correspondent's letter wrote Miss Nicolay again:

Dear Helen:

Our game of cross-purposes continues. I have your letter and check. You are incorrigible. I take your money, which now assumes the form of a present from you to me, and am very much obliged. I see now how stupid and awkward my letter was. "Sometimes, sometimes—"

Very sincerely
John Hay

Another letter regarding finances, which is beyond explanation due to a lack of adequate information was written by one of the correspondents. On October 30, 1904 Miss Nicolay wrote Colonel Hay:

Dear Colonel Hay:

Your valuable letter reached me this morning. Somebody had directed it to The Greysboro, a prehistoric address of the Spofford's,* but it seems to have lost no time in finding me. The check is over-large as only \$7000 of the ten have been on your conscience since last autumn. The other three were added to the load in May.

This must not be allowed to escape you in the final adjustment.

Very sincerely yours
Helen Nicolay

Miss Nicolay in the years following her father's death began a study of what was eventually to be called *The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln*. It was published in October 1906 by The Century Company. The book proved to be a successful publishing project as it appeared in nine different editions, one dated edition appearing as late as 1943.

*Miss Nicolay was friendly with the family of Ainsworth R. Spofford, the Librarian of Congress, an appointee of President Lincoln.

(Continued to the March issue)

Some Correspondence Between John Hay and Helen Nicolay

(Continued from the February issue)
Part 3

It would naturally be expected that the author would submit the manuscript to her old friend, Colonel Hay.

On December 19, 1904 Hay wrote Miss Nicolay:
My dear Helen:

I read your book yesterday with the greatest interest. I have only one fault to find with it, and I imagine that is entirely an imaginary one. It is well enough written for grown folks, and your publisher may possibly — though I hope not — feel that this is an objection in a book written primarily for young people. But, as I have said before to you, I do not consider that quality in the least objectionable. I know the books that I enjoyed the most when I was a child were books written for grown ups. I have no criticism to make and no changes to propose. It seems to me an excellent piece of work.

Yours faithfully
John Hay

To give some authenticity to "The Boys' Life" The Century Company suggested to Miss Nicolay that a "little preface" by Mr. John Hay would be most appropriate. This idea was incorporated into a letter dated January 28, 1905.

Dear Miss Nicolay:

We have had the manuscript of your boys' "Lincoln" carefully read, and it is very much liked here. I think we all agree in respect to a few changes or condensations in some of the earlier chapters, which we believe would not be difficult for you to make.

I am writing now to inquire whether you are likely to be in New York shortly, so that we might have a conference. It is so much easier to talk over a matter of this kind than attempt to arrange it by correspondence, but if you are not coming here possibly we might send some one to Washington to meet you there.

Our idea would be to bring the book out for next autumn's sales. To do this it should soon be put in type, so that we might have dummies for our traveling salesmen to show during the summer months at the time they visit the booksellers.

Do you think you could get Mr. John Hay to write a little preface, however brief? His doing so would be a great help to the sale of the book, in the beginning, at least.

Believe me

... Chichester

After receiving Mr. Chichester's letter, Miss Nicolay wrote Colonel Hay on "Wednesday morning":

Dear Colonel Hay:

Do you remember the paragraph about the preface in Mr. Chichester's note I showed you the other day

Of course it is needless to say how pleased I would be if you would write a few words; but I haven't the least idea that you want to do such a thing. Indeed I think you told me once that you made it the rule of your life never to write preface's for other people's books. I can imagine the avalanche of MSS. that would descend upon you if you once broke that rule, and how you would have to scratch away with your pen fifteen hours a day to keep from being totally smothered. And what would Diplomacy do then?

Seriously, the suggestion seemed so far-fetched that I did not give it a moments thought, and absolutely forgot to say anything about it when we were talking about the matter of the letter.

It is borne in upon me that Mr. Chichester will not have forgotten however, and that he will ask that particular question before all others — and that Mr. Scott will also ask it if I see him. So would you mind Scribbling a word on this to let me know if I am right as to your position? I would not for the world bring woe upon you — but if you are just looking for trouble — behold — the Boy's Lincoln — at your feet.

Sincerely yours
Helen Nicolay

In rather shaky handwriting John Hay answered Miss Nicolay's letter with a pencilled note, written in bed from his residence at 800 Sixteenth Street, Lafayette Square:

Dear Helen:

I can't do it — and you are so sweetly reasonable about it that I do not suffer much in refusing

Yours

J. H.

In the early months of 1905 Helen Nicolay made some tentative plans to visit Mexico, and before Colonel Hay made his last trip to Europe in search of health, she related to him her desire to visit that country. From Naples, Italy on April 5th he wrote her as follows:

Dear Helen

I was so worthless during my last days in Washington I did nothing I ought. But I have addressed a letter to our Ambassador in Mexico telling him to look out for you and do everything for you that he would for the Queen of Hearts herself. That will avail you, if you go, and this will let you know the letter has gone, whether you go or not.

We have had a wonderful voyage. The ship is steady as a church. Mrs. Hay has been on deck every day — a wonderful record. Such a thing has not happened since she was a child.

She sends her love

Yours faithfully
John Hay

Miss Nicolay was unable to make the trip to Mexico and on April 25th she wrote Colonel Hay as follows:

Dear Colonel Hay:

Yours of April 1st came to me last night. I feel so reproached! Mrs. Hay's little note was received and I was much touched at her taking time to write it before the ship sailed, when you were feeling so ill and wretched. My impulse was to answer it at once, but on reflection I concluded that since you had run away from folks you would probably rather not have them reaching after you with letters. So I planned to have a note waiting for her on your return. She gave me your message to Mr. Babcock. It did not occur to me that you would do anything more about the letter to Mexico. Today I learn that you have had the miserable thing on your mind! I am so sorry. Thank you a thousand times — and please do not have such a tender conscience any more.

As it turned out, we were unable to go. Miss Fletcher fell ill and the weather jumped into midsummer — two reasons for abandoning it. We may go in the fall — but I doubt it.

Do you care for the latest Boy's Lincoln news? I'm invited to let St. Nicholas print it as a serial — beginning next November — \$500.00 for that, and what fate wills for the book, later. This makes me chuckle, as I happen to know it was considered "too instructive" in February. It must be woefully demoralized by those changes I made after coming home from New York.

At present the Spoffords and I are living in a world of blossoms out at the country place. Everything that can bloom is doing it — all at once. And I am planning to go to Holderness about May 15th to enjoy the spring all over again.

The tulips are gay in front of your house. So is the gold-tipped iron fence. But the tulips, like the Yanks get "a little the best of it!"

People are very much gratified at the news of your improvement. I overhear conversations about you on the street almost every time I go into town. Some of them pretend great intimacy. Others are frankly speculative. All are kindly. This morning one woman remarked to another that she hoped you'd come back soon — you were "such a nice man to have around"

Please give my best love to Mrs. Hay — and come back — not too soon — much as we like to have you "around"

Sincerely yours
Helen N.

These last two letters may have ended the correspondence between Colonel Hay and Miss Nicolay. The Hays returned to the United States on June 15th and the ailing Secretary of State went directly to the State Department. On June 24th Hay went to his summer home, "The Fells," at Newbury, on Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire. After his arrival in New Hampshire, his physical condition grew alarmingly worse, and he died about three o'clock in the morning of July 1, 1905. He was buried in the Lake View Cemetery in Cleveland, Ohio.

(Continued on page 4)

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March 27, 1967

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Dear Friends of the Hoosier Heritage:

The Washington County Historical Society, Inc., Salem, Indiana, has undertaken an ambitious and worthy project. The Society plans to purchase the birth-place of John Hay, restore it as a period house and build a small museum beside it on the large acre lot.

John Milton Hay was born at Salem on October 8, 1838. He became one of the nation's greatest statesmen. He served as Abraham Lincoln's private secretary during the presidential years. Hay was later ambassador to Great Britain and made a brilliant record as Secretary of State. This son of Salem also deserves a place in literary history. He wrote *Pike County Ballads* and numerous other titles. Historians will remember him as co-author of the monumental ten-volume history of Abraham Lincoln. He merits a memorial.

The Washington County Historical Society has a substantial collection—museum objects, manuscripts, rare books and newspapers. It is difficult to use these materials under present conditions. This is a good collection and it merits the kind of housing that will extend its life and increase its usefulness.

Your contributions will be much appreciated. Mrs. Burns, President of the Society, has informed me that such contributions will be tax deductible. Checks should be made payable to the Washington County Historical Society, Inc. and sent to Mr. D. Jack Mahuron, Farmer-Citizens Bank, Salem, Indiana 47167.

Sincerely,

Hubert H. Hawkins

Hubert H. Hawkins
Secretary

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**Washington County
Historical Society**

and the

John Hay Project

On September 29, 1875, some of our pioneers met in the first "Old Settlers" meeting in the county to recount tales of early days and display old relics. These accounts are recorded in the Stevens History of Washington County, Indiana, pages 635-645.

A permanent annual "Old Settlers" meeting was organized September 1, 1897. Several years later the organization began wearing the name "Old Settlers and Historical Society," and in 1915 became known as the "Washington County Historical Society". That name continued until last year when the Society incorporated, which added the Suffix to its name.

The Society has a collection of many valuable books, pioneer furniture, tools, Indian relics and war weapons. Our collection of County newspapers dating from 1820 is unsurpassed. Church, cemetery, school, family, and war records are among our possessions. These are of great educational and historical value to Washington County and other areas who use its resources. The Society now has quarters in the Courthouse basement which are much too small to display our valuable material.

A commitment has been obtained to purchase the John Hay birthplace, together with almost an acre of ground upon which the little brick house is situated.

In co-ordination with the purchase and restoration of this home, it is planned to erect a museum upon the Hay lot. This museum will house and display our relics and antiques and provide ample room for a research library. A small public auditorium will be included for the use of literary and educational groups.

This organization is not a hobby! It is a repository of pioneer relics and history, preserving our community heritage for present and future generations!

**John Hay
Birthplace
Project**

of the

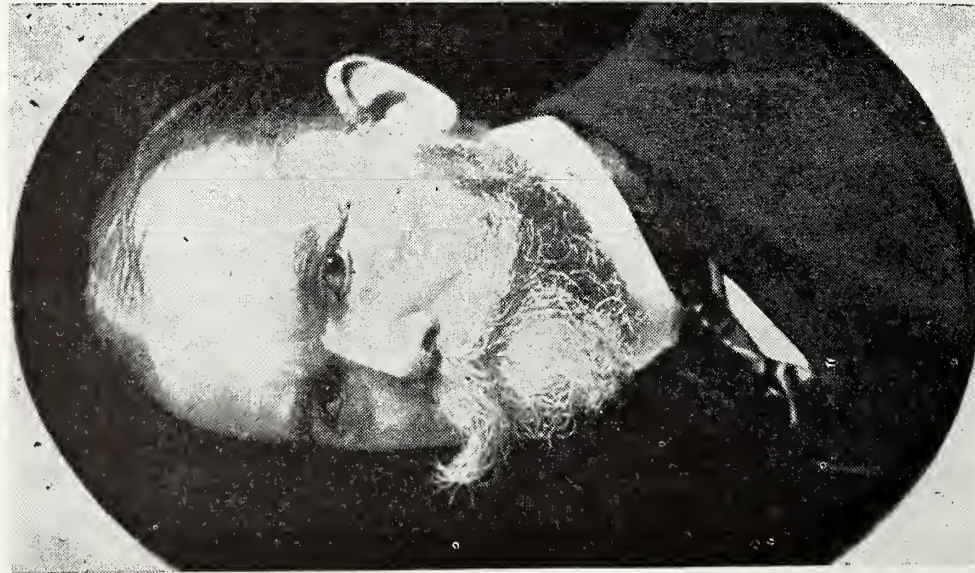
**WASHINGTON COUNTY
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY, INC.
SALEM, INDIANA**



Our Goal

To purchase and restore
the John Hay Birthplace.

To erect a Historical
Museum on the Hay lot.



Salem's Gift To Our Nation

John Milton Hay

One of our great Americans was born in Salem, Indiana, October 8, 1838. All the way from Lincoln to Theodore Roosevelt, John Hay served his country well.

After graduating from Brown University in 1857, young Hay became a brilliant lawyer and was taken to Washington as assistant secretary to President Lincoln. He became Lincoln's intimate and trusted friend, and it was said of him later that he seemed to have adopted much of the character and spirit of this great statesman.

In the years following the Civil War, Hay, still in his twenties, gained valuable experience in foreign service as Secretary of Legations to Paris, Vienna, and Madrid.

Next, came a period of association with the New York Tribune, part of the time as editor-in-chief.

In 1897 he was sent as Ambassador to Great Britain. He returned to the United States the next year to become Secretary of State, serving under both McKinley and Teddy Roosevelt.

His forceful handling and prevention of the dismemberment of China, as planned by European nations, and the instigation of the "Open Door Policy" in the Orient stands as one of the most formidable of his monuments. Another is the ten volume set of "Life of Lincoln," which he wrote in collaboration with John G. Nicolay. He was also the author of a novel and a book of verse which reveals the great humanitarian heart of John Milton Hay.

Qualities of his greatness are seen in his descendants, many of whom have held prominent positions in our government.

Certainly his wisdom and integrity in his diplomatic positions earned for John Hay and America the highest respect. His life of accomplishments is his monument. With his death on July 1, 1905, a truly great man expired!

The Hay House

Standing as a symbol to our heritage is the little brick house built in 1824 just two blocks from the public square in Salem.

The trustees of Salem Grammar School bought three acres of land from John DePauw and erected a two room school where John I. Morrison, the famous early educator, began teaching in 1825. Within three years, so many young students had gathered here from this and surrounding areas that a need for a larger building was felt, and the school was sold for a private dwelling. It has been used as such since that date.

Young Dr. Charles Hay came to Salem in 1829 after having completed a medical course at Transylvania College in Lexington, Ky. He chose Salem to begin his work as a physician partly because he wished to get away from a state where slavery was practiced and also because the village of 800 people was a prosperous pioneer town. He purchased the former Grammar School for his home and office.

Here in Salem, Dr. Hay met Helen Leonard, a native of Massachusetts, at the home of her sister, Mrs. John Farnham. The marriage records in Washington County show that a license was granted to them on October 10, 1831. Five children were born in this little brick home. The third, named JOHN MILTON HAY, was to become famous as an author, statesman, and great American!

For many years, it has been the dream of the Washington County Historical Society and other historical-minded persons to preserve and restore this little house where John Hay was born and spent his early childhood. At last the opportunity has come to purchase it, and the movement is underway to make it a shrine to honor the memory of a good man who lived and worked for good things for his country.

John Hay Birthplace Project Washington County Historical Society, Inc.

I wish to contribute to the Washington County Historical Society, Inc.,

to be used on this project the sum of \$_____.

ADDRESS: _____

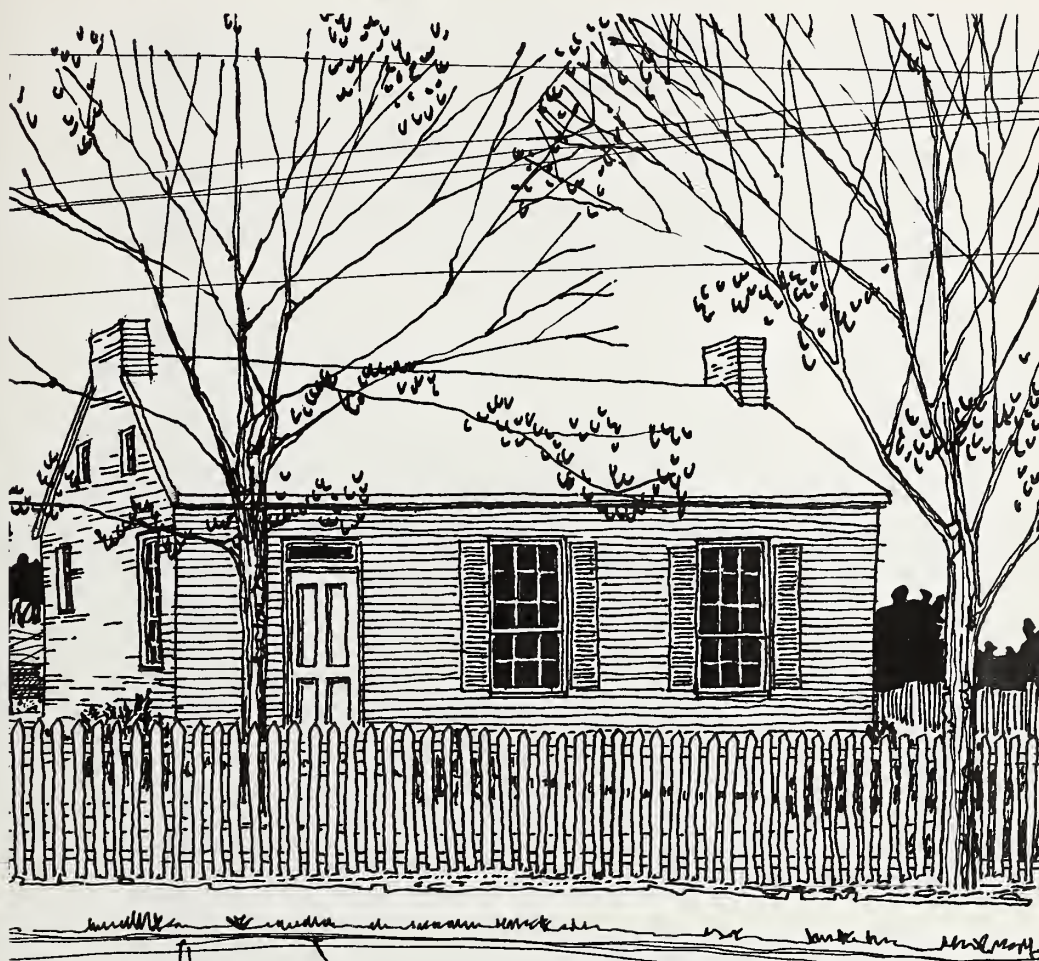
SIGNED: _____

Mr. D. Jack Mahuron
Farmers-Citizens Bank
Salem, Indiana 47167

MAIL TO:

The Society is a not-for-profit organization, organized under the laws of the State of Indiana and cleared by the Internal Revenue so that all contributions are tax deductible.

INDIANA HISTORY BULLETIN



for APRIL 1967

volume 43

number 4

Published Monthly by
the INDIANA HISTORICAL BUREAU Indianapolis

COVER: John H. Duteil, architect of Salem, prepared the handsome sketch of the John M. Hay house.

THIS ISSUE: The lead article deals with the restoration of the house in which John M. Hay was born. It is easy to forget that Indiana was once covered with a great hardwood forest. James Guthrie's article, "Timber," reminds us in a pleasant fashion. An announcement regarding Dr. I. George Blake's forthcoming tour, May 6-7, to Springfield, Illinois, has been omitted because all the seats on the tour bus were taken before the *Bulletin* went to press. Remember the Workshop will be held April 20-23. Come for a session or a day. The full program was in the last *Bulletin*.

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The *Indiana History Bulletin* is published monthly by the Historical Bureau with the co-operation of the Indiana Historical Society. It is distributed without charge to members of the Society and to local historical societies. Annual subscription rate — \$1.00. Address communications to the Historical Bureau, 140 North Senate Avenue, Indianapolis 46204.

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THE JOHN HAY BIRTHPLACE PROJECT

Salem is an old town, as such things are measured in Indiana, and it has some old houses. One of the oldest is situated just two blocks off the public square. This one-story brick structure is rich in historical associations. It housed the Salem Grammar School which was opened in April, 1825, under the able direction of John I. Morrison. After the school moved into more adequate quarters the house was acquired by Charles Hay, one of Washington County's pioneer physicians.

Here, on October 8, 1838, was born John Milton Hay, one of Salem's most distinguished sons. Reared in Illinois where the family had moved he attended Brown University and achieved a high ranking in his class. He desired a literary career but abandoned the idea as impractical. He considered the ministry but wrote to an uncle, "I would not do for a Methodist preacher, for I am a poor horseman. I would not suit the Baptists, for I dislike water. I would fail as an Episcopalian for I am no ladies' man."

He finally entered the law offices of his uncle, Milton Hay, in 1859. As a young lawyer he was naturally interested in the political life of Springfield. Abraham Lincoln had his offices next door. This association and the influence of a young friend, John Nicolay, got him the chance of serving as Lincoln's assistant secretary. For more than four years he served President Lincoln during the nation's struggle for survival. He developed a tremendous affection for his chief whom he affectionately nicknamed the "Ancient" and the "Tycoon." Hay was amazed at Lincoln's tact and forbearance but testified that on occasion the "backwoods Jupiter" could speak "pretty d--- d plainly."

In March, 1865, he was appointed secretary of the Paris legation by Secretary of State Seward. In the next few years he served in various capacities at Vienna and Madrid and received his basic lessons in the arts of diplomacy.

On returning to the United States in 1870, he embarked on a journalistic career with Whitelaw Reid at the *New York Tribune*. He found time to write and his *Pike County Ballads* appeared in 1871. *Castilian Days* was published in the same year. An anonymous novel, *The Bread-Winners*, was issued in 1884. Historians will remember him for his part as co-author of the monumental ten-

volume history of Abraham Lincoln. Hay had earned a place in American literary history.

He was appointed assistant secretary of state in 1878. McKinley appointed him ambassador to Great Britain in 1897. He was secretary of state, 1898-1905. His name is identified with the development of the "Open Door" policy respecting China and the diplomatic aspect of the Panama Canal. During his service the *entente* with Britain was established. Historians concede him a place among the more significant secretaries of state.

He died in New Hampshire in 1905.

The Washington County historical Society, one of the older local societies of the state, is undertaking the restoration of the John Hay birthplace as a period house. They hope to erect a museum on the large lot to accommodate their extensive collections. This is a worthy project. They will welcome your interest and support. Contributions should be made payable to the Washington County Historical Society, Inc., and sent to D. Jack Mahuron, Farmer-Citizens Bank, Salem, Indiana 47167.

THE IJHS TOURS INDIANAPOLIS

The first of the Indiana Junior Historical Society Spring Tours was "The Capital City Tour," held on April 8. Over three hundred IJHS club members, representing fifteen clubs from over the state took part. The tour was by chartered bus and made a most impressive cavalcade.

The Arlington club, winner of the Outstanding Club Award for the past two years, served as the host club. All planning was done by this club, with club members serving as guides. There were two Arlington students assigned to each of the buses. Three alternates were trained and also participated. In preparation for their work these students made an intensive study of the various places that were included in the itinerary. They did their job most efficiently.

The tour, starting from Arlington High School, first visited the Butler University Campus. At the Indianapolis Motor Speedway a stop was made at the Speedway Museum. Downtown stops were made at the Capitol Building, State Museum, James Whitcomb Riley Home, and the City-County Building. In addition, many places of interest were pointed out and described by the guides during the day-long tour.

The Arlington club, under the sponsorship of Mr. John Holmes, will be willing to furnish guides to any historical group that wishes to make a similar tour, subject of course to limitations of school time.

Clubs participating, in addition to Arlington, were Frankfort Junior High, Noblesville Junior High, Fountain Central, Pendleton, Rushville, North Central of Indianapolis, Southwood of Wabash County, Pendleton Junior High, Parkview of Jeffersonville, Lafayette Park, Elwood Haynes and Maple Crest of Kokomo, School 82 of Indianapolis, and Flora.

SESQUI SCRAP BOOK

During his association with the Indiana Sesquicentennial Commission, J. M. Guthrie wrote many short features about Indiana history for newspaper use. A number of them have been reprinted in a pamphlet issued by the Commission. Two are copied here for your enjoyment.

TIMBER!!!

No living man knows the extent of the greatest hardwood forest in the historic world. It once covered most of Indiana. Foresters state that the largest trees, outside of California, grew in Indiana. Certainly the greatest hardwood trees in the world grew here. The forest (singular) of Indiana at one time covered 28,000 square miles—the entire area from east to west and from the Ohio to the upper Wabash and beyond—and it was unbroken wilderness.

An early writer, Ignatius Brown, stated, "For scores of miles in all directions the country was covered by a dense growth of hardwood trees, 120 to 150 feet high, their tops so interlaced when in full foliage that the sun's rays rarely reached the ground. On dark days the shade was so deep that twilight ruled at midday. Underneath these giants stood other trees of the same or lesser species, striving upward to the light, eager to fill the spaces left by lightning or tempests in the upper ranks. Under these crowded thick masses of bushes, vines and weeds which, with fallen trunks and tops made a jungle impassable in most places except by following the paths worn by wild animals. Traveling was difficult for a man on foot, barely possible for a man on horseback and impossible for a wagon unless the way was first cleared by the axe."

Calvin Fletcher, Jr., in a paper prepared for the Indiana Territory Centennial of 1900, said, "In 1836 I traveled over thirty miles of the Michigan Road, north. The full width, one hundred feet, was chopped out clean. The central forty feet was cleared, but thirty feet on each side seemed an enormous, continuous log heap of white oak."

Mr. Fletcher ranked the burr oak as the very king of all species, good for any use. Ash he put next to oaks in commercial importance, probably because of its general use, in his time, in the manufacture of implements and handles.

Of yellow poplar, our state tree, Mr. Fletcher said, "A vision of beauty in forest growth appears before me. It is the queen of all here or elsewhere. With stateliness of trunk unequaled, with foliage more perfect than any save the sweet gum, with glorious canopy crowned, with golden shaped flowers . . . with scarlet

petals fragrant as the rose, with mixed aroma of rich wine and carnations—conceive of all this and you have a faint idea of the yellow poplar, the tulip tree. . . .”

In 1923 George S. Cottman wrote, “The largest tree now in Indiana, and some claim, the largest east of California, is undoubtedly the famous sycamore standing in a field a mile and a half southeast of Worthington, and which is forty-two feet and two inches in circumference at a height of five feet from the ground, as measured by Dr. W. B. Clark. . . .

“Traditions survive of other forest giants that far exceed most of those that exist today. M. Crabb . . . testified that there had stood on his father’s land, about three miles southeast of Brownstown, Jackson County (Section 16), a colossal sycamore that was said to have measured sixty-seven feet in circumference. The hollow stump of it stood, Crabb says, until 1864, and, says he, ‘I have on several occasions seen a pole eighteen feet long turned completely around within the stump.’”

In 1911, Charles C. Deam, State Forester, stated that the lower Wabash valley was prolific in large specimens. There were found a sycamore 33 feet in girth; a yellow poplar, 25 feet; a cottonwood, 22 feet; black walnut, 22 feet; burr oak, 22 feet; red oak and honey locust, 18 feet; linn, 17 feet, 6 inches; sweet gum, 17 feet; red maple, 13 feet and a beech, 11 feet.

Jackson County at that time had a chestnut 22 feet circumference. In 1880 at Blooming Grove, Franklin County, stood a catalpa with a circumference of 15 feet.

Near Madison in 1910, there grew a buckeye which was two feet through but this played a poor second to one in Rush County. There, in 1840, Rush Countians cut a buckeye which was 4 feet and more in diameter and from it made a canoe which was pulled by six horses—to participate in the Tippecanoe and Tyler Too campaign.

FOREIGNERS

Most of the early settlers of Indiana were from the upper South and constituted the important element of the state’s population. As time went on, however, their numbers declined, proportionately, and continued to do so.

The 1860 census was the first to show the distribution of foreign-born persons in Indiana. It reveals some rather interesting information about us.

For instance, the Germans were by far the largest foreign-born nationality group. As early as 1850, Germans constituted well over half of the foreign-born in Indiana and by 1860, their numbers had doubled.

Over half of the "foreigners" lived in the southernmost counties and almost half the population of Vanderburgh County was composed of newcomers to the U. S. Allen County in the northern part of the state was second and Marion, in the central portion, was third in percentages of these people.

More research reveals that this pattern remained true throughout the country and in the one hundred and forty years of heaviest immigration Germans led the pack! During that period 8.8 millions of them came to the United States. Prussia sent Indiana the most, followed by Bavaria and Baden. Wherever they settled they set up their institutions, Old-World villages and customs. Before 1850 there were many in the Whitewater Valley in the eastern part of the state. Dubois County showed remarkable population growth as the great tide of German immigration started. Oldenburg, Ferdinand and Jasper were said to be replicas of German towns. "Ferdinand," said one traveler, "was a completely Catholic German village, protected and governed by the church that crowns the hilltop." A traveler across the state about that time said that he thought the land was inhabited by no one but Germans and did not hear a word of English spoken from Madison to Ferdinand.

Most of these immigrants were very poor but amongst them were skilled carpenters, shoemakers, tailors, blacksmiths and coopers. An industrious kind of people, they soon made the land bloom and flower.

A fairly numerous group, known as "Fortyeighters" were of a more prosperous German class and they came into Indiana for political reasons.

Most Germans were against slavery and a majority were Catholic. They retained their German nationalistic spirit and developed their own press in every German settlement. Some of their straight-laced Protestant, Hoosier neighbors, did not approve of their beer and wine drinking, music-making and dancing on Sundays. They soon discovered, however, that they were a hard-working, hard-living people who could compete with anyone in getting along in this world.

The second largest group of European immigrants into Indiana were Irish but by the Civil War era there were just about half as many of them as there were Germans. They represented some $\frac{1}{4}$ of the foreign born. Most Irishmen did not come directly to Indiana

but gradually worked their way into the Midwest. Quite a number of them moved down from Canada. Many Irish came as laborers on our early canals and then later as construction workers on the railroads. Many stayed. Nearly all Irishmen were Roman Catholics and the church was the center of their social life. Every community with sizeable Irish settlements saw the development of a Catholic Church.

Of the other nationalities, census figures within a couple of decades of the Civil War show that there were about 14,000 persons born in the British Isles, 4,000 French, 3,000 Swiss, 1,300 Dutch and only 200 Italians counted as Hoosiers. These nationality groups exerted no influence comparable to the Germans and Irish.

Strangely, by the 20th century fewer foreigners had settled in Indiana than in all other northern states except Delaware. Fewer came to Indiana proportionately than to any other state of the Old Northwest.

Lincoln Life Foundation
Fort Wayne Indiana
46802

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BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA

The Lincoln National Life Foundation of Fort Wayne,
Fort Wayne,
Indiana

Gentlemen:

The Washington County Historical Society of Salem, Indiana is engaged in a Historical Preservation Project known as the John Hay Center. Besides the restoration of the 1824 John Milton Hay brick birthplace and furnishing it as it was when he lived there, we will build a museum which will be of Federal Colonial Architecture using the brick from an old landmark, the Salem Opera House. When funds are available, long-range plans call for a two story log house for preservation of historical farm implements.

The John Hay Center will be a dignified shrine - Historical, Cultural and Educational in nature. Thus, our state will be more conscious of the important role played by John Hay in the history of our country.

Mrs. Chas. B. Stout (Warda) a native of Salem, is matching our funds raised, this in memory of her parents, Mr. & Mrs. Warder W. Stevens. She has republished the 'Stevens Washington County History' written by her father in 1916 and giving the proceeds to our project.

Governor Branigan gave us \$1,000 from the State Contingent Fund and expects to come to Salem to help boost our project. Our society won 1st prize of \$1,000 collecting the most manuscripts in the State Sesquicentennial Manuscripts copying contest.

Mrs. Helen Duprey Bullock of the National Trust for Historical Preservation visited us last February to advise us on the wisdom of our project. Perhaps you may wish to contact her at 815 - 17th St. N.W., Washington, D. C.

RECORDED
INDEXED
DEC - 5 1967
Office of A. C. STEERE

1953
HOAGY CARMICHAEL
ARTHUR R. METZ, M.D.
(DECEASED)
J. DWIGHT PETERSON
VERGIL D. REED

1954
MAURICE L. BLUMH
DON HEROLD
WILMER SOUDER
ALBERT J. WEDEKING
JOHN L. YOUNG

1958
HANSON H. ANDERSON
DANIEL JAMES
FRED BATES JOHNSON
(DECEASED)
JAMES LEROY SANDERS
(DECEASED)
EDWARD C. VON TRESS

1959
LLOYD G. BALFOUR
E. MARK FERREE
RUTH HERDRICH HARDY
(DECEASED)
HARRY M. SHACKELFORD

1963
ZORA G. CLEVINGER
MERRILL S. DAVIS, M.D.
WALLACE H. MARTIN
JOE C. RICE
GEORGE A. SCHILLING

1955
ALLIAN GAY B.
(DECEASED)
FRED B. HUIZEN
UZ H. MURRIE
(DECEASED)
ROBERT E. NOLF
WILLIAM N. TRACK
1960
EVERETT S. DEAN
WILLIAM C. GREEN
CARL W. KENTNER
REV. ARTHUR L. MILLER
HERSCHEL D. NEWSOM

1964
MARION M. FIDLAR
MARY RIEMAN MAURER
ARTHUR R. MOGGE
JAMES O. RITCHEY, M.D.
DAVID G. WYLIE

1956
JOHN A. BARR
JOSEPH V. HOFFERT
ERNEST K. LINDLEY
DWIGHT H. MURRAY, M.D.
WILLIAM J. SPARKS

1961
LEWIS S. ARMSTRONG
CHARLES A. HALLER
CECILIA H. HENDRICKS
MARTHA LUTE TROUTT
VERLING M. VOTAW

1965
JOSEPH C. BUTCHER
ALBRECHT B. KIPP
C. WALTER MCCARTY
(DECEASED)
JAMES E. PATRICK
GRACE MONTGOMERY SHOWALTER

1962
ROBERT J. KIRCO
NELSON P. POYNTER
HOWARD R. RAPER, D.D.S.
MRS. NELSON TAPP
(DECEASED)
DOUGLAS WHITLOCK

1962
LAURENCE J. MAKER
MARY E. HECKARD
(DECEASED)
J. FRANK LINDSEY
DUDLEY W. WINTER
GRACE PHILLIPS YOUNG

*opened & read
by R.H.M.
12/5/67*

*Dr. MacIntyre -
I do not believe
we want to get
into this - if you agree -
file to me reply -
AS*

1/9/68

December 2, 1967

At her suggestion we asked the Chairman of the Archaeology Department of Indiana University to bring a squad of his students to Salem to do excavating work around the Hay House. This they did, and will come again.

The architect estimates the cost of the restoration, museum, two lots, drive, parking lot, landscaping and other costs will be \$160,000. We were shocked at this figure but it seems that construction costs are still rising. At the present time, including our matching funds, we have \$75,000. We hope you will want to share in this project and we will be grateful for any assistance you can give us in honoring one of our greatest statesman.

Dr. James Huffman, former local citizen and presently professor at General Motors Institute, has written his thesis on 'The Life of John Hay'. Dr. Huffman gave a slide documentary lecture in Salem on John Hay and donated the proceeds to our fund. Dr. Huffman is recognized as one of the leading authorities on the life of John Hay.

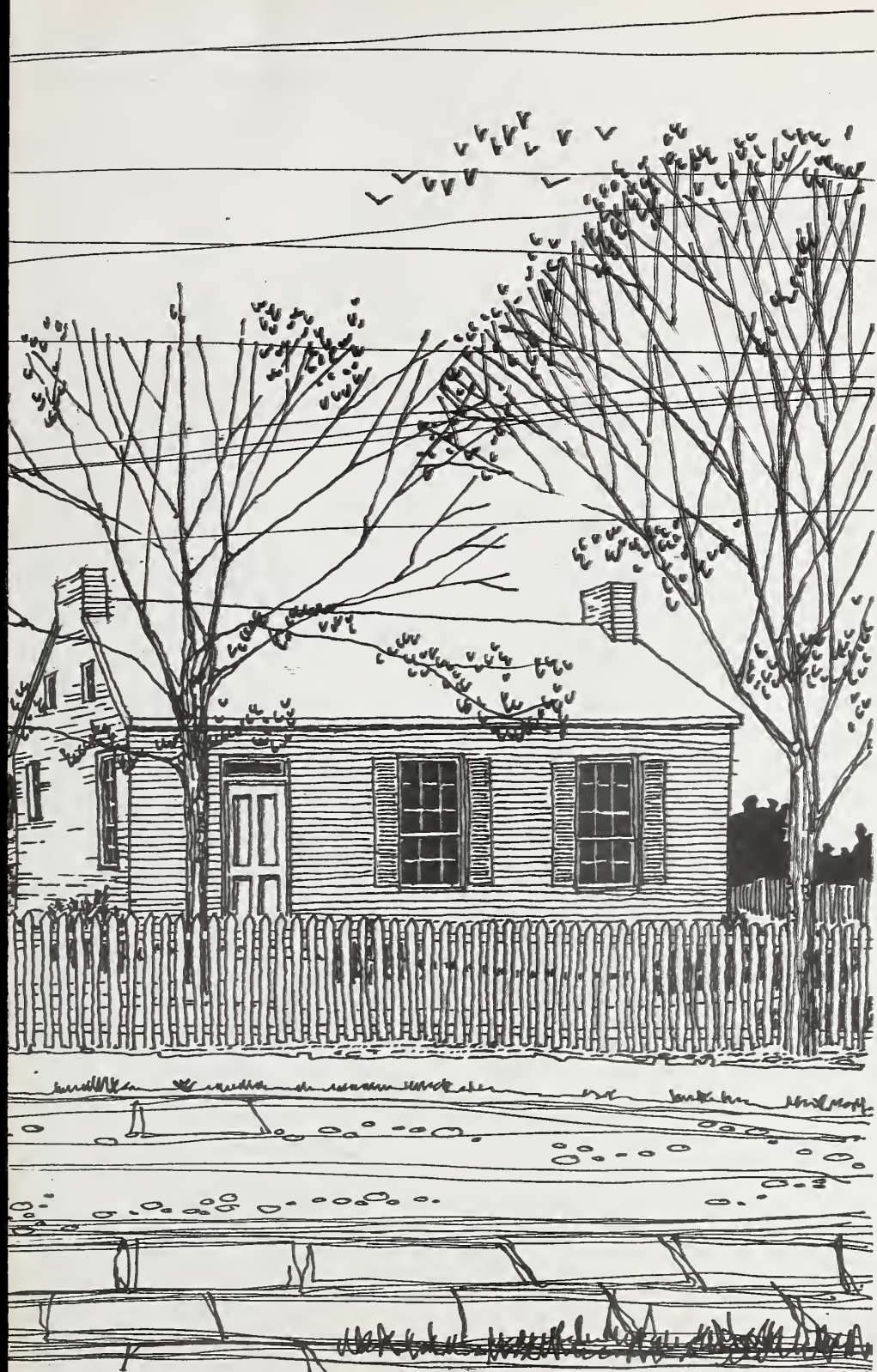
The enclosures will give you an idea of our accomplishments.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Everett S. Dean". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the typed name.

Everett S. Dean, Chairman
Planning Committee

ESD
Enc.



COVER: John H. Duteil, architect of Salem, prepared the handsome sketch of the John M. Hay house.

The Washington County historical Society, one of the older local societies of the state, is undertaking the restoration of the John Hay birthplace as a period house. They hope to erect a museum on the large lot to accommodate their extensive collections. This is a worthy project. They will welcome your interest and support. Contributions should be made payable to the Washington County Historical Society, Inc., and sent to D. Jack Mahuron, Farmer-Citizens Bank, Salem, Indiana 47167.

THE JOHN HAY BIRTHPLACE PROJECT

Salem is an old town, as such things are measured in Indiana, and it has some old houses. One of the oldest is situated just two blocks off the public square. This one-story brick structure is rich in historical associations. It housed the Salem Grammar School which was opened in April, 1825, under the able direction of John I. Morrison. After the school moved into more adequate quarters the house was acquired by Charles Hay, one of Washington County's pioneer physicians.

Here, on October 8, 1838, was born John Milton Hay, one of Salem's most distinguished sons. Reared in Illinois where the family had moved he attended Brown University and achieved a high ranking in his class. He desired a literary career but abandoned the idea as impractical. He considered the ministry but wrote to an uncle, "I would not do for a Methodist preacher, for I am a poor horseman. I would not suit the Baptists, for I dislike water. I would fail as an Episcopalian for I am no ladies' man."

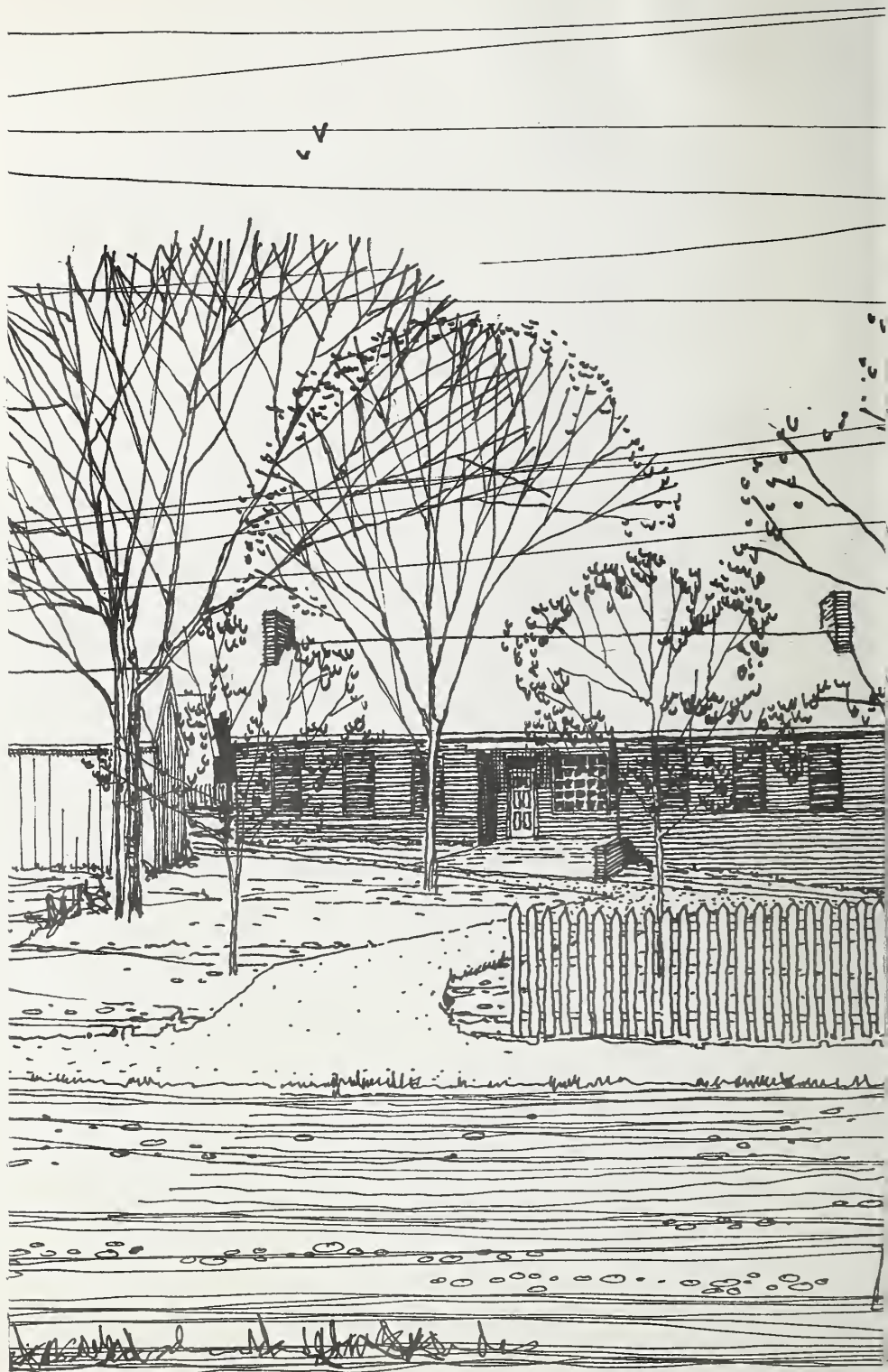
He finally entered the law offices of his uncle, Milton Hay, in 1859. As a young lawyer he was naturally interested in the political life of Springfield. Abraham Lincoln had his offices next door. This association and the influence of a young friend, John Nicolay, got him the chance of serving as Lincoln's assistant secretary. For more than four years he served President Lincoln during the nation's struggle for survival. He developed a tremendous affection for his chief whom he affectionately nicknamed the "Ancient" and the "Tycoon." Hay was amazed at Lincoln's tact and forbearance but testified that on occasion the "backwoods Jupiter" could speak "pretty d---d plainly."

In March, 1865, he was appointed secretary of the Paris legation by Secretary of State Seward. In the next few years he served in various capacities at Vienna and Madrid and received his basic lessons in the arts of diplomacy.

On returning to the United States in 1870, he embarked on a journalistic career with Whitelaw Reid at the *New York Tribune*. He found time to write and his *Pike County Ballads* appeared in 1871. *Castilian Days* was published in the same year. An anonymous novel, *The Bread-Winners*, was issued in 1884. Historians will remember him for his part as co-author of the monumental ten-volume history of Abraham Lincoln. Hay had earned a place in American literary history.

He was appointed assistant secretary of state in 1878. McKinley appointed him ambassador to Great Britain in 1897. He was secretary of state, 1898-1905. His name is identified with the development of the "Open Door" policy respecting China and the diplomatic aspect of the Panama Canal. During his service the *entente* with Britain was established. Historians concede him a place among the more significant secretaries of state.

He died in New Hampshire in 1905.



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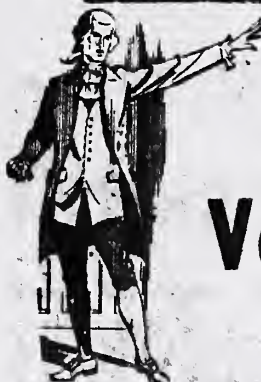
LYNDON E. YOUNG-----Publisher.
BOYD SMEDLEY-----Adv. Manger
JOHN A. POTTS, JR.-----Editor.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER
AT THE POST OFFICE, SALEM, IND.

WE MAY NOT AGREE WITH WHAT YOU SAY, BUT
WILL DEFEND UNTO DEATH YOUR RIGHT TO SAY IT.
---Voltaire

Feb. 8, 1967

EDITORIALS



A Very, Very Worthy Cause

The Washington County Historical Society, in announcing its plans to purchase the Hay family property on South College Street in Salem, unveiled a program of very ambitious proportions. It is, however, no more ambitious than the citizenry of Washington County are willing to make it. The plans to restore the house in its 1838 form, when John Hay was born there, and to also have a museum on the property, are more than mere pipe dreams. With the cooperation of all those interested in the welfare of the county, they will become reality.

John Milton Hay became one of this country's trusted statesmen. He even attracted the praise of England's Queen Victoria when he was recalled to America from his duties as Ambassador to the United Kingdom. His type of rhetoric statesmanship is one that is sorely missed in the battered old world today.

With the official opening of the fund drive for the purchase and restoration of the property in the near future, residents of the county will be given the opportunity to make a contribution towards this noteworthy step in preserving a part of our county's heritage. Fund drives for this-and-that are becoming quite commonplace, but, to us anyway this one seems to be just a little bit different.

Hay Home Is Ideal For Preservation

75 Attend Meeting On Restoration Of Historical House

Communities such as Salem have some priceless heritages in their midst — but too often fail to recognize them until too late, a group of Washington County citizens were told last Wednesday night.

The group met in response to the announcement of the Washington County Historical Society of the meeting in the interests of the project to preserve and restore the John Hay Birthplace in Salem and create a county historical museum. Despite the fact that a snowstorm was raging and it was the opening night of the sectional basketball tournament, about 75 people attended the meeting held in Fellowship Hall of the First Christian Church.

Praised For Interest

The Historical Society and the citizens present were praised for their interest in the John Hay home preservation project and historical museum by Mrs. Helen Duprey Bullock of Washington, D. C., the principal speaker at the meeting.

Mrs. Bullock, editor and assistant for Special Projects, National Trust for Historical Preservation, related instances in which valuable historical buildings and sites were destroyed to make way for modernistic structures, thoroughway highways and business projects. We have seen progress at the expense of obliteration of important historical sites.

"Once these priceless structures are destroyed they can never be replaced — they are gone and we have lost our opportunity to restore and preserve them as a heritage for future generations. Many of these historically important places should have been preserved as lasting monuments to those who played important parts in building our nation," she

added. "But we have been losing these monuments at a rapid rate — often because we fail to recognize their value in our historic past. Forty percent of these historical valuable monuments were gone before we awoke to their value and importance."

Lends Assistance

Mrs. Bullock explained that in the past twenty or so years the National Project for Restoration has undertaken to be of assistance to communities such as ours, throughout the nation, in efforts to preserve and restore worthwhile historical assets as permanent monuments.

Other nations, particularly those in Europe, are far ahead of us in preserving sites of historical importance. Through the national organization efforts are constantly being made to record such sites and evaluate them to determine which are suitable for restoration and preservation.

More Research

The John Hay Home is a "natural" for such preservation. Further research to locate some of

the locations and perhaps foundations of some of the other out-buildings of the home would be an important step for the restoration and eventual building of a museum on the grounds.

It is well to join in this movement to preserve these historical sites. The Washington County Historical Society has a large collection of priceless exhibits, now crowded into a small space. There is a need for room to permit them to make the most of this exhibit.

Mrs. Bullock told of the work done at New Harmony in restoration of historically important structures and sites as an example of what can be done when the people recognize the value of making such landmarks serve a useful purpose. "It all makes better citizens of a community and a nation," she added, emphasizing that it can only be done if we act quickly and determinedly to stop the destruction and preserve what is valuable in our history.

Firms Help

H. Roll McLaughlin, architect from Carmel, Ind., was present and spoke briefly on the part an architectural organization is playing in evaluating historical buildings and assisting in determining what could be restored and how it should be done.

"Few of the present buildings of today are built as were our old ones — to withstand years of use and still be of value in future generations as are many of our old, historically important buildings," Mr. McLaughlin commented.

Everett Dean, who presided at the meeting, introduced Mrs. Thomas B. Hooker of Lookout

Mountain, Tenn., who commented about the interest of her family in the historical background and preservation of historical monuments in Washington County and then introduced her mother, Mrs. C. B. Stout. Mrs. Stout is the former Warda Stevens, daughter of the late Warder Stevens, one-time owner and editor of The Salem Democrat and author of the noted history of Washington County in which he was a prominent and leading citizen for many years.

Society President

Mr. Dean also introduced Mrs. Ed Burns, president of Historical Society, adding that Mrs. Burns is at the present time making a collection of title pages of family Bibles of the community.

Vice-president Earl Boston was introduced with the comment that he had a project of collecting manuscripts of historical importance in conjunction with the Indiana Sesquicentennial and the cooperation of the Indiana State Library.

Miss Lulie Davis was praised for her years of devotion to the Historical Society and preservation and compilation of historical facts and documents as secretary of the association.

D. Jack Mahuron, treasurer, was introduced and praised for his work as chairman of the Salem Sesquicentennial celebration which was not only a success as a project of interest, but which was presented "without going in the red," as Mr. Dean commented.

Mrs. Robert Williams of Carmi, Ill., a friend of Mrs. Bullock and interested in the New Harmony restoration, was also interested enough in the John Hay Home restoration project to come to Salem to attend the meeting.

THE SALEM LEADER



NATIONAL NEWSPAPER
ASSOCIATION
SUSTAINING MEMBER



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● Hoosier State Press Association
● Indiana Republican Editorial Association

HOWARD F. GROSSMAN - Publisher
RODGER GROSSMAN - Business Manager

March 29, 1967

Opportunity To Preserve For Prosperity

One of the most commendable projects which has come our way in a long time is now upon us. It is the Historical Association's efforts to preserve the John Hay home and create a Washington County Historical Center.

This has long been talked about. Much work has gone into the planning and it now appears the project is well on the way. The idea has been taken lightly at times in the past but that time is past. We need but to consider what it is that attracts people to places elsewhere. How many of us have taken vacation trips and thrilled to exhibits of things of historic significance? Invariably we seek out such historic shrines in whatever community or area our travels take us.

Washington county is rich in such things of historical interest. We who live among them sometimes do not recognize how much they mean. But we will all be amazed at what will result upon the accomplishment of this project.

We commend this project as one of importance to each of us and trust the majority of people will feel the same as we do about it.

Historical Society Meeting 3-22-67 On Hay Property Open To Public

TWO EXPERTS TO SPEAK

Two distinguished experts on the restoration of historic buildings will speak at a public meeting to be held Thursday, February 23rd, in Fellowship Hall at the Christian Church on the subject of the purchase and restoration of the John Hay Birthplace in Salem.

Mrs. Helen Duprey Bullock, Editor and Assistant for Special Projects at the National Trust for Historic Preservation and H. Roll McLaughlin of V.P. James Associates in Indianapolis, will be at the meeting.

Mrs. Bullock has written several books and articles on history and preservation, and serves as consulting editor for numerous periodicals. She is coming to Salem to advise and assist the Washington County Historical Society on the restoration of the Hay birthplace. She was co-editor and a contributor to the Ford Foundation Report "With Heritage So Rich" in 1966, and is an Honorary Trustee of the U.S. Capitol Historical Society.

Mr. McLaughlin is a registered architect in Indiana, and is Preservation Officer of the Indiana Society of Architects, serving on the Committee for Preservation of Historic Buildings. He is Director and President of the Historic Landmarks Foundation. Mr. McLaughlin is very familiar with the problems encountered by the Washington County His-

torical Society, as he is now serving as Director and Vice President of the Marion County Historical Society in Indianapolis.

The Washington County Historical Society plans to purchase and restore the Hay home on College, utilizing the building as a museum until another building can be constructed on the property to be used for this purpose.

Although a drive to raise funds for the purpose and restoration is planned in the near future, Historical Society officers stressed the fact that no contributions will be solicited at Thursday evening's meeting.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5, 1967

88TH YEAR — NUMBER 14
SALEM, INDIANA 47167

Historical Society Launches Fund Drive

Governor Contributes \$1,000 To Hay Project

This week marks the start of the Washington County Historical Society's drive for funds to purchase and restore the birthplace of John Milton Hay and to construct a museum on the Hay property. Hay's birthplace, one of Washington County's most historic buildings, is located on South College Ave., just two blocks from the public square.

D. Jack Mahuron, chairman of the society's county-wide fund drive, said an estimated 5,000 letters are being mailed to residents of Washington County and adjoining areas this week urging them to contribute to this very worthwhile project.

Preparing Material

Historical society members spent much of the past week preparing the letters, stuffing the envelopes, addressing and mailing the information to residents throughout the county.

In addition, the Indiana Historical Society has sent approximately 3,000 letters to its members throughout the state requesting that they also back the fund drive that is being conducted in conjunction with Washington County's John Hay project.

All contributions, Mahuron pointed out, are tax deductible under a recent ruling made by the Internal Revenue Service.

Branigin Contributes

To kickoff the local fund drive, Indiana Governor Roger D. Branigin has donated \$1,000 from his contingency fund. "As you can see, this is not only a county project, but a state-wide effort," Mahuron said.

On the local level, Mayor Stanley Bennett and County Commissioners Lee Jackson, Herman Chastain and Harold Day made personal contributions to the drive early this week.

In further discussing the drive, Mahuron said all donors of \$500 or more will have their names permanently inscribed on a bronze plaque that will be mounted on

the new museum. Also, everyone contributing to the drive will be listed on an honor roll that is to be permanently enshrined within the museum.

In the letter mailed this week to county residents, Mahuron said, in discussing the Hay home:

Built In 1824

"Built in 1824, this historic building became the birthplace on October 8, 1838, of one of the nation's most famous statesmen, John Milton Hay. The Society has long cherished the hope of possessing the Hay birthplace with its acre of ground upon which a museum could be erected. This would then be a complete educational and cultural unit of a Historic Birthplace and a Museum building on the same grounds.

"The Society has a vast collection of relics and genealogical research records, including a county newspaper file date from 1820, which is outstanding for a county society. Our headquarters are now in two tiny rooms in the basement of the county courthouse, thus the great need for a historical mu-

seum to house the relics and provide ample room for a research library."

Mahuron goes on to point out that Mrs. Warda Stevens Scott, a former resident of this county, has offered to match, dollar for dollar, all funds donated to the project, and discusses the bronze plaque which is to bear the names of donors of \$500 or more.

Pledge Program

For the convenience of donors the society has established a pledge program which makes it possible for contributors to pay their donation over a two year period — making one payment in 1967 and the other in 1968.

All checks to the project should be made payable to the Washington County Historical Society Inc., and mailed to D. Jack Mahuron, Salem, Ind.

"We, as residents of Washington County, are faced with a tremendous challenge — to purchase and restore this famous landmark and to build a museum to serve as a repository of pioneer relic and history, preserving our com-

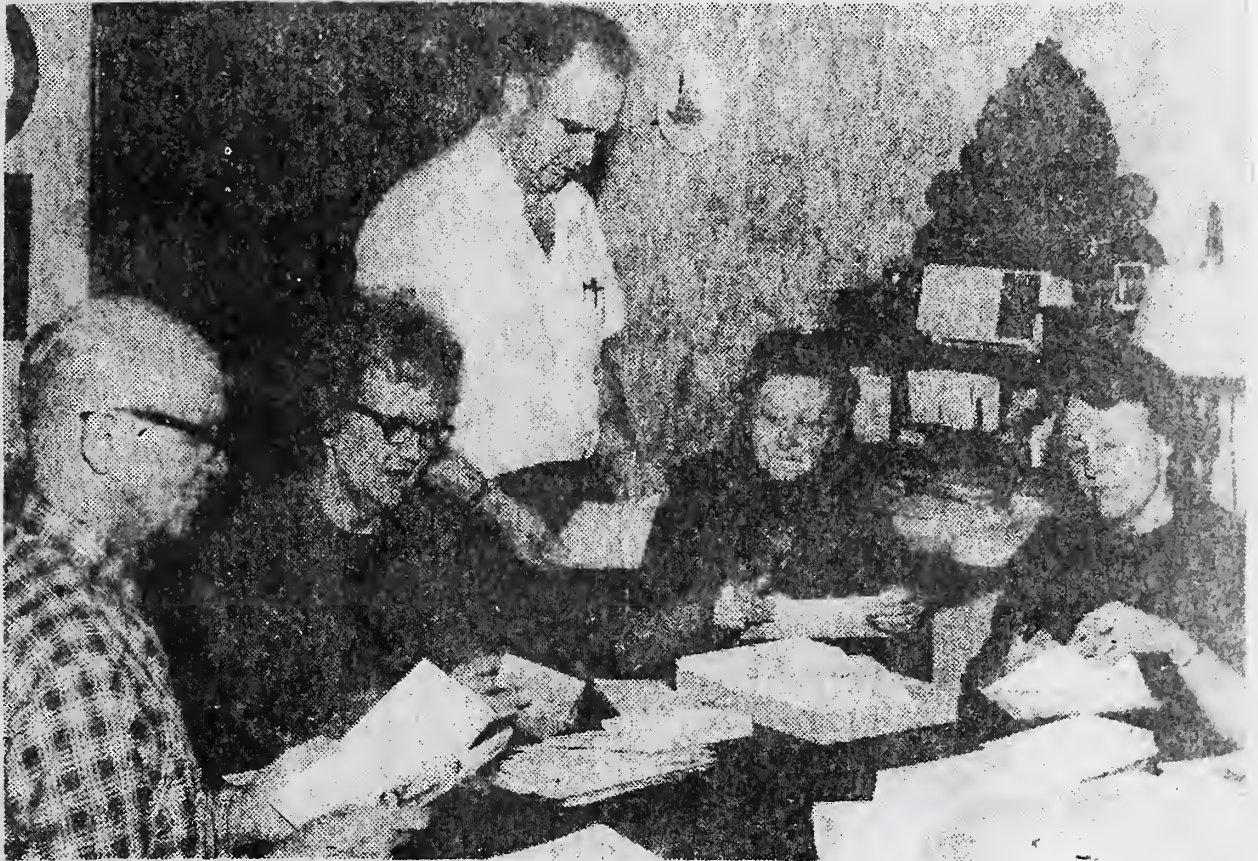
munity heritage for present and future generations," Mahuron said, adding "We hope that everyone in this county will feel that they are an important part of this project and will help support it in every way possible."

Mahuron noted that it would be extremely difficult to get letters to every resident of the county. "We certainly don't want anyone to feel that we've overlooked them. This is a project for all of Washington County."

Those not receiving letters are invited to send their contribution to Mahuron at Salem. A special "pledge" coupon will be printed in this newspaper in the near future.

Hay, a graduate of Brown University, became a secretary to President Abraham Lincoln in 1861. He later became assistant adjutant general of the United States, served in the diplomatic service in Paris, Madrid, and Vienna, was an ambassador to England, and served as secretary of state.

He died in 1905.



STUFFING ENVELOPES — Members of the Washington County Historical Society have spent the past two weeks preparing envelopes for mailing in conjunction with the start of the society's fund drive this week. Workers pictured here are, from left, Will Ferguson,

Pekin; Mrs. Lebert Williams, Salem Rt. 1, East Boston, Florence Street, Salem; Lulie Davis, 506 South High St., Salem, and Mrs. Boston. The workers prepared the fund drive material at Miss Davis' home. (staff photo)

Mrs. Stout Will Match Contributions

Members of the Washington County Historical Society this week revealed that a former resident of Washington County, Mrs. Warda Stevens Stout of Memphis, Tenn., has agreed to match, dollar for dollar, all contributions to the historical society's fund drive that is being launched this week to obtain funds to purchase and restore the John Hay birthplace at Salem and construct a museum on the Hay property.

The historical society officers, in discussing the "matching fund" program established by Mrs. Stout, praised her generosity in assisting the society in preserving one of Washington County's most valuable historic sites and establishing a museum to house the thousands of articles now in the possession of the society.

Mrs. Stout was born at "Brookside" farm, Salem, May 10 1886, the daughter of Warder W. and

Alice Casper Stevens. The farm is now the home of Mrs. O. P. Link and is located just north of Salem on State Road 135.

Mrs. Stout's father, described by her as "a hobbyist," spent much of his time travelling through the county collecting information from early settlers. He later wrote the History of Washington County. In addition, the late Mr. Stevens served as publisher of the Salem Democrat for many years.

Mrs. Stout, in a letter to the historical society officers, said:

Country School

"My education was quite chaotic. It started when I was three years old attending a neighboring country school with my brother, who was too young at that time to be accepted in the Salem Public Schools. The school house was on the adjoining farm — that of William Reymann. Like many coun-

try children, we carried our books in a basket and arrived at our destination, both of us riding the one family horse. My memory of this one room 'seat of learning,' where the students numbered about twenty, from my age up to 20 years, is one of my most cherished recollections."

Mrs. Stout continued: "In due time I entered the downtown school. Miss Mattie Tucker (Mrs. Harvey Morris) was my first teacher. I believe she did more to establish my basic understanding of proper conduct than any other contact I ever had — I loved her dearly. I was a very ordinary student — never at the head of my class — and was thankful to be able to pass each grade as it came."

Enters I. U.

Mrs. Stout later transferred to the Borden Academy and in the fall of 1903 entered Indiana University, her father's alma mater.

On November 1, 1906, she married Charles B. Stout, a flour mill operator from Paoli. They lived at Paoli for two years. Their first child, a daughter, was born at "Brookside," and, as Mrs. Stout relates in her letter, her husband "soon learned a flour mill would not meet the requirements of a young family. The motto of the day was 'Go West young man, go West.' He heeded this call."

The Stouts then moved to Baker City, Oregon, where Mr. Stout built a flour mill. They lived there until 1915, at which time they moved to Memphis, Tenn., their home since that time. A second daughter was born to the couple after their move to Memphis.

Interviewed Settlers

"My formative years spent in Salem fitted me for a very happy and interesting life," Mrs. Stout noted. "My father was a 'hobbyist.' One of his main interests was exploring the early history of his county. Days and even weeks I drove with him through the countryside interrogating the early settlers..."

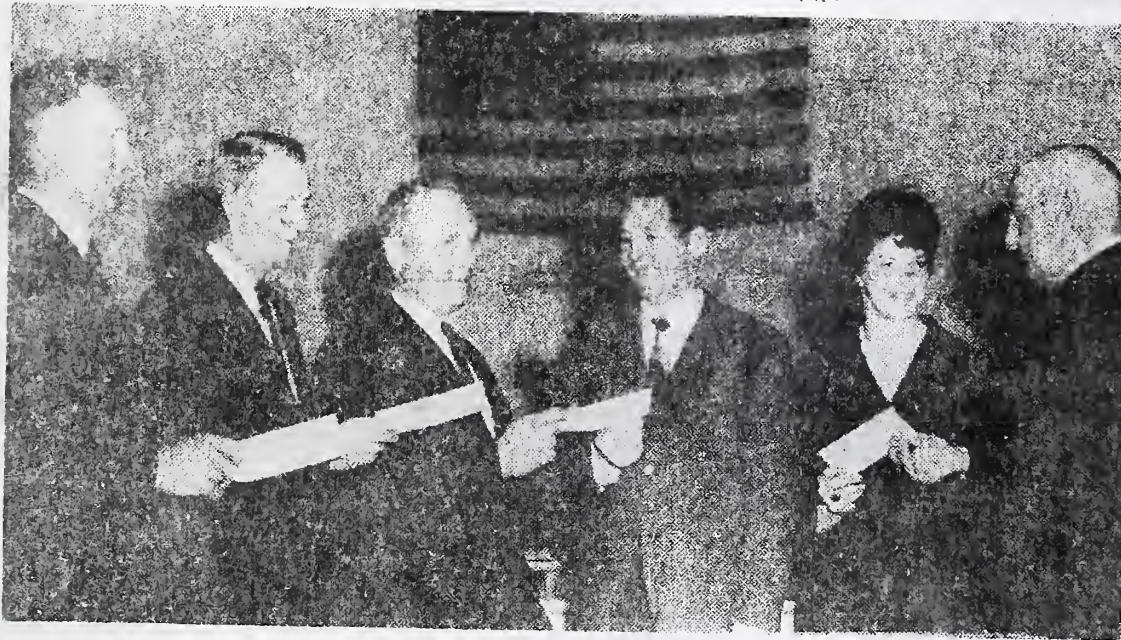
Her father, Mrs. Stout said, was a collector of various sorts, "a characteristic I must have inherited from him for collecting has amused me throughout my adult life. I have spent happy years toiling in my flower garden, building collections of various types of flowers."

She mentioned that she spends many hours in her green house working with flowers. "My conservatory is a blaze of color the year 'round. I find all this time consuming, but so rewarding."

Happy Years

In conclusion, Mrs. Stout wrote: "In my declining years, I find my roots still deeply planted in the soil of Washington County. The reminiscences of my happy years spent in Salem keeps me in exhilarating food for thought. Without such happy memories, time would wear very heavily on my hands."

Mrs. Stout's husband passed away November 3, 1955.



RECEIVING CONTRIBUTIONS — Two members of the Washington County Historical Society are shown here as they receive contributions from the Washington County Commissioners and Salem Mayor Stanley Bennett to

the society's John Hay fund drive. Pictured, from left, are Commissioners Lee Jackson, Herman Chastain and Harold Day; D. Jack Mahuron, fund drive chairman; Clara Marie Burns, president of the historical; and Mayor Bennett. (staff photo)

Salem Leader

4/5/67

Reprints Of Old History Given To Historical Society By Mrs. Stout

Mrs. Warda Stevens Stout of Memphis, Tennessee, has again made a very significant contribution to the people of Washington County by making available a reproduction of an old history of the county at a price which most people can afford.

Mrs. Stout, who was born in Washington County, previously said she would match every dollar contributed to the Washington County Historical Society's John Hay Fund with a dollar of her own, and is currently keeping her word, very well on this point.

Her father, Warder M. Stevens, wrote the "Centennial History of Washington County, Indiana," and it was published by B. F. Bowen and Company of Indianapolis in 1916. Original copies of this history are presently bringing anywhere from \$75 to \$125 at auctions, according to knowledgeable persons in Salem.

Mrs. Stout has made this history available to interested persons by having a limited edition printed by Uni-graphic, Inc., in Evansville. She paid the entire printing bill, and presented the books to the Washington County Historical Society for disposition. The society has placed the books on sale at Mrs. Stout's cost, \$15.

The history is well-printed, hard-bound, and contains 1060 pages of easy-reading and interesting history, including biographical sketches of representative citizens and genealogical records of many of the old families. A welcome addition to the original history of the seventy-six page index of names. For this, the readers have to thank Miss Lulie Davis, the Historical Society's extremely efficient Secretary and Treasurer. Miss Davis ably sought out all information of those who are better interested in acquainting them-

selves with early American folklore.

Mrs. Stout has made the reproduction a living memorial to her father and mother. The original dedication of the history, evidently written by her father, reads as follows: "To the dear, departed ones, whose busy hands changed the giant forests into fertile fields, whose love of home established the hearthstones, the tender ties of which yet bind together the heartstrings of the native born; whose patriotism gave the best of their lives and substance for the

defense of their country; whose graves make sacred the soil their feet so often trod."

Sales of the book at \$15 per copy will be opened by the Historical Society on July 1, and the price will remain at this figure until August 1. After August 1, the price will be \$18.

A spokesman for the Historical Society was quick to point out that a purchase of the book does not constitute a donation to the society's John Hay Fund.

Salem Leader

FEATURES

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12, 1967

SECTION 2

FORMER SALEM resident Mrs. Warda Stevens Stout is pictured here in the conservatory of her Memphis, Tenn., home. Mrs. Stout has agreed to match, dollar for dollar, all contributions that are made to the Washington County Historical Society's drive to obtain funds to purchase and restore the John Milton Hay birthplace on South College Avenue and to build a museum at the rear of the Hay property. The drive started last week. Contributions, which are tax deductible, may be mailed to D. Jack Mahuron, drive chairman, c/o the Farmers-Citizens Bank, Salem.



IRS Ruling . . .

Contributions To Historical Society Are Tax Deductible

James E. Daly, district director for the Internal Revenue Service, has informed the Washington County Historical Society, Inc., that it is exempt from paying Federal income tax. This ruling will also permit donors to the local organization to deduct contributions on their Federal income tax returns.

The society recently applied to the Internal Revenue Service for exemption from Federal income tax.

In a letter addressed to Miss Lulie Davis, society secretary, Daly said: "On the basis of your stated purpose and the understanding that your operations will conform to those proposed in your ruling application, we have concluded that you are exempt from Federal income tax . . ."

Daly went on to point out that "Contributions made to you are deductible by donors as provided in section 170 of the Code. Bequests, legacies, devises, trans-

fers or gifts to or for your use are deductible for Federal estate and gift tax purposes . . ."

The Washington County Historical Society will be launching a fund drive in the near future to obtain enough money to purchase and restore the John Hay birthplace on South College Ave., Salem. The society also plans to erect a museum at the rear of the Hay property at a later date.

All contributions, society officers noted, will be deductible for Federal income tax purposes, as outlined in Daly's letter to Miss Davis.

Dean Rusk Praises Efforts To Restore Hay Birthplace

Member of the Washington County Historical Society have received a letter from United States Secretary of State Dean Rusk commending them for their efforts to restore the birthplace of John Milton Hay, a native of Salem who went on to become active in national politics.

Rusk's letter, dated May 26 and mailed to Clara Marie Burns, president of the society, and D. Jack Mahuron, chairman of the Hay Fund Drive, said:

"It has been brought to my attention by Congressman Lee H. Hamilton that the Washington County Historical Society of Salem, Indiana, is undertaking the restoration of the birthplace of John Hay.

"John Hay's accomplishments in the field of foreign affairs have assured him a permanent place in the history of American Diplomacy. I feel that memorialization of his many contributions would be an important service to the State of Indiana and to the Nation. You have my very best wishes for success in furthering this objective."

In addition to restoring the Hay birthplace on South College Ave., Salem, the society also plans to construct a museum at the rear of the Hay property. 5 31-1967

Lake John Hay . . .

Council Selects Contest Winner

Members of the Salem City Council, at their regular monthly meeting held Monday evening, unanimously approved "Lake John Hay" as the official name for Structure Number Two of the Twin-Rush Creek Watershed.

160 Entries

In January, the city council announced the start of a contest to obtain a suitable name for the lake. Over 160 entries were received by the deadline, midnight Saturday, Feb. 4. Because of the large number of entries submitted in the contest, it was necessary for the council to allot considerable time to the selection of a winner, resulting in the delay in announcing the new name.

Mayor Stanley Bennett told this newspaper Tuesday that the

winning entry was provided by Mrs. Helen Burgess of Campbellsburg Rt. 2, who suggested the name "Lake John Hay."

A number of entries, the mayor added, carried the name John Hay in their titles, but either listed it as "John Hay Lake" or "John Hay Reservoir." Mrs. Burgess' entry was the only one suggesting "Lake John Hay."

Wins Radio

As the winner of the contest, Mrs. Burgess will be awarded a portable radio provided by members of the city council.

The mayor and other city officials noted that many of the entries provided excellent suggestions for lake names and thanked all those who took time to participate in the contest.

March 8, 1967

John Hay Essay Contest Starts

Junior high school students from Washington County's three school corporations are learning about the life and work of John Milton Hay as they participate in an essay contest sponsored by the Washington County Historical Society.

The contest, society officials said, is sponsored in conjunction with the organization's efforts to purchase and restore the birthplace of John Hay on College Ave., Salem.

A \$5 first prize and a \$3 second prize will be awarded in each of the three schools. The over-all first place winner will receive a Steven's Washington County History.

History and Civics teachers in the county have commented that this is a very worthwhile project and are cooperating with the society to make it a success.



DR. JAMES HUFFMAN

Professor Huffman To Speak At Salem On John Hay's Life

Dr. James Huffman, Professor of Humanities for the General Motors Institute, is scheduled to speak in Salem this Thursday evening on the life of John Milton Hay, one of Salem's most illustrious natives.

Dr. Huffman, a native of Salem and son of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Huffman, 108 Reid Avenue, will speak at Fellowship Hall in the First Christian Church on East Walnut Street from 8 to 9 p.m.

Dr. Huffman has done extensive research on this famous statesman, author and diplomat who was born at Salem and lived the first years of his life in a log cabin on South College Ave., just two blocks from Salem's public square.

Hay went on to become a secretary to president Abraham Lincoln and to hold other high governmental positions.

All proceeds from Thursday's talk are being donated by Dr. Huffman to the John Hay Fund. Purpose of the fund, being operated by the Washington County Historical Society, is to purchase and restore the Hay home at Salem and to construct a museum at the rear of the Hay property. Donation Thursday evening is \$1.00 for adults. Children are to be admitted free of charge.

All are invited to attend this talk.



LOOKING.....Dr. James Keller, head of Indiana University's Anthropology Department, supervises as his students dig into a mound in the yard of the former Hay home on South College St. in Salem. The unidentified kibitzer on the left is evidently satisfied with just watching. (Story on page 1)

Staff Photo

I.U. Bunch Really 'Digs' Hay Birthplace

The John Hay Birthplace Project of the Washington County Historical Society took a giant step forward last Saturday when Dr. James Keller, head of the Anthropology Department of Indiana University, came to Salem along with some of his student assistants to do some preliminary probing and excavation work in the yard of the Hay home on South College Street.

This work is an accepted procedure for all authentic restoration projects, and the only expense involved for the Washington County Historical Society is the cost of meals for the students.

Last February, Helen Duprey Bullock, Consulting Editor and Director of Information for the National Trust for Historical Preservation spoke to a Salem audience on the project, and stressed the importance of archaeological excavation.

Dr. Keller, whose chief assistant was Mrs. Keller, and his students first checked out the well at the Hay home, but after investigation concluded that this well had been built after the Hay period, or at least had been modernized since that time.

After drawing this conclusion, they turned their attention to a mound in the yard, in which preliminary borings had shown a quantity of home-made brick. Digging in the mound revealed odd bits of Indian flint and crockery in addition to the brick. The presence of the brick in the mound raised the possibility that it was once the side of a well, earlier than the well closer to the house.

Dr. Keller told Everett Dean, Chairman of the Planning Committee for the historical

society's project, that deeper digging may uncover more interesting artifacts. Old wells are said by many archaeologists to furnish a wealth of information. Dr. Keller plans to return to Salem with his students in September to complete his work begun last Saturday.

Among the students, who showed a distinct ability and liking for their work, was a local youth, Herman Stine, of Rt. 5, Salem. Other members of the summer archaeological workshop are Jerry Allen of Indianapolis, Louis Horacek of Morgantown, Ohio, Robert Brunig of Indianapolis, and Charles Meador, of Navarre, Ohio.

7-26 1967



INDIANA GOVERNOR Roger D. Branigin, left, presents a check for \$1,000 to D. Jack Mahuron, Washington County's State Sesquicentennial Chairman, following the announcement that the county had been awarded first place in the manuscript contest sponsored by the State Sesquicentennial Commission. The money will be applied to the Washington County Historical Society's John Hay Fund Drive.

—Receives \$1,000—

County Leads State In Manuscript Competition

Washington County takes first place in the State!

It happened! Washington County won first place for the best response in the statewide manuscript contest conducted by the state Sesquicentennial Committee in conjunction with Indiana's Sesquicentennial observance.

As winner, Washington County received a check for \$1,000, which was presented in ceremonies at Indianapolis last Wednesday to D. Jack Mahuron, the county's state Sesquicentennial chairman. The presentation was made by Governor Roger D. Branigin at a banquet held at Sweitzer Center, Indiana Central College.

As stipulated in the contest regulations, the state Sesquicentennial chairman from the winning county could designate where the \$1,000 first place award would be used. Mahuron chose to add the amount to the Washington County Historical Society's John Hay Fund Drive which is now underway.

In announcing that Washington County had been named winner of the contest, Mahuron praised all members of the historical society for their efforts in obtaining material to be entered in the contest. He also commended private citizens who searched through attics, basements, old trunks and other places to obtain material of historic interest for the county so submit.

Governor Branigin was host to the meeting, which was attended by various county representatives from throughout the state. He praised the Washington County delegation for their outstanding work in the Manuscript Contest. Dr. Donald F. Carmony, Indiana State Sesquicentennial chairman, also commended the county for obtaining the large quantity of historic material that was submitted from here.

Mrs. Ed Burns, president of the Washington County Historical Society, and Miss Lulie Davis, secretary-treasurer for the society, were in charge of securing and arranging the historic manuscripts gathered from the various county sources.

In addition to Mahuron, those attending from this county were Mrs. Mahuron, Mrs. Burns, Miss Davis and State Senator Victor Green of Pekin. James Guthrie of Bedford, a director of the State commission, was also in attendance for the awards presentation.

Winner of second place in the contest received \$500 and the third place county was the recipient of \$250.

The banquet climaxed an afternoon and evening of events which began with a tour of the Indiana Historical Museum in its new quarters in the afternoon. From 4 to 5 p.m. there was a reception at the Indiana War Memorial in conjunction with the visit to the historical museum, followed by the banquet at Indiana Central College.

Sept. 5, 1967

THE WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

OF SALEM, INDIANA

REQUESTS THE PLEASURE OF YOUR PRESENCE

AT THE

DEDICATION AND OPENING

OF THE

JOHN HAY CENTER

ON SUNDAY, THE TWENTY-SEVENTH OF JUNE

NINETEEN HUNDRED SEVENTY-ONE

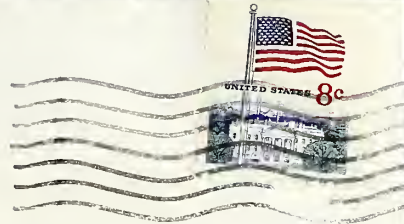
AT TWO O'CLOCK

307 EAST MARKET STREET

SALEM, INDIANA

*Come if you can. Thank You
again for your assistance.
Everett S. Dean*

Everett S. Dean
RFD 1
Orleans, Ind. 47452



*Mr. & Mrs. R. Gerald McMurtry
The Lincoln Nat'l Life Foundation
H. Wayne
Indiana*



Lincoln Lore

May, 1980

Bulletin of the Louis A. Warren Lincoln Library and Museum. Mark E. Neely, Jr., Editor.
Mary Jane Hubler, Editorial Assistant. Published each month by the
Lincoln National Life Insurance Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana 46801.

Number 1707

A Progressive Admiration: Theodore Roosevelt and Abraham Lincoln

The Progressive Era was a great period for American historical writing. The two most learned Presidents since Jefferson, Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, occupied the White House in this age of reform. Both men were historians. The historical discipline was becoming more professionalized every day. With the deaths of the contemporary writers who knew Abraham Lincoln personally — William H. Herndon, Ward Hill Lamson, Isaac N. Arnold, John G. Nicolay, and John Hay — Lincoln scholarship was becoming more critical and objective. One of the masterpieces of Lincoln literature, Lord Charnwood's biography, appeared near the end of the era. A Republican and Progressive, Albert J. Beveridge, would soon bring writing on Lincoln into the mainstream of professional historical scholarship.

The greatest spur to the study of Lincoln in this period was the celebration of the centennial of his birth in 1909. To this factor, one must surely add Theodore Roosevelt's interest in the life of the Sixteenth President. It was a lifelong interest inherited from his father. Although Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., had married into a Georgia slaveholding family, he was an ardent Republican. He apparently met the President and Mrs. Lincoln while he was in Washington in 1862, working to establish a system whereby allotments for soldiers' families could be deducted from their pay before all the money went into the hands of corrupt sutlers and liquor peddlers. The elder Roosevelt served on the United States Allotment Commission in New York and performed considerable work for the common soldiers and their families. He knew Nicolay and Hay well.

Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., though a young man during the Civil War, chose to hire a substitute for his army service rather than to enlist. Some have speculated that his son later exhibited great zeal for combat out of embarrassment at his father's course during the war. The father certainly influenced the son in more direct ways. From his father, the future President gained an admiration for the Republican

party, a penchant for trying to help the common man, and a keen interest in Abraham Lincoln.

Roosevelt's view of Lincoln changed with time. Before the turn of the century, his admiration of the Sixteenth President was conventional for a budding Republican politician with a sense of history. Roosevelt considered slavery "a grossly anachronistic and un-American form of evil," and he naturally admired the man who ended it. He hated "the professional Abolitionists." They were the sort of people who always agitated about something and, in the case of slavery, they happened for once to be correct. Roosevelt thought that the ultimate extinction of slavery had been a certainty, but it might have taken another hundred years without the Civil War. In sum, he liked Lincoln's moderation.

Around the time of the Spanish-American War, when Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, he had a

rather special interpretation of Lincoln's life. "I feel that in this age we do well to remember," Roosevelt told the Republican Club of New York on Lincoln's Birthday in 1898, "...that Abraham Lincoln, who prized the material prosperity of his country so much, prized her honor even more, that he was willing to jeopardize for a moment the material welfare of our citizens that in the long run her honor might be established." A jingoist critique of men who valued the stock market more than the national honor followed and was aimed at the many businessmen who had little enthusiasm for American imperialism.

Early in Roosevelt's career, Lincoln appears to have been his second choice among historical heroes. George Washington was, "not even excepting Lincoln, the very greatest man of modern times," Roosevelt told Henry Cabot Lodge in 1884. Almost a decade later, he was still describing Washington as the "greatest of Americans" and an exemplar of the sort of national greatness forged by "feats of hardihood, of daring, and of bodily prowess." Hunting in his youth had made Washington a great man.

Later in his life, Roosevelt was careful to link the two



From the Louis A. Warren
Lincoln Library and Museum

FIGURE 1. Theodore Roosevelt.

men's names in public utterances. He referred always to "the two greatest statesmen this country has ever had." He never said publicly that he preferred the one or the other. Like his friend Henry Cabot Lodge, Roosevelt was also a great admirer of Alexander Hamilton, but Hamilton was far too anti-democratic in political sentiment to be very quotable by an active politician. Roosevelt, however, professed to see a lot of Hamiltonian Federalism in Lincoln:

He [Lincoln] seized — half unwittingly — all that was best and wisest in the tradition of Federalism; he was the true successor of the Federalist leaders; but he grafted on their system a profound belief that the great heart of the nation beat for truth, honor, and liberty.

Roosevelt despised Thomas Jefferson. He thought "the worship of Jefferson a discredit" to his country, and the more he studied Jefferson, the more profoundly he distrusted him. He was "the most incapable executive that ever filled the presidential chair," but he "did thoroughly believe in the people, just as Abraham Lincoln did." For a man who detested Jefferson, Lincoln was a crucial link to America's liberal tradition. The more liberal and reform-minded Roosevelt grew, the more interested he became in Lincoln. Neither the conservative Hamilton nor the bland Washington could supply that vital impulse.

As early as 1885, Roosevelt criticized a Supreme Court decision which favored conservative interests by referring to Lincoln's critique of the Dred Scott decision. Most often, however, it was Lincoln's practicality and moderation which appealed to Roosevelt. In 1900 he told a correspondent that, even though Lincoln was one of the two greatest Americans, he had made mistakes. Appointing Simon Cameron as Secretary of War and making General Ambrose E. Burnside commander of the Army of the Potomac were big mistakes, but Lincoln had to work with the materials at hand to achieve his goals. He could not, for example, accomplish anything by ignoring Cameron's influence in Pennsylvania. "If Lincoln had not consistently combined the ideal and the practicable," Roosevelt concluded, "the war for the union would have failed, and we would now be split in half a dozen confederacies."

When, as President of the United States, Roosevelt faced a serious anthracite coal strike in 1902, he recalled reading Nicolay and Hay's history of the Lincoln administration and took inspiration from their depiction of the Sixteenth President as a resolute man badgered by contradictory advice from extremists on both sides. What Roosevelt liked best about Lincoln in this period of his life was his strong conception of the Presidential office. Roosevelt had "a definite philosophy about the Presidency," he told Henry Cabot Lodge in 1908. "I think it should be a very powerful office, and I think the President should be a very strong man who uses without hesitation every power that the position yields." In fact, he called this the "Jackson-Lincoln theory of the presidency," and he contrasted it with "the Buchanan principle of striving to find some constitutional reason for inaction." As he neared the end of his second term in 1908, Roosevelt pointed to Washington and Lincoln as strong Presidents who acted in a disinterested way as the people's Presidents. He still mentioned Washington with Lincoln, but Lincoln was the really important figure in justifying Roosevelt's active conception of the Presidency. He had said years earlier that Lincoln "was the first who showed how a strong people might have a strong government and yet remain the freest on earth."

William Howard Taft was Roosevelt's handpicked successor, but his conception of the Presidential office was far different from Roosevelt's. The restless ex-President quickly moved into sharp opposition to Taft's brand of Republicanism. Roosevelt's view of Lincoln moved with him steadily to the left. At Ossawatimie, Kansas, in 1910, Roosevelt declared that property should be the servant and

not the master of America, and he legitimized his radical doctrine by quoting from Lincoln's first annual message to Congress:

Labor is prior to, and independent of, capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital, and deserves much the higher consideration.

At the Lincoln birthday banquet of the Republican Club of New York in 1911, Roosevelt spoke on "Abraham Lincoln and Progressive Democracy." He was no longer celebrating the moderate President Lincoln, who had mediated between the extremists during the Civil War. Now he hailed Lincoln for meeting "the problems of the present, not by refusing to use other methods than those that had solved the problems of the past, but by using the new methods necessary in order that the old principles could be applied to the new needs." This progressivism, Roosevelt insisted, made Lincoln "the real heir of George Washington."

Roosevelt still could not muster any enthusiasm for Thomas Jefferson, who inspired other liberal reformers in this era.

The founders of our Government, the men who made the Constitution and who signed the Declaration of Independence, tended to divide into two groups, those under Hamilton, who believed in a strong and efficient government, but who distrusted the people; and those under Jefferson, who did not believe in a strong or efficient government, but who in a certain sense did trust the people — although it was really distrust of them to keep the government weak. And therefore for decades we oscillated between the two tendencies, and could not develop the genuine strength that a democracy should have until Abraham Lincoln arose, until he and the men with him founded the Republican party on the union of the two ideas of combining efficient governmental force with genuine and whole-hearted trust in the people.

Roosevelt supported increasingly liberal reform ideas, including the recall of judicial decisions. In criticizing the Supreme Court, the ex-President invoked Lincoln's denunciation of the Supreme Court of Roger B. Taney and the Dred Scott decision. Roosevelt repeatedly linked his New Nationalism and his third-party candidacy for the Presidency on the Progressive ticket with the heritage of Abraham Lincoln.

All this was too much for the living link to the Sixteenth President, Robert Todd Lincoln, to swallow. Though he rarely engaged in public disputes over the meaning of his father's life, Robert, a Taft Republican, felt that he had to answer Theodore Roosevelt. The resulting public letter from Lincoln's son is a remarkable document which testifies to the changes in the Lincoln family's political beliefs over the years.

The Government under which my father lived was, as it is now, a republic, or representative democracy, checked by the Constitution which can be changed by the people, but only when acting by methods which compel deliberation and exclude so far as possible the effect of passionate and short-sighted impulse. A Government in which the checks of an established Constitution are actually, or practically omitted — one in which the people act in a mass directly on all questions and not through their chosen representatives — is an unchecked democracy, a form of Government so full of danger, as shown by history, that it has ceased to exist except in communities small and concentrated as to space. A New England town meeting may be good, but such a Government in a large City or State, would be chaos.

As I understand it, the essence of Mr. Roosevelt's proposals is that we shall adopt the latter form of Government in place of the existing form. This, in simple words, is a proposed revolution, peaceful perhaps, but a revolution.

Robert thought that such a revolution would "surely . . . lead to attempted dictatorships."

Robert not only disagreed politically with the form of government he thought Roosevelt was promoting but also believed that Roosevelt was in error in asserting that there were Abraham Lincoln texts which supported such doctrine. "President Lincoln," said his son, "wrote many letters, made many public addresses and was the author of many documents. I do not know of the existence in any of them of a word of censure, or of complaint of our Government, or of the methods by which it was carried on." Roosevelt's proposal for the recall of judicial decisions brought a specific response:

His [Lincoln's] attitude toward the Dred Scott decision is urged as in support of the pernicious project for the recall by popular vote, of judges and of judicial decisions. He thought it an erroneous decision, but his chief point in reference to it was not its error, but that it indicated a scheme, and was a part of it, for the nationalization of human slavery. He never suggested a change in our government under which the judges who made it should be recalled, but said that he would resist it politically by voting, if in his power, for an act prohibiting slavery in United States territories, and then endeavor to have the act sustained in a new proceeding, by the same court reversing itself.

Finally, Robert interpreted the Gettysburg Address for Roosevelt by asserting that, when Lincoln "prayed (if I may use the word) that 'Government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth,' he meant, and could only mean, that government under which he lived, a representative government of balanced executive, legislative and judicial parts, and not something entirely different — an unchecked democracy."

The great irony, if not tragedy, of this misunderstanding between Robert T. Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt was that both men sincerely revered Abraham Lincoln's legacy and that both were quite knowledgeable about him. To be sure, Roosevelt said always that Lincoln and Washington were the greatest men our republic had produced. Even when he spoke at the dedication of Gutzon Borglum's Lincoln statue in Newark in 1912, Roosevelt complimented the people of Newark for commemorating "in fit form one of the two greatest statesmen that this country has ever had." It seems as though it was almost a political effort always to mention Lincoln and Washington together. Sectionalism may have been strong enough and Lincoln's image partisan enough still to necessitate paying homage to a Virginia hero as well.

Lincoln grew more "progressive" over the years in Roosevelt's view, and he apparently grew progressively more important for Roosevelt. In private utterances, Roosevelt seemed less reluctant to mention Lincoln without at the same time recalling Washington's memory. Close association with John Hay, who served as Secretary of State under Roosevelt, certainly increased his interest in Lincoln. After Hay's death in 1905, Roosevelt told Lyman Abbot:

John Hay's house was the only house in Washington where I continually stopped. Every Sunday on the way back from



From the Louis A. Warren
Lincoln Library and Museum

FIGURE 2. Robert Todd Lincoln.

church I would stop and have an hour's talk with Hay. We would go over foreign affairs and public business generally, and then I would usually get him to talk to me about Lincoln — for as you know, Lincoln has always meant more to me than any other of our public men, even Washington.

That same year, Hay had sent Roosevelt a ring to wear at his inauguration as President of the United States.

DEAR THEODORE:

The hair in this ring is from the head of President Lincoln. Dr. Taft cut it off the night of the assassination and I got it from his son — a brief pedigree.

Please wear it tomorrow; you are one of the men who most thoroughly understand and appreciate Lincoln.

I have had your monogram and Lincoln's engraved on the ring.

Longas, O uitinam, bone dux, ferias Praestes Hesperiae

Yours affectionately
JOHN HAY

In Roosevelt's *Autobiography*, written in 1913 at the height of his Progressivism, he recalled Hay's gift:

John Hay was one of the most delightful of companions, one of the most charming of all men of cultivation and action. Our views on foreign affairs coincided absolutely; but, as was natural enough, in domestic matters he felt much more conservative than he did in the days when as a young man he was private secretary to the great radical democratic leader of the '60's, Abraham Lincoln. . . . When I was inaugurated on March 4, 1905, I wore a ring he sent me the evening before, containing the hair of Abraham Lincoln. The ring was on my finger when the Chief Justice administered to me the oath of allegiance to the United States; I often thereafter told John Hay that when I wore such a ring on such an occasion I bound myself more than ever to treat the Constitution, after the manner of Abraham Lincoln, as a document which put human rights above property rights when the two conflicted.

Shortly before he gave his address on Lincoln in Hodgenville, Kentucky, on the hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's birth, Roosevelt told his son, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., "Lincoln is my great hero, as you know, and I have just put my heart into this speech."

Theodore Roosevelt did much to keep Lincoln in the public eye. As Roosevelt changed over time, so did his image of the Sixteenth President. At first he celebrated the practical moderate who injected popularity into the party of strong government. Later, Roosevelt invoked the image of a radical democrat who kept the country's vital principles alive by inventive applications of them to a changed political environment. Through it all, Roosevelt's degree of interest in Lincoln grew in intensity. Even though publicly he was careful to tout Lincoln and Washington together as America's two greatest heroes, in private he admitted, "For some reason or other he [Lincoln] is to me infinitely the most real of the dead Presidents." Washington gained only a sort of obligatory fealty from Roosevelt. He never engaged Roosevelt's rhetorical attention as Lincoln did. Theodore Roosevelt admired Washington as a statue, but he admired Lincoln as a man.

CUMULATIVE BIBLIOGRAPHY 1979-80

by Mary Jane Hubler

Selections approved by a Bibliography Committee consisting of the following members: Dr. Kenneth A. Bernard, 50 Chatham Road, Harwich Center, Mass.; Arnold Gates, 289 New Hyde Park Rd., Garden City, N.Y.; Carl Haverlin, 8619 Louise Avenue, Northridge, California; James T. Hickey, Illinois State Historical Library, Old State Capitol, Springfield, Illinois; E.B. (Pete) Long, 607 S. 15th St., Laramie, Wyoming; Ralph G. Newman, 175 E. Delaware Place, 5112, Chicago, Illinois; Hon. Fred Schwengel, 200 Maryland Avenue, N.E., Washington, D.C.; Dr. Wayne C. Temple, 1121 S. 4th Street Court, Springfield, Illinois. New items available for consideration may be sent to the above persons, or the Louis A. Warren Lincoln Library and Museum.

1979

LINCOLN MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY

1979-22

Lincoln Memorial University Press/(Device)/Fall, 1979/Vol. 81, No. 3/Lincoln Herald/A Magazine devoted to historical/research in the field of Lincolniana and/the Civil War, and to the promotion/of Lincoln Ideals in American/Education./[Harrogate, Tenn.]

Pamphlet, flexible boards, 10 1/4" x 7 1/4", 141-220 pp., illus., price per single issue, \$3.00.

LINCOLN MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY

1979-23

Lincoln Memorial University Press/(Device)/Winter, 1979/ Vol. 81, No. 4/ Lincoln Herald/A Magazine devoted to historical/research in the field of Lincolniana and/the Civil War, and to the promotion/of Lincoln Ideals in American/Education./ [Harrogate, Tenn.]

Pamphlet, flexible boards, 10 1/4" x 7 1/4", 221-284 pp., illus., price per single issue, \$3.00.

MELLON, JAMES 1979-24

The Face Of/Lincoln/Compiled and Edited by/James Mellon/A Studio Book • The Viking Press • New York/[Copyright 1979 by Viking Penguin Inc. All rights reserved. First published in 1979 by The Viking Press.]

Book, cloth, 14 3/4" x 11 9/16", fr., 201 (7) pp., chapter identification in text, illus., price, \$75.00. Autographed copy by author.

SOTHEBY PARKE

BERNET INC. 1979-25

Sale Number 4315/Important Lincolniana/With Other American Historical/And Financial/Autograph Letters And Documents/The Roy P. Crocker Historical Document Collection/of the Lincoln Savings and Loan Association/ Sold By Order Of The Board Of Directors/Donald W. Crocker, President/Exhibition/Friday, November 23, 1979, to Tuesday, November 27.../Galleries open.../and Monday.../Public Auction/Wednesday, November 28, 1979, at 10:15 a.m. and 2 p.m./Sotheby Parke Bernet Inc. 980 Madison Avenue, New York NY 10021/212-472-3400 Book Department: 472-3592/[Printed by Cosmos Press, New York City, New York. Published by Sotheby Parke Bernet Inc. Photographs by Sotheby Parke Bernet Photography Dept.]

Pamphlet, flexible boards, 9 3/4" x 8 3/4", (68) pp., illus.

STEWART, BARBARA AND DWIGHT 1979-26

(Device) The (Device)/Lincoln/Diddle/by/Barbara and Dwight/Stewart/William Morrow And Company, Inc./New York 1979 [Copyright 1979 by Barbara Stewart and Dwight Stewart. All rights reserved. First edition.]

Book, cloth, 8 1/2" x 5 3/4", 251 (1) pp., price, \$8.95.

LOUIS A. WARREN LINCOLN LIBRARY AND MUSEUM, THE

1979-27

Lincoln Lore/Bulletin of the Louis A. Warren Lincoln Library and Museum. Mark E. Neely, Jr., Editor./Mary Jane

Hubler, Editorial Assistant. Published each month by the/Lincoln National Life Insurance Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana 46801./Number 1697, July 1979 to Number 1702, December 1979.

Folder, paper, 11" x 8 1/2", 4pp., illus. Number 1697, The Abraham Lincoln Association, July 1979; Number 1698, Jack Tar And Abe Lincoln: How The Sailors Voted In '64, August 1979; Number 1699, Lincoln's Springfield Friends: Friends Of The Negro, September 1979; Number 1700, The Last Life Portrait Of Lincoln, October 1979; Number 1701, Lincoln, The Mexican War, And Springfield's Veterans, November 1979; Number 1702, Index for 1979, December 1979.

1980

BURGESS, LARRY E., DR.

1980-1

Caught In The Middle:/Lincoln And The/Smith Brothers Case/By Dr. Larry E. Burgess, Archivist/Head Of Special Collections/A.K. Smiley Public Library/Redlands, California/(Three staggered portraits of: Sumner facing right; Lincoln facing right; and Welles facing left)/February

10, 1980/A Keepsake/Lincoln Memorial Shrine/Redlands, California/(Cover title)/[Printed at the Beacon Printery, Redlands, California.]

Pamphlet, paper, 8 1/2" x 5 7/16", 7 (1) pp., printing on outside back cover. No. 262 of limited edition of 500 copies.

FARRAR, FLETCHER, JR.

1980-2

Illinois February 8-14, 1980 25¢/Times Downstate Illinois' Weekly Newspaper/Demythologizing Lincoln/The Illinoisan Nobody Knows/(Photograph of a Lincoln bust by Volk surrounded and admired by children)/Courtesy National Park Service/Volume 5, Number 20 Schoolchildren get a feel for Lincoln while park ranger Peter Gibbons looks on./What Should/Springfield/Tell Tourists?/P. 4/A Historian/On Myth &/A Great Man/P. 8/The Fight/Over Lincoln's/New Salem/P. 14/ Would Lincoln join/the Abraham Lincoln Association?/P. 12/(Cover title)/[Copyright 1980 by Illinois Times Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in any form without permission prohibited.]

Pamphlet, paper, 16 3/4" x 11 3/4", 27 (1) pp., illus., price, \$0.25.

ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL LIBRARY 1980-3

Illinois/History/Volume 33/Number 5/February 1980/ Abraham Lincoln/To Rise in Life — Riding/the Eighth Circuit — By the/Light of the Moon — Lincoln,/the Politician — Arrival in/Galesburg — The Campaign/of 1860 — Three Minutes at/Gettysburg — Tried by the/Press — Minority President/(Illustration of bas-relief Pickett plaque)/ Abraham Lincoln/(Cover title)/[Copyright 1980 by the Illinois State Historical Society. Published by the Illinois State Historical Society, Old State Capitol, Springfield, Illinois 62706.]

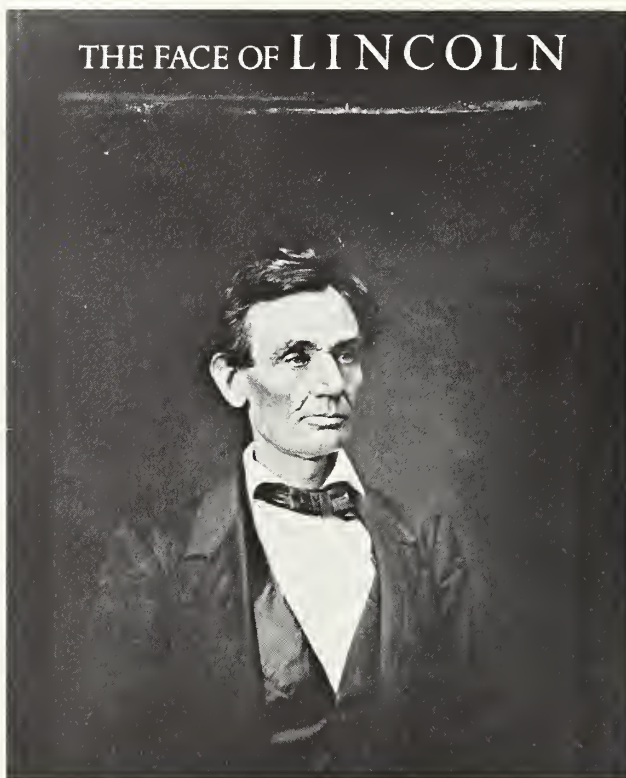
Pamphlet, flexible boards, 9 15/16" x 7 1/4", 99-119 pp., illus., price, 25¢.

LINCOLN NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

(1980)-4

A Guide to/Starting a/Lincoln Library/(Caption title)/[Published in (1980) by the Lincoln National Life Insurance Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana 46801.]

Pamphlet, paper, 6 3/16" x 3 5/16", (12) pp., colored illustrations [one on inside back cover]. Form 16426.



Significa

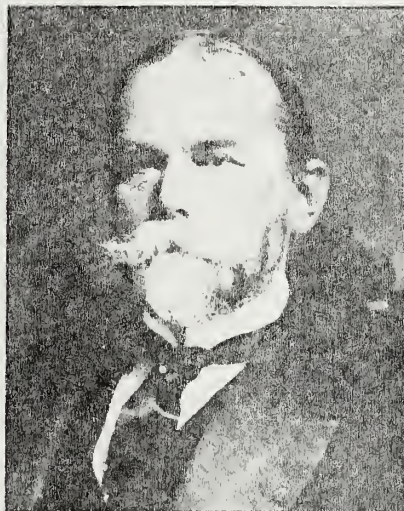
CONTINUED

The Secretary of State Who Tried Hashish

A U.S. Secretary of State was a hashish eater in his youth.

John Hay (1838-1905) was among the 19th century's most respected statesmen, as well as a journalist, poet, historian and diplomat. Early in his career, he was Abraham Lincoln's personal secretary and confidant; later, he collaborated on a 10-volume biography of the slain President. As Secretary of State under Presidents William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt, he helped negotiate the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty (1901), which paved the way for the building of the Panama Canal.

Hay was known for his integrity and decency—but that didn't stop him from experimenting with hashish as a student at Brown University in 1857. In those days, mind-altering drugs enjoyed greater respectability than today, since many people linked them with artistic creativity. Hay had read Fitz Hugh Ludlow's best-seller *The Hasheesh Eater*, then decided to try the drug himself to "see if it was such a marvelous stimulant to



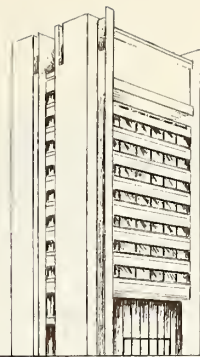
John Hay, no more the "dreamer"

the imagination as Fitz Hugh Ludlow affirmed," according to a classmate.

Apparently it was. In an 1859 letter to the poet Nora Perry, a friend from his undergraduate years, Hay reminisced about his days at Brown, "where I used to eat hasheesh and dream dreams."

—*Idea submitted by Scott G. Burgh, Urbana, Ill.*

AMONG FRIENDS



OF THE LIBRARY OF BROWN UNIVERSITY

Vol. 5, No. 1

Fall, 1988

150th Birthday of John Milton Hay

New students at Brown soon learn that the University's renowned Special Collections are housed in the John Hay Library on Prospect Street. The 75th anniversary of the John Hay Library building took place with appropriate ceremony in the fall of 1985; *this* fall it is John Hay the man whose birthday we celebrate.

Born in Indiana on October 8, 1838, Hay grew up in Illinois where he attended Illinois State University (now Concordia College) in Springfield for two years. In September of 1855 his family sent him to Brown for his last two years, following in the footsteps of his maternal grandfather, David Augustus Leonard, Class of 1792. By November, Hay had become so enthusiastic about Brown he asked his family's permission for more time to complete his degree "to avail myself of the literary treasures of the libraries." Following his graduation in 1858 he joined his uncle Milton Hay's Springfield, Illinois, law firm located in rooms next to those of Abraham Lincoln. After Lincoln's election to the Presidency, Hay and John Nicolay became his private secretaries, traveling to Washington where Hay served in the White House for the next five years as



A pencil sketch of John Hay by Anders Zorn, dated February 18, 1904.

Lincoln's confidant and special messenger.

In March of 1865, Secretary of State Seward appointed Hay Secretary of Legation at Paris, but Hay agreed to stay with Lincoln until June to help him begin his second term of office. Following the assassination, Hay did go to Paris for two years. Thus began his diplomatic career, and during the following three years, he served in the Vienna and Madrid Legations. While in Madrid, he wrote one of his most charming books, published in 1871 as *Castilian Days*. Upon his return to the United States, he went to work for the *New York Tribune*

as an editorial writer.

In 1874 Hay was married to Clara Stone of Cleveland and went to work for her father the following year. He was then able to begin work on a life of Lincoln, as he and Nicolay had long wished to do. The final result was the ten volume *Abraham Lincoln: A History*, published in 1890. It is judged one of the first works of American history to strive to present the facts of Lincoln's life as well as an objective history of the Civil War.

In April of 1897, President William McKinley appointed Hay Ambassador to Great Britain, where his intelligence, wit and charm made him an immediate success. He left with great reluctance in August of 1898, when he was called home to become Secretary of State. He served under McKinley until his assassination in September of 1901, and under Theodore Roosevelt until his own death on July 1, 1905. During his tenure as Secretary of State, Hay was instrumental in negotiating two treaties concerning the Panama Canal, and in settling the dispute with Canada over the boundary of Alaska. In his proclamation of July 3, 1905, President Roosevelt wrote, "His death, a crushing sorrow

(continued on next page)

Message from Henry D. Sharpe, Jr., Chairman of the Friends of the Library

When Vartan Gregorian addressed the Friends of the Library at a Commencement Forum last May to celebrate our Library's 2,000,000th accession, no one knew and few even suspected, that they were seeing Brown's next President in action.

The engagement had been made many months before, in fact almost at the very time the Presidential Search Committee was first getting organized. The Library chose Mr. Gregorian for clearly sound reasons; because of his recognized pre-eminence as an inspiring intellectual leader, but especially because he is a convinced and clear-eyed apostle of what libraries are all about.

Now, it turns out, our well-chosen guest will have a far more extensive influence on the future of Brown's libraries than the mere celebration of our 2,000,000th volume! Nor is it hard to imagine the happiness, out there in the stacks, at the news that Vartan Gregorian is to be at Brown's helm.

What *are* his feelings about libraries, anyhow? Who could tell it better than Mr. Gregorian himself, in words culled from those he used last May:

- "Libraries are as old as civilization, the objects of pride, envy and sometimes senseless destruction. From the clay tablets of Babylonia to the computers of modern libraries stretch more than 5000 years of mens' and womens' insatiable desire to establish written immortality.
- "Libraries contain our nation's heritage, the heritage of humanity, the records of his triumphs and his failure, the records of mankind's intellectual, artistic and scientific achievements. They are the diaries of the human race. They contain humanity's collective memory.
- "They are not repositories of human endeavor alone, they are instruments of civilization, that provide tools for learning, understanding and progress. They are a source of information, a source of knowledge, a source of wisdom, as they are a source of action. They are a laboratory of human endeavor, they are a window to the future, they are a source of hope, they are a source of self-renewal. They're the symbol of our community with mankind. They represent the link between the solitary individual and mankind which is our community.
- "But above all else the libraries—all of them—represent and embody the spirit of humanity, a spirit which has been extolled throughout history by countless writers, artists, scholars, philosophers, theologians, scientists, teachers and ordinary men and women in countless tongues and dialects.
- "The library, in my opinion, is the only tolerant historical institution, for it's the mirror of our society, the record of mankind. It's an institution in which the left and the right, God and Devil, human achievements, human endeavors and human failures—all are retained and classified in order to teach mankind what not to repeat and what to try to emulate.
- "The library marks an act of faith in the continuity of humanity: the library contains a society's collective but discriminatory memory. It's an act of honor to the past and witness to the future,

(continued on next page)

AMONG FRIENDS

Vol. 5, No. 1

Fall, 1988

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Editor: Sally Bosworth

Executive Editor: Sam Streit

Contributors: Mark Brown, Karen Lamoree, Jennifer Lee, Henry D. Sharpe, Jr., Merrily Taylor, Leslie Wendel

Photographs: Sally Bosworth, John Foraste, Brooke Hammerle, Richard Hurley



Vartan Gregorian, accompanied by Richard Salomon, at last May's Commencement Forum when Mr. Gregorian spoke to Friends of the Library on "The Book and the People of the Book."

Birthday, *cont.*

to his friends, is to the people of this country a national bereavement; and it is in addition a serious loss to all mankind, for to him it was given to stand as a leader in the effort to better world-conditions by striving to advance the cause of international peace and justice."

□J.B.L., S.H.B.

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□J.B.L., S.H.B.



JOHN SINGER SARGENT
Portrait of John Hay, Washington, 1903

Friday, October 21, 8:00 PM
Alumnae Hall, Pembroke campus

Gore Vidal
will speak on John Hay

In cooperation with Parents Weekend



FROM POET TO STATESMAN

*A Celebration of the
150th Anniversary of
John Hay's Birth*

EXHIBITION: "John Hay: From Poet
to Statesman" at the John Hay
Library and John D. Rockefeller, Jr.
Library, Brown University

October 8–December 30, 1988

Special John Hay Library exhibition
hours: Saturday and Sunday,
October 22 and 23, 9:00 AM–5:00 PM



The following lectures are made
possible by a grant from the
Rhode Island Committee for the
Humanities.

Schedule may be subject to change.
Call 863-2746 for information.

Sunday, November 13, 3:00 PM
John Hay Library, Lownes Room
George Monteiro, Brown Univer-
sity—"John Hay's Literary Career"

Sunday, November 20, 3:00 PM
John Hay Library, Lownes Room
John Thomas, Brown University—"John Hay on Balance: Perplexities of a Political Biographer"

Sunday, December 4, 3:00 PM
John Hay Library, Lownes Room
Philip Eppard, SUNY Albany, will
lead a discussion of John Hay in the
writings of Gore Vidal.

Sunday, December 12, 3:00 PM
John Hay Library, Lownes Room
Patty O'Toole—"John Hay and the
Five of Hearts"

VanHorn, Cindy

From: Marilyn Creason [REDACTED]
Sent: Sunday, March 26, 2006 10:31 AM
To: VanHorn, Cindy
Subject: John Hay

OK. The book I was trying to describe is called **EXPLORER KING: ADVENTURE, SCIENCE, AND THE GREAT DIAMOND HOAX -- CLARENCE KING IN THE OLD WEST** by Robert Wilson. This is a biography of one Clarence King who was quite a character, to put it mildly. It is also the story of his common law wife, Ada Copeland, ex-slave, who was supported after King's death, till her death, by John Hay, Lincoln's secretary and long time friend of Clarence King.

From the Troup County Archives (NY, I think):

Another ongoing case this fall relates to **Ada Copeland King**. Ada was born a slave in West Point in 1862, eventually made her way to New York City, and married **Clarence King** who served as the first head of the National Geographic Society. King was white and the marriage was "hidden," though many of his rich and famous friends knew. A professor at Amherst College in Massachusetts is writing a biography of King and is diligently trying to find more information about Ada and her family. Alas, Ada has not been found in census records of 1870 or 1880. All efforts to determine who the slave-holding family was have proven fruitless. If you have an Ada Copeland in your family who disappears in the late 1800s or is known to have gone to New York City, please contact me at kaye@trouparchives.org or 884-1828. Working with the researcher and with genealogist Ken Thomas, we feel there is more information to be found but a family contact would surely speed up the process.

I just found this a particularly interesting historical tangent. If you ever had the time, I think it would be an interesting read.

Marilyn

3/27/2006

Town wants to preserve school John Hay attended

By **Deborah Gertz Husar**

Herald-Whig Staff Writer

WARSAW, Ill. — Martha Zumwalt believes today's young people can learn a lot from John Hay.



Hay spent part of his childhood in Warsaw, then went on to serve as a personal secretary to President Abraham Lincoln, an ambassador and secretary of state.

"People need to be proud of where they're from," said Zumwalt, president of the Warsaw Historical Society. "I think people need to know a fellow from Warsaw back in the day when things weren't easy could rise to such heights."

As a first step, Zumwalt hopes a grant through the state's Lincoln Bicentennial Commission will help preserve the Little Brick, the Warsaw school Hay attended until the age of 11.

"We've lost so many historical buildings in Warsaw in the last 25 years that this is one I would very much like to see continue. The Lincoln celebration certainly would be the prime time to call some attention to it," Zumwalt said.

"Lincoln was such a good friend with Hay. Besides being one of his personal secretaries, he was one of the few non-family members with him when he died. He wrote a number of letters attributed to Lincoln. He was a writer. He was a man of words."

The Little Brick, built about 1835, housed the first public school in Warsaw and was used as a school until 1903. The building, vacant now, is the long-time meeting place for the Ralph Parker Post 682 of the American Legion. Zumwalt hopes to develop displays of Hay and his association with Lincoln.

The Legion bought the Little Brick sometime in the 1950s, but Post Commander Elijah Griffin said maintaining the historic structure is an ongoing challenge with dwindling membership and lack of funds.

"We've been thinking about giving it to the Historical Society," he said. "It's all been painted a couple years ago, and we put a new roof on it. It's in pretty good shape on top, but there's a bad place in the floor."

Griffin said the building is open to the public during community celebrations, including Septemberfest, but gets little attention other times.

The building's exterior has changed little over the years but the interior has been remodeled. With proper care, Griffin believes the building still could have a long life.

Hancock County economic development coordinator Kristin Huls said the \$7,000 grant would help repair water damage to the floor and cover other maintenance issues. Grant funding should be announced sometime in January.

"We're pretty optimistic since it is the original structure and it is still standing," she said. "Many of Hay's letters and later writings refer to his days in Spunky Point. Before it was Warsaw, it was Spunky Point."

The grant funding is key to the project. Zumwalt doesn't know of any other funding options unless someone steps forward to help preserve Hay's connection to Warsaw.

"The only other building in town that is connected to Hay is on Main Street. The building where his father had a doctor's office is still standing," Zumwalt said. "We lost the Hay home several years ago."

Drawing more attention to the Little Brick is one goal of the Hancock County effort to promote its Lincoln ties. Kicking off the celebration will be a visit by Lincoln impersonator Max Daniels. He will give a speech in LaHarpe on Oct. 24 and in Carthage on Oct. 25.

The county will get six wayside exhibit signs focusing on sites with Lincoln connections.

Contact Staff Writer Deborah Gertz Husar at dhusr@whig.com or (217) 221-3379

JOHN HAY TIMELINE

n 1838 — Born Oct. 8 in Salem, Ind.

n 1841 — Moved with his family to Warsaw; attended school in Warsaw until age 11.

n 1849 — Attended a private academy in Pittsfield while staying with his uncle, Milton Hay.

n 1860 — Studied law in Springfield and became acquainted with Abraham Lincoln.

n 1861 — Appointed assistant private secretary to Lincoln

n 1890 — With John Nicolay, wrote "Abraham Lincoln: A History," a 10-volume work.

n 1897 — Ambassador to England

n 1898 — Secretary of State to Presidents William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt.

n 1905 — Died July 1 at his summer home in New Hampshire.

architectural significance, and its grounds are one of the most beautiful garden spots in the Cleveland area.

While the cemetery has been in operation for more than 100 years, it was conceived with such foresight that today there are still many attractive, developed sections with available lots of various sizes, as well as acres of undeveloped, beautiful woodlands.

We invite you to tour Lake View Cemetery, a Cleveland landmark.

A colorful, changing scene



Daffodil Hill in bloom.

Lake View Cemetery is one of the most impressive garden spots in the Cleveland area. The cemetery maintains what amounts to a comprehensive arboretum containing hundreds of varieties of specimen trees and shrubs along with magnificent growths of flowers.

Each spring, summer and autumn, as different varieties come into bloom, floral tour routes are laid out and marked so that the public can tour the 285-acre cemetery by car.

Lake View offers colorful, changing scenes throughout most of the year, from a hillside of more than 100,000 clumps of daffodils to azaleas, crabapples, rhododendrons, golden chain, wisteria and other varieties, both common and rare.

The undisturbed, wooded setting of Lake View supports a variety of wildlife and birds, making it an excellent place for birdwatching right in the city. Migratory geese and ducks often stop at our two lakes.

The cemetery maintains a color slide collection of flowers, shrubs and trees in the order of their bloom for use by garden clubs and other interested groups. Arrangements to borrow the slide collection can be made at the cemetery office.

Timeless architecture and priceless art

Spanning a history of more than 100 years, Lake View Cemetery contains memorials representative of a number of period styles up to the present day, including our Garden Crypts. Two of the cemetery's memorials, the Garfield Monument and Jephtha Wade Memorial Chapel, have been placed on the National Register of Historic Places.

Lake View's best known memorial is the James A. Garfield Monument (see map), erected by the citizens of the United States in memory of the country's 20th President. The Monument was dedicated in 1890, and was designed by George H. Keller of Connecticut. The circular tower is built of Ohio sandstone and

stands 180 feet tall. A Carrara marble statue of the President, sculpted by Alexander Doyle, stands in the center of the Monument and is surrounded by stained glass windows and walls of mosaic. The building's exterior is decorated with a frieze divided into panels depicting the life of Garfield as a teacher, statesman, soldier, President, and the last panel shows his body lying in state in the Capitol Rotunda.

The Garfield Monument is open daily, April 1 through November 15.



Jephtha Wade Memorial Chapel.

Jephtha Wade Memorial Chapel (see map), built in memory of the founder of Western Union, is the cemetery's most significant piece of architecture. Built in 1901, the granite structure is classic in design and is located between the cemetery's two picturesque lakes.

The entire chapel interior was designed by Louis Comfort Tiffany. Behind its four-ton bronze doors, the Chapel contains a priceless Tiffany stained glass window of a resurrection scene, one of the nation's most important Tiffany pieces.

The window is done in the Favrite technique developed by Tiffany, a method



The Garfield Monument.

of giving glass opalescent and iridescent qualities by exposing it to chemicals and fumes of molten metals during the glassblowing process. The walls of the sides and head of the chapel are decorated in panels of gold and glass mosaic, and the floor is marble mosaic.

The Chapel is available today to lot owners at Lake View Cemetery for funeral services.

Because of its pricelessness, Wade Chapel must be kept locked. However, cemetery management welcomes inquiries at the office and will gladly accompany visitors to see the Chapel's magnificent interior.

Other memorials

Other major points of architectural interest include a granite memorial to the children and teachers who died in the tragic Collinwood School fire in 1908, and the John D. Rockefeller memorial (see map). The Rockefeller obelisk, a popular monument style of the earlier part of the twentieth century, is the highest monument of its kind.

Period styles can be seen throughout the cemetery. They range from the weeping angels of the Victorian period to arches, such as the Charles F. Brush Columns (see map), to monoliths and even modern geometric sculpture being done today.



John Hay Monument

Lake View today

For more than 100 years, Lake View Cemetery has offered Cleveland area families a wide selection of interment space in surroundings of beauty and dignity. Now, above-ground entombment and cremation niches in Garden Crypts, or in our new Memorial Chapel Mausoleum allow us to meet almost any need.



Memorial Chapel Mausoleum

Memorial Chapel has a glass-canopied drive up entrance, comfortable interior seating and warm sunlit, fully carpeted walkways. The materials used are the same as used in many century-old buildings at Lake View. They are of the highest quality so your family's legacy will live for years to come.

Memorial Chapel is one of the most inviting mausoleums you will ever visit. And one of the most beautiful buildings you will ever see.

With space available to meet interment requirements for the next 100 years, Lake View is committed to maintaining a high quality of service and the natural beauty of the historic non-sectarian cemetery.

Information on the range of services available, including the new Memorial Chapel Mausoleum can be obtained by visiting our office inside the gates at 12316 Euclid Avenue, or by calling 421-2665. Office hours are 8:30 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., Monday through Friday, and Saturday 8:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. The cemetery grounds are open 7:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

The Lake View Cemetery Association

12316 Euclid Avenue • Cleveland, Ohio 44106

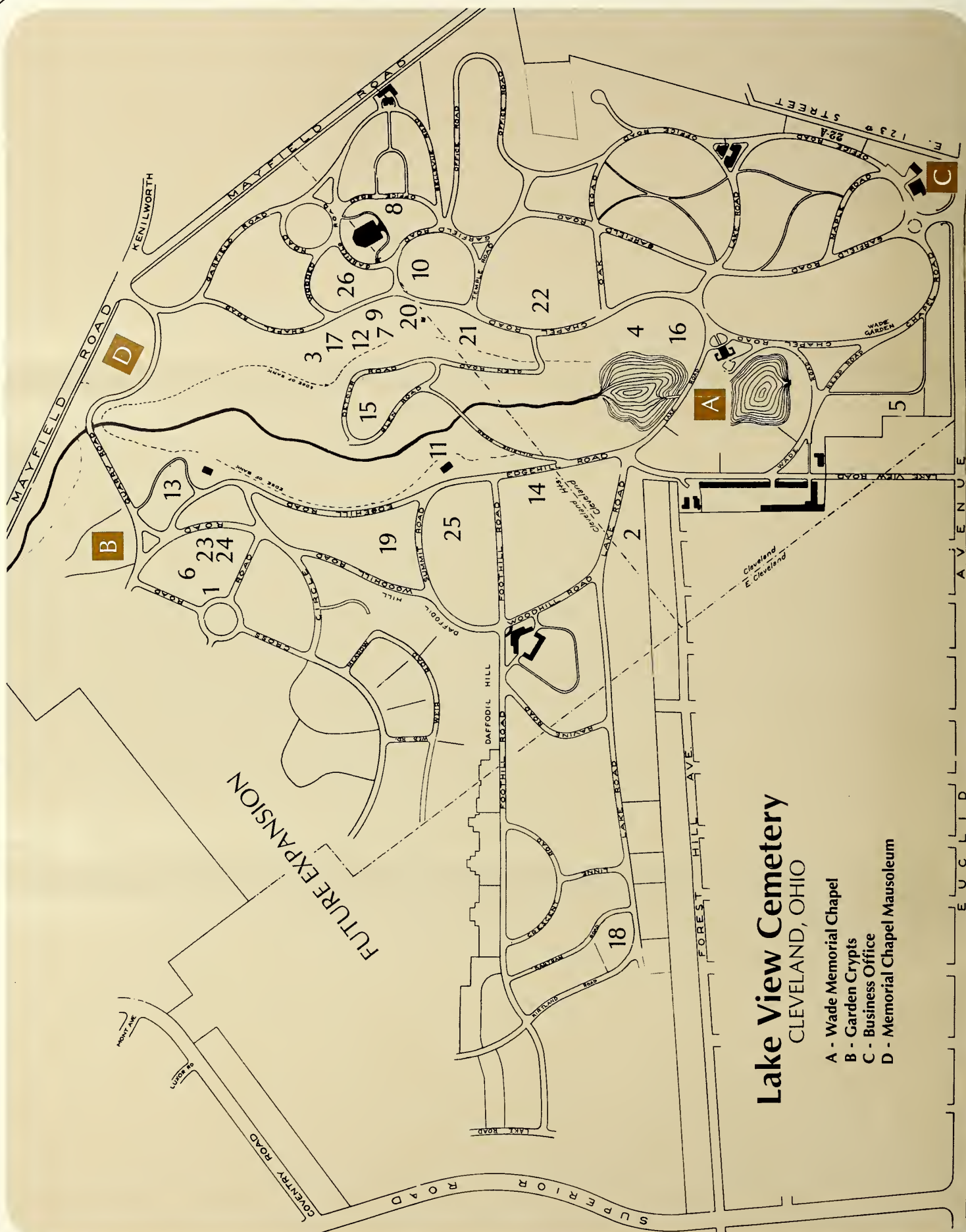


Lake View Cemetery Past and Present

In 1869, when the Cleveland city limits extended only to East 55th Street, a group of the city's leading citizens formed The Lake View Cemetery Association and established Lake View Cemetery in what was then open countryside.

Cleveland, Cleveland Heights and East Cleveland have since grown up around the 285-acre tract, but the rural atmosphere that existed when the cemetery was founded has been preserved and cultivated.

Lake View's history is filled with the names of those who made great contributions to the area's and the nation's industrial, civic, social and cultural development. Today it continues to be chosen as an honored, historic and beautiful final resting place for Cleveland people. The cemetery is the location of several memorials of



Lake View Cemetery CLEVELAND, OHIO

- A - Wade Memorial Chapel
- B - Garden Crypts
- C - Business Office
- D - Memorial Chapel Mausoleum

A historic place

Many Clevelanders who have made strong impact on the political, social, cultural and economic life of the city, the state and the nation are buried at Lake View Cemetery. The graves of 26 of the 42 members of the Early Settlers Association Hall of Fame are located at Lake View, and 21 of Cleveland's past mayors are buried here.

Graves of Hall of Fame members are indicated on the map, and a brief biography of each is listed here:

1. Newton Diehl Baker (1871-1938)

Baker was elected Mayor of Cleveland in 1912 and was appointed Secretary of War by President Woodrow Wilson in 1916. He served in that position through World War I until 1921. As Secretary of War, Baker urged the entrance of the United States into the League of Nations.

2. William Howard Brett (1846-1918)

Brett was the librarian who built the Cleveland Public Library into a city-wide system and introduced the open-shelf system. He organized and headed the Library School at Western Reserve College in 1894.

3. Charles Francis Brush (1849-1929)

Brush was the inventor of the arc lamp, the first lamp to light any city electrically in 1879. A mechanical engineer, he perfected a dynamo in 1873 that powered the first electric street railway.

4. Leonard Case, Jr. (1820-1880)

The philanthropist founder of Case School of Applied Science, Case was also a benefactor of Cleveland Library, Western Reserve Historical Society and other civic and charitable institutions.

5. Charles Waddell Chesnutt (1858-1932)

Teacher, school principal, newspaperman and attorney, Chesnutt was the first great black novelist and short story writer, published in 1899. Critics place him among the foremost storytellers of his time.

6. Dr. George Washington Crile, Sr. (1864-1943)

One of the founders of the Cleveland Clinic Foundation. Surgeon in Spanish-American War and WWI. Performed first successful human blood transfusion. Made Cleveland Clinic world-renowned.

7. Dr. Harvey Williams Cushing (1869-1939)

Cushing was a brain surgeon who pioneered many new techniques. His extensive book collection became the nucleus of the historical medical library at Yale. He won the Pulitzer Prize in 1926 for his biography of Sir William Osler.

8. James Abram Garfield (1831-1881)

A Civil War hero, Garfield was elected to Congress in 1863 and served until 1880 when he was elected 20th President of the United States. Garfield was shot by a disappointed office-seeker on July 2, 1881, and died from the wounds September 19, 1881.

9. Frederick Harris Goff (1858-1923)

Lawyer, president of Cleveland Trust Company during the great expansion period, civic leader, established Cleveland Foundation. Achieved merger of Garfield Bank and Lake Shore Savings with Cleveland Trust Company. Arbiter in Street Railway disputes. Mayor of Glenville.

10. Caesar Augustin Grasselli (1850-1927)

Manufacturing chemist, banker and philanthropist, Grasselli was one of the industrialists who made Cleveland a manufacturing center. He also founded the Society for the Blind.

11. Marcus Alonzo Hanna (1837-1904)

Hanna married Charlotte Rhodes, daughter of a Cleveland coal and iron merchant, and reorganized the family company as M.A. Hanna & Co. Known as the "President Maker," he backed Garfield and McKinley, and was elected to the U.S. Senate in 1897 and 1903.

12. John Milton Hay (1838-1905)

Poet, journalist, historian and statesman, Hay was private secretary to Abraham Lincoln for four years, Secretary to the American Legation in Paris in 1865, and Ambassador to Great Britain in 1897. As McKinley's Secretary of State, he proposed the Open Door policy for China in 1899.

13. Myron Timothy Herrick (1854-1929)

Herrick was a Cleveland attorney who helped found and became president of Society for Savings, now Society National Bank. He was elected Governor of Ohio in 1904, and served as Ambassador to France from 1912 to 1929.

14. Adella Prentiss Hughes (1869-1950)

Concert pianist, helped to establish Cleveland Music School Settlement, founded The Musical Arts Association, then developed the Cleveland Orchestra which she managed 1918-1933.

15. Jared Potter Kirtland (1793-1877)

Physician, naturalist and teacher, Kirtland conducted the first geological survey of Ohio. He was founder of Cleveland Medical College in 1843, and a member of its faculty until 1864. He also made important studies of the zoology of Ohio.

16. Samuel Livingston Mather (1817-1890)

A mining and shipping industry pioneer, Mather helped organize the Cleveland Iron Mining Company, now The Cleveland-Cliffs Iron Company, in 1850. He was a major contributor to Cleveland's industrial prominence.

17. Dr. Dayton Clarence Miller (1866-1941)

Professor of Mathematics and Physics at Case School (Case-WRU). Pioneered work in surgical x-rays; produced first full x-ray of the human body. Contradicted some of Einstein's Theory.

18. Garrett A. Morgan (1877-1963)

Businessman and inventor. Created a gas mask; used it to rescue workers trapped in a 1916 explosion beneath Lake Erie. Invented first tri-color traffic stop. Founded "Cleveland Call" (now "Cleveland Call and Post").

19. Rufus P. Ranney (1813-1891)

Lawyer. 1851 delegate to Constitutional Convention of Ohio. Two times Judge of Ohio Supreme Court. First President of the Ohio State Bar Association. Candidate for Governor of Ohio in 1859.

20. John Davison Rockefeller (1839-1937)

Financier and philanthropist, Rockefeller started his career as a store clerk and went on to found the Standard Oil Company in Cleveland in 1870. He was a genius at organization and devised the modern corporate trust. His benefactions during his lifetime totaled \$550 million, and the Rockefeller Foundation continues to support a multitude of civic and charitable causes.

21. Rebecca Eliot Cromwell Rouse (1799-1887)

Founder of the Martha Washington and Dorcas Society and organizer of the Soldier's Aid Society and the U.S. Sanitary Commission (fore-runner of Red Cross). Devoted her life to activities in several benevolent activities. Called "Mother of Baptist Church" in Cleveland.

22. Charles Franklin Thwing (1853-1937)

Thwing, a prolific writer on education and history, was president of Western Reserve University during its greatest expansion from 1890 to 1921. He established schools of law, dentistry, pharmacy, social science, graduate school and the school of education.

23-24. Mantis James Van Sweringen (1881-1935)

Orris Paxton Van Sweringen (1879-1936)

These brothers from East Cleveland became entrepreneurs in real estate and railroad management. They acquired stock control of the Nickel Plate, Erie, Chesapeake & Ohio, Pere Marquette and Missouri Pacific Railroads; built Shaker Heights, its rapid transit system and Terminal Tower.

25. Iephtha Homer Wade (1811-1890)

Wade organized and built a number of midwest telegraph lines which were consolidated. In 1854 to form Western Union Telegraph Company. A philanthropist, he gave the city Wade Park. Wade organized The Lake View Cemetery Association and was its first president.

26. Alexander Winton (1860-1932)

Started as a bicycle manufacturer. He was a pioneer in the "horseless carriage" era who set the pace for Cleveland's auto industry. In 1897 manufactured a car that went "all the way from Cleveland to New York City" in 10 days. His most noted car was the Winton Six, and he was first to sell automobiles commercially in U.S.



MOTTO: Striving to preserve our heritage.

On September 29, 1875, some of the early pioneers met in the first "Old Settlers" meeting in the county to recount tales of early days and display old relics. These meetings occurred periodically until a permanent annual "Old Settlers" meeting was organized September 1, 1897, and eventually became known as "Old Settlers and Historical Society." In 1915, the members re-organized as the "Washington County Historical Society" and continued under the name until the suffix "Inc." was added a few years ago.

The genealogical library contains outstanding collections of local history and is known far and wide for its research facilities on family trees. It is continually growing as members uncover old documents, records and accounts to add to the collections.

The organization is not a hobby. It is a repository of pioneer history and custodian of community heritage for present and future generations.

The members of the Society serve as volunteers to operate the John Hay Center. The Society welcomes support through membership, volunteer services and contributions.

MEMBERSHIP

Individual	\$1.00 per year
Family	\$3.00 per year
Sustaining	\$15.00 per year
Contributing	\$30.00 per year
Life	\$60.00

The combined efforts of the Washington County Historical Society—Mrs. Charles B. Stout—The Descendants of John Hay-Numerous Organizations and Hundreds of individual contributors have made this Center a reality.

- Church Minutes From 1810
- Cemetery Inscriptions
- Newspapers From 1819
- War Records — All Wars
- School Enumerations
- Family Records
- Religious Publications
- Obituaries From 1844
- Township Records
- Original Documents
- Scrapbooks
- Histories, Atlases, Maps
- Pictures
- Valuable Books
- Pioneer Furniture, Relics and Tools
- Dishes
- Guns and Swords
- Indian Artifacts
- Costumes
- Dolls
- Early Doctor's Office
- Early Dentist Office
- Early Confectionary

This Folder is Furnished As A Community Service by



Brick shown above is Flemish Bond Style used in construction of the John Hay House.

John Hay Center

- STEVENS MEMORIAL MUSEUM
- JOHN HAY HOUSE

307 EAST MARKET STREET, SALER, INDIANA
(Three Blocks East of Public Square)



OPEN HOURS

1:00 to 5:00 P.M. Daily

(Closed—Monday and Holidays)

ADMISSION FEES

Adults — 50¢

Children Under 12—With Adult—No Charge

Youth Groups—With Teachers (or) Leaders—No Charge

Adult Groups—Special Rates

Washington County Historical Society Members—FREE

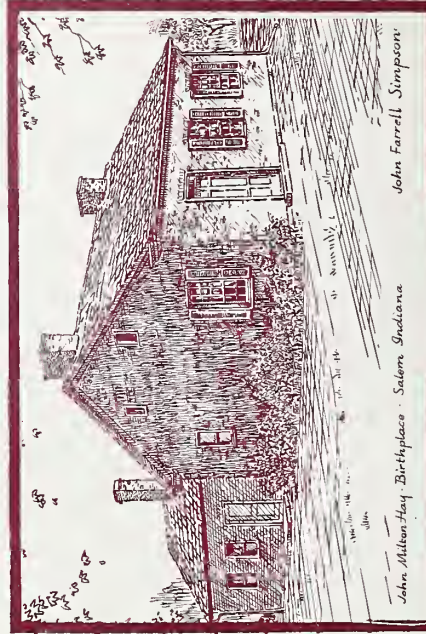
(Note: Yearly Individual Membership Dues—\$1.00)

"Controlled As A Legacy For Present And Future Generations"

By Washington County Historical Society, Inc. (Offices in Museum)

THE HAY HOUSE

- One of the oldest brick houses in Salem, this one-story brick structure is rich in historical associations.
- It was built in 1824 to house the Salem Grammar School which was opened in April 1825 under the able direction of John I. Morrison, famous early educator. After the school outgrew its capacity and moved to more adequate quarters, the house was acquired in 1837 by Charles Hay, one of the county's pioneer physicians.
- Here on October 8, 1838, John Hay was born. The Hay family moved to Illinois in the 1840's and the house was sold to, and remained in the Telle family name until 1966 when it was purchased by the Historical Society.
- It has been restored and furnished in the 1840 period.
- Proclaimed as a National Historic Site in 1971.



BIRTHPLACE OF
JOHN MILTON HAY
A SON OF ILLINOIS A FARMER
AND A WISCONSIN JUDGE
JOHN I. MORRISON BUILT IN 1824
JOHN HAY ACQUIRED IN 1837
WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
AUGUST 23 1916

JOHN MILTON HAY

STATESMAN - AUTHOR - DIPLOMAT

- * Born in Salem, Indiana, October 8, 1838.
- * Educated Brown University.
- * Admitted to Illinois Bar in 1861.
- * Private Secretary to President Lincoln 1861-1865. except for several months active service in Civil War.
- * Secretary U.S. Legation in Paris 1865 and in Madrid 1870.
- * First Asst. Secretary of State 1879-80.
- * Writer and Author 1870-1890, including "Life of Lincoln" and many poems.
- * Editorial Writer-New York Tribune 1870-1875.
- * Ambassador to England 1897.
- * Secretary of State under McKinley 1898 and Roosevelt 1902
- * Deceased July 1, 1905.

STEVENS MEMORIAL MUSEUM

Built in 1970 as a Memorial to Preserve Community Heritage. This lovely structure, measuring 40 x 90 feet, is constructed of native brick from old local historic buildings.

The headquarters and genealogical library of the Historical Society are located here, as well as their collections of relics and historic treasures

An assembly room on the lower floor is available for public use.

With it's appointments it is a functional unit and provides tangible evidence of our past and creates a living memorial to those who left their imprint on Washington County History.

SALEM, the home of the John Hay Center is located as the "Hub of Scenic Southern Indiana" and in addition to the attractiveness of the "Center" offers in any direction the most beautiful scenic panorama that can be found in Indiana. Located in the area are pioneer structures that were built before Indiana became a state.



John Milton Hay

Ancestry

John Milton Hay's mother was of old New England stock, while his father was of Scotch-German descent. One of his ancestors, during the early part of the 18th century, was in the service of the Elector of the Palatinate. The first progenitor of the American line of Hays' settled in the Shenandoah valley in Virginia in about the year 1750. One of his sons, John, migrated to Lexington, Kentucky, in 1775. Here, for 35 years he did his part toward the development of the town and country roundabout. He became one of Clay's strong followers, detesting Andrew Jackson. His antipathy for slavery caused him to migrate to Springfield, Ill. In 1830 where he became one of Lincoln's close friends. Of his fourteen children, Charles Hay, a doctor of medicine, migrated to Salem in 1830 and began to practise his profession. In 1831 he married Helen Leonard, a young woman from New England. From this marriage John Hay was born in 1838. Of the worth of his ancestors there can be no doubt.

John Hay

Personal Characteristics.

Hay was of medium build and dark in complexion. He had large expressive eyes, the kind that look clear through a person with a glance. He was unusually gay, witty and likable. He enjoyed society and with his easy manner and sparkling wit he was always welcome at any gathering. Still, he was given over to depressive and melancholy states of mind. He loved to read, and was passionately fond of books. He was modest and kind and unassuming. He had a very retentive memory enabling him to grasp a situation quickly and to understand it thoroughly. He was honest and sincere in all he undertook. He faced the issue squarely and thought before he acted.

Hay

Short Biography

Hay was born in Salem, Indiana of Scottish descent. He was graduated from Brown University in 1858, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in Illinois in 1861. He immediately went to Washington, as assistant secretary of state to Lincoln, whose friendship he had gained, and he remained with Lincoln almost constantly until his death. He acted also as Lincoln's adjutant and aid-de-camp. This friendship later bore fruit in Hay's "Life of Abraham Lincoln" written in collaboration with John G. Nicolay.

From 1865-1870 Hay was secretary of legation at Paris, Vienna, and Madrid. He was an editorial writer on the New York "Tribune" from 1870 to 1875. In 1879-81 he was first assistant secretary of state, and was ambassador to Great Britain in 1897-98, after which he returned home to become secretary of state, filling this position until his death. In 1901 he negotiated the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, dealing with the ~~Isthmian~~ Canal

Hay

zone. He also had a leading part in the settlement of Chinese affairs after the Boxer uprising, securing pledges guaranteeing the territorial integrity of China and the "Open-door" policy in trade. He was the exponent of a frank and straight-forward diplomacy that commanded universal respect.

Among his writings are "Pike County Ballads", "Castilian Days", and several volumes of essays, etc.

Hay

Hay was a very versatile man. His work in the literary world, coupled with his ability as a diplomat and statesman makes him one of the outstanding figures of his time. His work in the diplomatic service of the United States against foreign countries, his devotion to his country and his maintenance of the right are all things for which we honor him.

Hay understood human nature. He possessed a thorough knowledge of world affairs, he possessed a strong sense of duty and fair play, and he knew how to handle men.

Hay, John

NAME. Hay, John Dates. 1838-1905.. Age at death 67

Famous as: Statesman & author

Born at: Salem, Ind. Date: Oct. 8, 1838

Died at Newburg, N.H. Date: July 1, 1905

Father: Mother:

Married (1) (2)
Children Children

Events of life: Brown, '58. Studied law in L.'s office. Admitted to bar, '61. Private secretary to L. '61-'65. Important diplomatic service. N.Y. Tribune, ed. writer, 5 yrs. '98-1905, Sec. of State under McKinley & Roosevelt. Active in affairs of Spanish War, Boxer Rebellion, Russian-Chinese-Japanese diplomacy, Panama, Samoa, Alaskan boundary, etc.

Connection with Lincoln :

Author of : Pike County Ballads '71 (Little Breeches)
Castilian Days '71 Poem '90
With John George Nicolay, Abraham Lincoln, 10 vols. '90
and Lincoln's Complete Works, 2 vols. '94

Works edited by: "The Broad-Winners" Concise Biography
a novel began in Century, Aug. '83

*
Biographies by : Thayer, William Roscoe -
Life & Letters of John Hay (1908-1916) ^{Copyr.}

Criticism of his writing on L.

Sympathetic, familiar, reliable -
intimate.

Principal sources for facts of this page :

Enc. Brit. &
Thayer

Nicolay and Hay

Nicolay, John G and
Hay, John -

Complete Works of A. L. (N.Y. 1894-1905)

Address or monograph as special article for
each volume. - 5 illustrations, many of
them pleasingly artistic.

vol. x? is Fish's Billing.

See Nicolay, John G
and Hay, John -

Hay, J.

Hay, John 1838-1905 (67)

Statesman, Diplomat, author.

asst. Secy '61-'65. Paris, Vienna, Madrid, London, '97-'98

Secy of State 1898-1905

Pike County Ballads. Castilian Days. Life and Works, 1898

'61-'63 Secy to L. '63 Aide-de-Camp Gen. Hunter.

Picture. Wilson, W. H. Am Rep. viii 309
of H. in '62

Nicolay, J.G.

Nicolay, John G. 1832-1901

Author -

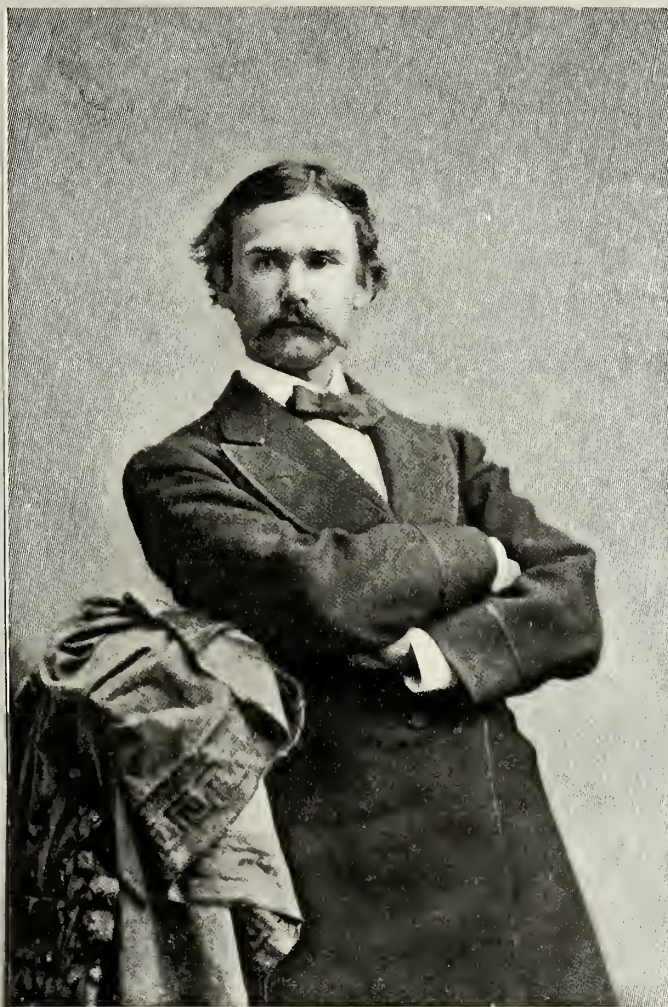
Private Secy. of L.

Abraham Lincoln (1902)

Joint author with John Hay, Abraham L. A History.

" editor " " " Complete works

Picture Wilson, W. H. Am. Peop. VIII, 312



FROM AN EARLY PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

JOHN HAY.

John Hay

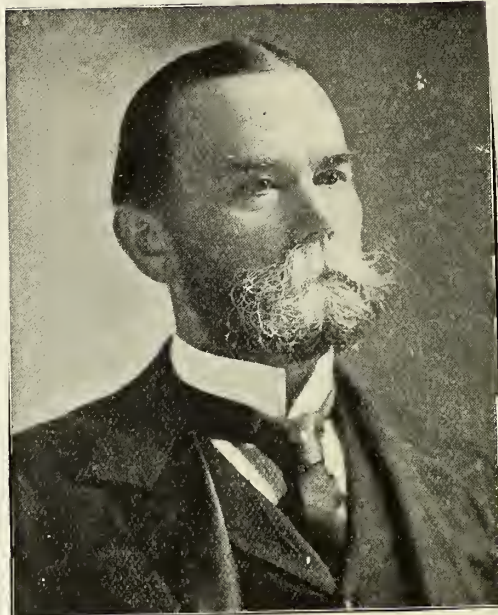


Photo by Bell.

COL. JOHN HAY, AMBASSADOR TO LONDON.

HAY, JOHN

DRAWER 10B

SECRETARY

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